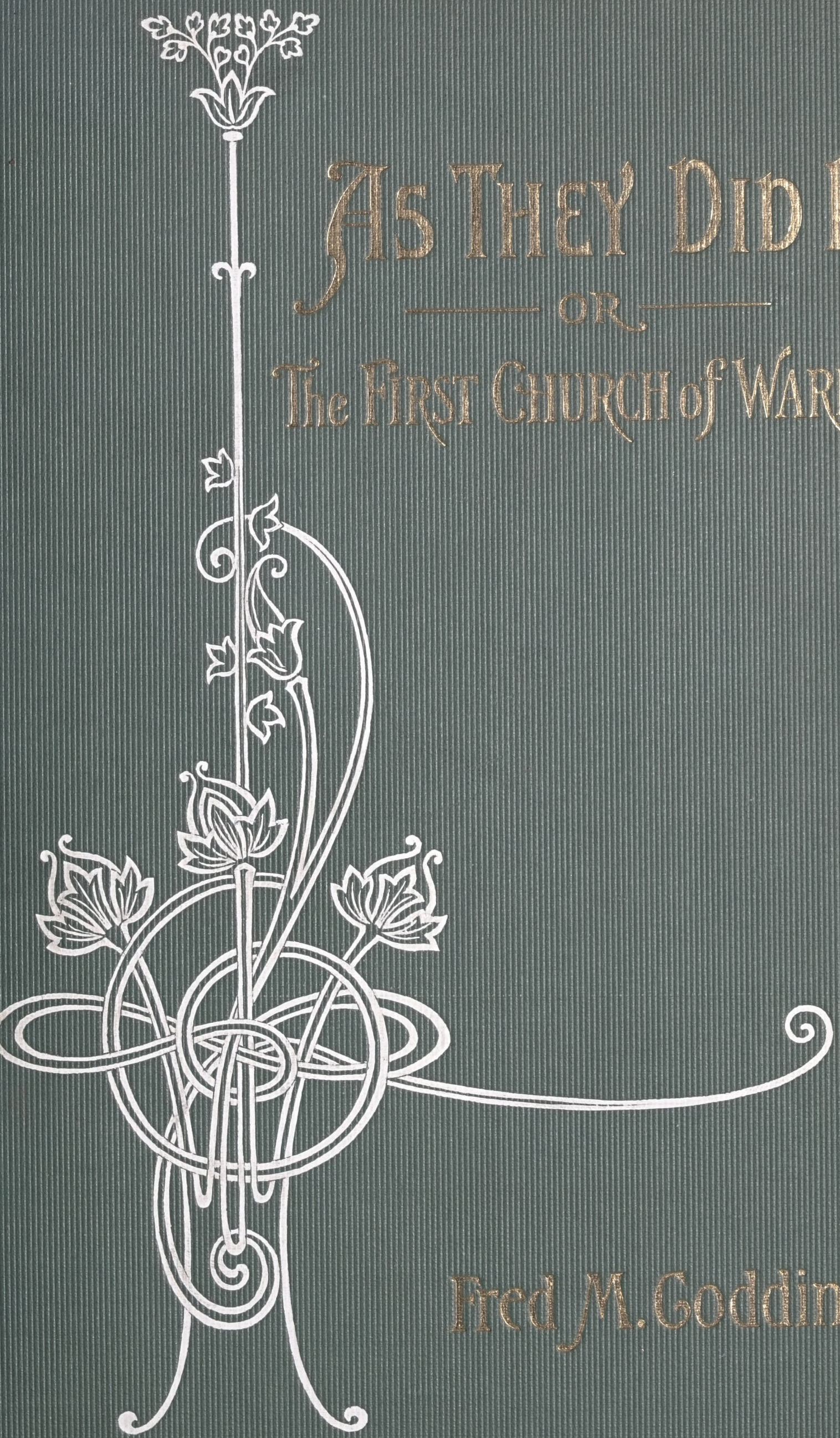
# As They Did It

OR

## The First Church of Warden



Fred M. Coddington




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# AS THEY DID IT

OR

# The First Church of Warden

*By*

REV. FRED M. CODDINGTON



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# As They Did It

## CHAPTER I

### Facing the New

"Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered."

IT was the last week in the year, and the days were passing rapidly, as is their custom at this season. Dr. Burns had entered his study rather later in the week than usual; extra duties in his parish had detained him. After disposing of the correspondence whose importance demanded his immediate attention, he gave himself to pulpit preparation for the following Sunday. He remembered that this Sunday would be the last of the old year; and his more than usual thoughtfulness was diversified by a feeling of sadness, of strong desire, and of hope. The history of the Old Year passed rapidly before his mind. He had an appreciation of what it had been to him and to his people—a year of golden opportunity, a year of manifold blessings. All this was passing forever now, and he instinctively held out his hand as in a

farewell to an old friend. He asked, audibly, the question which his own judgment had answered in the negative before the asking, "Have I and my dear people made the most and the very best of this passing year?" A negative answer to such a question, in a moment like this, brought no cheer to the doctor's life. "I see," he thought, "what might have been and what should have been. O that what might have been and should have been *had been!* Then would I and my people have been a greater power for righteousness. We would have been a brighter light and a greater inspiration to our darkened and wicked city. I see our sin. It is that of partial indifference, of failure fully to grasp the importance of our mission and a lack of vital faith. I have been guilty of this sin in my preaching, and my people have in their practice."

He arose from his chair, walked slowly across the study, and looked out of the window to the southwestward. As he stood there, the expression of painful emotion passed from his countenance, and in its stead came the trace of a happier thought. After a moment he resumed his chair, and, in a subdued tone, spoke as to a sympathizing friend: "I know there is pardon waiting at the very door of every conscious and penitent sinner. It is a grace to be able to see wherein one's sin lies. It is a greater grace to be able to feel penitence for sin. By virtue of the former grace we may direct our future course more wisely; and by virtue of the latter, we obtain pardon of our God. What better time to turn from an erring past than at the departing of the old year? What better time to turn toward a noble and living future than

at the dawning of a new year? Fully and heartily for myself and, as far as I may, for my people, I now take this course." He was silent for a moment, and then he spoke again with deep feeling: "Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered!"

After this exclamation, the doctor sat in silence; but the light of his dark-gray eye and the quickened expression of his countenance indicated that his trained mind was tracing a fruitful line of thought. At length, he turned in his study chair, and, with a bright smile playing upon his ample brow, he spoke in undertone: "My way seems fashioned for me; I even see, in definite outlines, my New-Year's sermon. I consecrate myself to a hopeful future." At this he bowed his head upon his writing desk in silent prayer. It was the custom of this servant of the Master to preface the preparation of every sermon thus.

Dr. Burns was no novice. He brought to every enterprise the force of experience and the power of a mature mind. His way out of difficulties was to pass triumphantly through them. His manner of procedure with a perplexing problem was to solve it. The problem which was becoming of absorbing interest to him now was the deepening of the spiritual life in his Church and congregation.

For fifteen years he had served the First Church of Warden, and his interest in it was natural. Although their relations as pastor and people had been happy, and their service to the Master and usefulness in his cause had been considerable, yet this pastor felt that not to advance was to sustain defeat, and

that the only advancement possible was to take higher spiritual grounds.

The sermon, therefore, with which he faced his audience on the following Sunday was the natural outgrowth of such a conviction, together with the inspiration he had received as he meditated upon the history of the old and the hope of the new year.

To reproduce this sermon completely would be to place ourselves in that audience and to take it from the doctor himself; for his manly bearing, his thorough earnestness, and his unfeigned interest in his people became an effectual portion of his discourse. We must content ourselves with a meager outline of his thought.

As we have presumed, he took the first verse of the thirty-second Psalm as a text: "Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered." Quite free from the form and reserve which would have been in character with a minister less intimate with his people, the doctor spoke with the familiarity of an elder brother, and with the frank earnestness of a father. He spoke of the deep thoughtfulness that this period of the year had occasioned within himself; and that in this spirit of pensive thoughtfulness he had candidly reviewed the record of his service among them.

"I find in this review," he said, "much of inefficiency, and am led to exclaim, Behold, what an unprofitable servant I am! I have gone but a comparatively little way into the broad realms of spiritual life. I have not been able to lead you, my dear people, into a deep spiritual experience. Heartless formality has characterized much of our mutual serv-

ice. Much of the work that our Master requires of us is yet undone. I desire to turn from that which has been unfruitful, and to lead you from it. I desire to turn toward a living and a fruitful future, and to lead you into such a future. And the Scripture we have named as our text, in what it suggests and in what it expresses, seems the voice of inspiration to me: 'Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered.'

"However great man may be, he is not his own sovereign. There is a Being of supreme authority to whom man is directly responsible for his motives and conduct. The will of this supreme Ruler is always in accord with justice and truth, and constitutes the supreme law of man. When man strictly and cheerfully obeys this law, he conserves his own most vital interests. When man transgresses this law, he becomes a rebel in the government of the Supreme and a sinner against himself. The unrelenting wicked are they who have no peace; neither have they true prosperity. They may seem for a time to prosper, but such prosperity is only seeming. The penalty of a broken law can not be long evaded. True peace and true prosperity can come only when reconciliation is made between the transgressor and his Sovereign. In this reconciliation the transgression is forgiven and the sin is covered. Such a condition is one of high favor. A happy relation now exists between the former rebel and his once offended Ruler—that of amicable understanding and peace. While such a life must regretfully remember an irregular past, it rejoices in restored favor, and is therefore blessed. But a life, thus humbled and re-

stored, is a benediction to others by being an example of loving loyalty to its Sovereign, and of cheerful service within His realm; and thus may answer the second significance of the term 'blessed.'"

Dr. Burns then stated that this happy reconciliation was accomplished by the mediation of the world's Savior, the Son of God, whose advent to this world had been celebrated in the recent cheerful Christmas time. He spoke learnedly but in simple language of the beautiful offices of the Christ; that, as the one early promised, the one long foretold, the one to whom the sacrifices and forms of worship of the old dispensation pointed, He had in ages past been the world's Redeemer. That Israel of old did all drink the same spiritual drink, for they drank of that spiritual rock that followed them, and that rock was Christ. That in the fullness of time the Christ became tangible to this world—a revelation of the loving Father's heart and of the Father's will and plan.

"No one," said Dr. Burns, "can look long upon this Christ and have left within himself any respect for sin. Neither need he have remaining any doubt as to the Father's willingness to forgive our sins, or as to the Savior's disposition and ability to deliver us from the thralldom of sin and to lead us in the paths of righteousness. To him who renounces a sinful career and accepts salvation through Christ, this world becomes new; and he comes to an understanding of the Scripture which saith, 'If any man is in Christ, he is a new creature: the old things are passed away; behold they are become new.'"

The doctor continued: "It is this thought of the

new that makes me hopeful; and I wish to impress you, my dear people, with this thought, and to inspire you with pure and reasonable hopefulness. I have referred, in a general way, to the need of a reformation among us. I am sure that you will permit me more specifically to delineate the necessity of a new life in Christ. Many of us have some knowledge of this new life, by virtue of a graceful experience; but I feel that we have not obeyed the wise word of St. Paul, addressed to his Church at Colosse: 'As therefore ye received Christ Jesus the Lord, so walk in him.' On this New-Year's eve, our quickened memories recall the humility of life, the poverty of spirit, and the heaven-born love for the souls of men, that signalized the period of our reception of the Christ; and our judgments declare to us that we are not now walking thus in him. In the years that have gone, many of us have heard God's call: 'Son, daughter, give me thy heart;' and have not obeyed. Do we hear this voice now?"

In the conclusion of his sermon, Dr. Burns raised his stately form to its full height, and his eye shone with the beauty of intense earnestness as if he were conscious that the last opportunity of a passing year and one of the supreme privileges of his life were at hand. "We have wealth," he said, as he gracefully placed back the abundant iron-gray hair which had fallen over his forehead, "wealth that by the blessings of God we have been able to accumulate, but which we have never fully sanctified to our Master's service. We have used it to conduce to our selfish comforts; we are using it to buy luxuries for ourselves, regardless of the pressing want of the Lord's

poor. Do we hear the gentle voice of our Master, coming to us from every moment of his self-sacrificing service? If so, what says that voice to us?

"We have much wealth of natal and acquired ability in young men and young women, blessed of God and favored among men, who are keeping back their lives from their Master, to whom they owe their all. My dear young friends, do you not, for the last time this year, hear the Master's voice and feel the justice of his claim? I would that you could see the richness and beauty of this to which He calls you! Let me, as your spiritual father, tell you that you can only keep the beauty and richness and power of your lives by committing them lovingly to our Savior. Otherwise, they will be worse than lost to the world and to yourselves.

"O blessed moment this! It is called 'to-day.' We may humble our hearts and turn from an unprofitable past. We may open our lives to the Master, and he will come into them with all the richness of his pardoning favor, with all the power of his regenerating grace. And then may the Psalmist's words be our words: 'Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered.'"

There was silence for a moment, and then Dr. Burns lifted his voice and very heart in prayer; during which many other hearts were lifted, many eyes were dimmed by tears, and all were thoughtful.

Harmon Dunbarr sat alone in his office. The hours of the night were passing, and he was thoughtful. He arose and nervously paced the floor for a

time, and then, standing before the bright fire, gave partial expression to his feelings in the following soliloquy:

"This is no new situation; I have faced it for years. Early in my life mother taught me of my responsibility to God, and of the rightful claim he had upon me. I have never forgotten her teachings, and from time to time have felt their truth and the importance of complying with them. But I found no convenient time during my college and professional courses; neither have I in the last six busy years of my practice. But I am more than usually thoughtful to-night. Dr. Burns's discourse, together with the fact that the old year can linger but a moment longer, and then the new is here, account, at least in part, for my mental condition. How earnest the dear doctor was to-night! I have respected him since first I came to Warden; but now I feel that I really love him. He spoke of what we are keeping back from the Master, to whom we owe our all. It is not much that I have to give; and yet, in honesty, I must admit that I am keeping from him that which is his due. What an appreciative expression his manly countenance took as he exclaimed, 'O blessed moment this, called to-day!' It is the thought of this moment that adds to the trouble of my mind. It is a favorable opportunity—perhaps my most convenient time—to surrender my life to the Master; and yet I delay. They call me a moral man, and I am proud to merit that term; but I know my proud and sinful life better than they do. I know how much I must renounce and turn from, and how much I must take up and bear in order to become a true disciple

of Christ. But will I ever do this? This is the question that I should settle, once and forever, in this vital hour. Strong man that I am, I tremble and feel weak in the presence of this thought of duty. My mother and, no doubt, Dr. Burns would tell me to pray, asking God for strength. In the hush of this dying year, I will act upon their advice."

At this moment the office door opened, and a laboring man entered, announcing himself in the following excited manner:

"Dr. Dunbarr, yer wanted in haste! George Graham is hoort savare! He wor shtruck with a shtick o' timber, loaded onto a flat kyer. We 've got him home, but he is the worse inshted o' bether; an' we fear he 's dyin'. His home is No. 230 East Cedar Strate. Kin yez coom, sir, and now?"

Dunbarr, while the man was yet speaking, had taken his instrument grip from the lower part of the bookcase, placing it on the table. And soon he had donned his overshoes, great coat, and fur cap, and was ready for the night.

As they left the office, Graham's friend was saying, "George was a good mon, Docthor—one o' the bist o' neighbors—an' we kin ill afford to lose him."

The sound of their hasty footsteps ringing out upon the frosty air was quickly lost in the distance. Five minutes' walk brought them to the home of the injured man, and Dunbarr was soon engaged in a thorough examination of him.

As the examination advanced, the doctor's face grew stern and pale. At length he raised his eyes and looked his patient in the face. At this Graham

asked: "What do you find, Doctor? I want to know the worst."

Dunbarr tried to look assuringly, but failed in this as well as in a prompt reply; and while he hesitated, Graham spoke again: "Keep nothing from me, Doctor; I want a prompt answer. When the timber struck my body, I felt that it would cause my death. I think that now I am bleeding inwardly, and that there is no help for me. Am I right, Dr. Dunbarr?"

"It pains me, Graham, to tell you that I think your fears are well founded. I can do nothing more than to relieve your sense of suffering somewhat. I will summon a council, if you desire."

"No, Doctor, it would be of no use, and I am a poor man. We have known and trusted you since little Mary came to bless our home, five years ago; and we will trust your judgment and skill now. As to my suffering, although it is great, I would rather bear it than to have my faculties stupefied. Minutes are precious to me now; I am growing weak rapidly, and I want my senses to the last. I have much that I want to say; and while I shall address you, I want my wife, with our two little girls and kind neighbors, to be present, if they wish."

After Dunbarr had given him a remedy in the vain hope of arresting the hemorrhage and to retain his failing strength, Graham continued:

"In my early life, I had a good home, was fairly well educated, and Christian influences were around me. When I was grown, I undertook business for myself and failed, losing all my investment, but through no fault of my own. The most of the time for a number of years I have held the position of

switchman in the railroad yards of this city, and have thus maintained my little family. To hold my position I have been compelled to work sometimes upon the day which is sacred to the Christian. It was so this New-Year's eve."

He paused for a moment, and then said: "I am much weaker. Can something be given to retain my strength a little longer?" Dunbarr waited upon him, and he continued, but more feebly: "It seems hard to go away at this time of life. I have so much to live for—so much I love dearly. I have not been a very bad man. The world has called me good; but I have not been good. I have held back my life from the Savior of the world. I have had many excuses, but none of them satisfy me now. It seems hard to leave my wife and little girls, who need me so much; but I will not murmur. Doctor, will you pray with us? My life is passing away with the year, and I want to commit my poor soul and the lives of my dear ones to the care of the infinite yet merciful God. Doctor, will you pray?"

"We will send for Dr. Burns; he can lead us in the way of eternal life," replied Dunbarr.

"No, you need not send for him. I have not the strength to tell him what I have told you, neither can I wait for him. We shall be satisfied if our doctor will lead the way to God for us."

"Graham," said Dunbarr, "I am not a praying man. I am a poor, miserable sinner, who has long refused to turn to God. But I can not refuse your dying request; and if you will pardon me for praying for myself first, I will try."

Dunbarr knelt and so did Mrs. Graham and the

neighbors, and the dying man closed his eyes. The prayer came from the depths of Dunbarr's heart in the few following words:

"O God, I am a poor, miserable sinner, who has long wandered from thee; but now I have come for pardon and peace and strength of life to do thy perfect will. I come to ask thee to take this stricken family into thy never-failing care. I come to commit the soul of this dying man to thy merciful love. How can he die without thy pardoning favor? How can he die without the conscious love of Christ? From his penitent heart he asks for these, and thou wilt not deny him. Amen."

When they arose, Graham opened his eyes, was silent for a moment, and then spoke in feeble accents:—

## CHAPTER II

# A Brother's Hand

"There is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother."

"HOW I have presumed upon my Savior's mercy! At the very last, when I have no other refuge, I offer myself to him. How wonderful are his compassion and love! He hears my tardy prayer, and, at this very late hour, admits my poor soul into the kingdom of grace. While I do not fear to go, as soon I must, yet I never so much desired to live as I do now. I feel that I am just beginning to live; and lo! death is at my very bedside. The years of my life have abounded in opportunities to give him loving service; but I have met these opportunities with one answer, 'Not now, not now!' I go into eternity regretting that I have so long neglected my Savior."

Then he tried to turn upon his pillow, and began to cough. He strangled painfully, and, after a moment, expectorated a quantity of blood. Then he nearly fainted, and they feared that he would not speak again. But he rallied, partially, and was able to address his family as follows:

"Wife, I must give you and our little ones my farewell now, while strength is permitted me. My heart almost breaks at the thought of this; but I

can give you up more easily than I could one-half hour ago. While the doctor was committing you to the care of the dear Savior, my very soul arose in strong petition that the Arm of everlasting Love might encircle you, my dear ones. I am assured that this will be, though I do not know just how. We own our humble cottage. This will shelter you. Besides, you remember that, by strictest economy, we have been able to keep up my life insurance. This will help you to meet the extra expense that will immediately be upon you, and also will maintain you for a time. Keep the little ones, that they may grow together. Give them what advantages you can. Do not send them to Sunday-school as it has been our custom, but rather go there with them, and to church as well. God, our Father, will provide for you. He will be your Father. He will prove himself to be a Friend to the widow and the fatherless."

Then he embraced them each in a painful farewell, and they bowed at his bedside and poured forth their grief in bitter tears.

Graham rested a moment, and then addressed the doctor: "Dunbarr, your position is enviable. Mankind intrust their lives to you. You are with them when they must face eternity. It is within your power and privilege to be a physician of both soul and body. Be true to your privilege, Doctor; be true to your privilege." And he tried to extend his hand. Dunbarr, anticipating him, took his trembling palm and pressed it gently.

Then Graham tried to address his neighbors; but his strength failed, when he had said: "You are all very kind to us, and I am pained to leave you."

Then he coughed and strangled; his body writhed and was tense in the final struggle, and then relaxed, and the clock in the church-tower was announcing the period at which the Old Year has departed and the New is at hand.

Dunbarr kindly raised Mrs. Graham and the children from the bedside, and led them to the couch as he said: "We will try to compose ourselves now, and do as nearly as we can as Mr. Graham has advised. It will be best for the little girls to sleep as soon as they can; they are very weary. A number of your kind neighbors will remain, and under your direction, Mrs. Graham, will do all that is required. It will be necessary for me to go soon."

When, a few minutes later, Dunbarr left the house, Thomas Wilson followed him, saying: "Do yez moind, Docthor, if Oi walk back a block or two wid yez? Oi fitched yez to see poor Graham, and it 's no more 'n roight that Oi should go back a bit wid yez. It 's a sad hour we 've been a-havin,' and Oi wor proud o' yez as yez took the part of both docthor an' praste. It 's a hape o' good yez 'll be for doin' now, Docthor; an' would yez moind to hilp a poor mon the loikes o' me the bit as the toime cooms?"

"Certainly not, Wilson, but what do you need? What can I do for you?"

"Oi need nothin' at all jist now, but there 'll coom a toim; and then yez jist coom around, an' while yez put yez hand on me shoulder, jist yez say, Brace oop, Tom, brace oop an' be a mon."

"I am not a priest, Wilson, and never will be; but I am determined to be a better man; and if you

ever need a brother's hand, just reach for mine. By the way, this is New-Year's morning, and early also. Let 's shake hands over it, and mean much by it, too. We will mean a happy New-Year to each of us, and to all our friends, and to as many as we can help. And will we mean too, Tom, that we will be servants of the Christ? I shall mean that as I cross palms with you, and you try to mean it, too."

Then they shook hands heartily, and parted; and as Wilson walked slowly back he muttered: "It 's a good mon he is, an' it 's a hape o' good he 'll be a-doin'."

For a few minutes before retiring, Dunbarr sat silently in his room, and the scenes of the day and of the night passed vividly before his mind. He remembered, also, the struggle that his own life had experienced to arrive at a manly decision; and his spirit knew something of that peace which follows a well-earned victory, and his eye was bright with the dawning of a truer life; and in this frame of mind he retired.

When he awoke, a perfect winter's day had embraced the little city of Warden. After an unusually late breakfast, he gave himself to the round of his professional visits. When this round was nearly completed, and when he was upon the street and near the number of the parsonage, he embraced the opportunity to step in for a moment and wish Dr. Burns a happy New-Year. He found that the doctor had just returned from the home of Mrs. Graham. He had learned of the accident and of Graham's death, and, as the little girls attended his Sunday-school, he felt that the family would naturally look

to him as their pastor. The sadness of that visit had somewhat depressed the doctor's spirit, but he greeted Dunbarr with genuine cordiality. This young doctor had for years interested Dr. Burns, and he coveted him for the Master's service. He had studied him thoroughly, and he appreciated his natural reserve; therefore he replied prudently to Dunbarr's mannerly greeting on this first day of the year.

"A happy New-Year to you, Dunbarr, the happiest you have yet known. I say this prompted by a strong desire, and inspired by a reasonable assurance that it will be so. I have visited Mrs. Graham and her fatherless children, and she and her neighbors told me what transpired at Mr. Graham's deathbed. I have often meant more than I could express as I have taken your hand, but I never meant so much as I do now. Let my hand now be to you, more than ever, a brother's hand."

Dunbarr was slightly embarrassed, but he replied frankly: "Dr. Burns, I owe much to your consistent life and faithful teachings. I have kept back my life from the Master too long. It was but little to give, but how long and stubbornly I have striven to withhold that little! Such a course has not been fair, nor manly, nor safe. One feels better after he has determined to be a man. There is triumph in a positive decision for the right. I must bid you good-morning now. I shall need from you, not only a brother's hand, but a father's patient care as well." He closed the door gently and passed rapidly down the street, and Dr. Burns's prayerful eyes, from the window of the drawing-room, followed him.

The afternoon was exceptionally pleasant, and

many of the people of Warden took advantage of it to make New-Year's calls. Dunbarr, having a little leisure, and growing stupid over his late medical journal, yielded to a desire to take out-of-door exercise, and to make at least one ceremonious visit. As he came leisurely to the corner of Bellevue and Washington Streets, he met Miss Gertrude Bronson, who, in her bright manner, addressed him:

"Good afternoon, Dr. Dunbarr, and a prosperous New-Year for you. Were you on your way to favor me with a New-Year's call?"

"I had that intention, Miss Bronson, and am happy to meet you here, and shall be pleased to accompany you to your home; but it may be that you have not finished calling."

Gertrude blushed prettily as she replied: "Indeed I have finished, and am going directly home; and you have my permission to accompany me."

These young people had met quite frequently within the last six years, at church and at receptions; and a few times Dunbarr had met Miss Bronson at her home. This afternoon his visit was appropriately short. Mrs. Bronson greeted him in her usual formal manner, gave him her attention sufficiently long to receive his expressed good will, and then excused herself to entertain her own guests.

At his going, as he was placing his gloves, Dunbarr remarked: "I remember, Miss Bronson, that I did not return your kindly wishes for my good fortune for the year that we have begun to-day; but I do sincerely desire your happiness, and wish for you the very best that can come to any life in one long year."

"Thank you, Dr. Dunbarr; but is happiness always the very best that can come to a life, think you?"

"I am not authority in such matters," Dunbarr answered, "but I think we all naturally desire happiness, and many of us esteem it as the goal of life; and yet I think I can see how the opposite of happiness may be, for a time, best for some lives."

"Please state a case, Doctor, where misery would be best for a time."

"Well, take a life that has been, for a prolonged period, favored with conditions that naturally conduce to happiness; and suppose that these conditions have not been rightly appreciated, but the life has grown proud and selfish. Now, to take away these conditions, and to permit that life to know want and misery, might be the very best thing that could occur."

"But, Doctor, in what way could misery conduce to the betterment of such a life?"

"The unhappy conditions that we have supposed might awaken or renew a healthy appreciation of former happy conditions; and to know what one has lost, frequently prompts to make wise effort to regain. But, Miss Bronson, I will beat a retreat here and now. You have taken me wholly out of my sphere, and not to retreat would be to surrender."

"I thank you, Dr. Dunbarr, for your thoughtful answer to my rude questions. You doctors think that your only sphere is to read the latest medical journals, to keep yourselves up to date in disinfectants, and antiseptics, and anæsthetics, and to know how to set a broken bone or to take a man's

head to pieces in the latest fashion. But I, too, must call a halt here and now, or I will demonstrate how remote I am from my sphere."

Dunbarr was about to answer, "It would be difficult to bound a true woman's sphere," when Gertrude remarked:

"Our Church is to observe the Week of Prayer this week, and on Wednesday night the Christian Endeavor Society will have charge of the meeting; and I, as a member of one of the committees, invite you to be present."

Dunbarr thanked her, and expressed a desire that his professional duties might not prevent his attending the service.

When he returned to his office he found a call awaiting him, and soon his mind was busy with the care of the sick.

Late in the afternoon, when Gertrude and her mother were alone, Mrs. Bronson asked, "Did you call upon Mrs. Sawyer, and how is she to-day?"

"I did, mamma, and I found her much recovered from her cold. Mrs. Burton and Mrs. Stevens were there, and I became quite interested in their conversation. They were discussing Church matters."

"It is quite natural that they should, as they are members of the same Church," remarked Mrs. Bronson. "Anything of especial interest?"

"Dr. Burns's sermon of last night was the topic. Auntie Sawyer asked about it. Mrs. Burton thought it a very earnest effort, and 'so appropriate.' She thinks appropriateness is one of the chief elements of strength. She thought, however, that it would have been better had Dr. Burns taken a theme sug-

gested by the Evangelical Alliance or by the Boston ministers' meeting. 'I feel,' said she, 'that so much may be gained by keeping in touch with great minds, and by tracing lines of thought in common with them.' Mrs. Stevens admitted that Dr. Burns was more than usually earnest, but she could not see the appropriateness of his discourse, only in point of time. 'I think,' said she, 'that many of his assertions do not apply to our Church. Where is the apparent need of a great reformation among us? There may be a few who need to be reformed, but they are among the illiterate and poorer class, who should never have been admitted to our membership. Are we not the wealthiest and most respectable Church in our city? And is not this wealth set apart to the Master's cause? We pay our pastor a good salary. We meet all our bills when they are due. We are making substantial improvements upon our church property from time to time. I truly respect our pastor, yet I feel that he was too sweeping in his assertions.'

"Auntie Sawyer answered them, in her quaint New England way: 'Well, I have observed that it is an easy mattah to offer criticism; but it is moah difficult to go forward and do the thing bettah. I have also observed that it is a great grace to know the truth when you heah it and see it, and that it is a greater grace to make a practical application of truth. I have long felt that the Church of Christ should be moah than a literary and mutual admiration society. I have thought for years that if ouah Church would consecrate to the Mastah one-third of the money that it expends for luxuries, our mis-

sionary benevolences would be doubled, and we would have enough remaining to equip a mission school in ouah city, and to clothe scores of pooah boys and girls suitably for church and Sunday-school.' But, mamma, am I not almost gossiping in telling you thus what I have heard others say?"

"Not at all, my daughter, not at all. I have a right to know what you see and hear. I can not agree with Mrs. Sawyer in this matter. We are not to be blamed that people are poor. We have the right to get some comfort out of our own money. I do not see why Dr. Burns should urge upon our Church the necessity of taking higher spiritual ground;" and Mrs. Bronson left the room to give some directions to the servant.

In the seclusion of her own room, at night, Gertrude reviewed the events of the day. That she found this review interesting, was evident. It was also evident that Dunbarr had a place in her thought, for at one time she spoke gently as to a confiding friend:

"Mamma is not pleased that I permit his occasional attentions. She says that he is only a poor doctor, with uncertain antecedents, and that if he is not an infidel, he is certainly very indifferent to religion. How well he answered me this afternoon! How thoughtful he seemed! His answer would indicate that he has thought upon subjects which pertain to religion. Mamma often reminds me that I am respectably connected, and that I am a child ot culture and wealth. And he spoke to-day of the possibility of being surfeited with good things. I wonder what papa thinks of him. I shall know one

day, for I shall be bold enough to ask him. I am not sufficiently acquainted with my father. I must know him better. This is one of my New-Year's resolutions—to form the acquaintance of my father."

She was looking intently upon a landscape painting,—a beautiful picture of Spring as it is passing into Summer; but the expression of her dark eyes signified that her thoughts were farther away than the picture upon the wall of her room. And thus we leave her for the night.

Wednesday was to Dr. Burns one of those trying days which come not infrequently to the life of a pastor. In the afternoon he attended the funeral of George Graham, and this drew upon his sympathy. In the evening the Endeavorers had charge of the meeting; and so true was the interest which he had in his young people that he felt a greater anxiety for the service that he would, had it been left entirely with himself. This meeting was largely attended. The topic was, "Christ's Claim Upon Us and Our Response." The prevailing thought was that Christ has a right to our very best—our time, our talent, our wealth, our youth, our life, our very all. The uniform confession was to a lack of willingness to yield to Christ's claim. The prayer that was offered from many hearts was for help to surrender to Christ. Circumstances combined to make this a most excellent meeting. It was the first week of the year. A number of the members who had been absent from the city were home for the holiday vacation. One of these, a student, was the leader of the meeting. To-morrow he would go back to the college, and he wanted to be more than ever a true servant

of the Master. And he wanted to leave his young friends in possession of a happy willingness to serve as Christians. He gave the last quarter of the time to be used just as those present desired, remarking that they should be pleased to hear from any present, who were not members of the society. The spirit of the meeting had charmed Dunbarr, and he embraced this opportunity to speak. He said:

"This meeting has done me good. I have believed your teaching that Christ's claim is just, and that he merits our all. I have understood your language, as you have confessed that you have not fully yielded to his claims. My heart has felt the strong desire, which your prayers have expressed, that God would give you strength to serve nobly and faithfully in this year. I have recalled one sentence in our pastor's sermon of last Sunday night, 'No one can look long upon the Christ, and have left within himself any respect for sin.' At the very closing of the old year I decided to abandon a life of sin. At the very beginning of the new year I gave my life, poor and worthless as it is, to the service of the Son of God, who came to take away my sin. From henceforth the Christ is my Master. This is my first privilege publicly to confess him as such."

A blessed, tearful silence followed, which was soon broken by the voice of a young lady requesting that all unite in singing two stanzas of "I am coming to the cross;" and they broke forth in beautiful concert:

"I am coming to the cross;
I am poor, and weak, and blind;
I am counting all but dross,
I shall full salvation find."

At the conclusion of the meeting, many warm hearts greeted Dunbarr. But these greetings were brought to an abrupt ending by a voice at the door of the lecture-room saying, "If Dr. Dunbarr is here I wish to see him promptly."

The week passed rapidly. Sunday came, and Dr. Burns met his people in a ministry which was loving and faithful. Dunbarr thought he never heard him preach so well, and he found occasion to tell him so. Dr. Burns replied, "You hear better than formerly, my dear fellow; that 's the secret of it."

As the clock was striking the hour of ten, Sunday night, Dunbarr sat alone in a pleasant review of the week. It had been to him the eventful week of his life. He recognized it as such, remembering the unsettled condition his mind was in one week ago, and he contrasted it with the present condition of his mind. But his pleasant reverie was broken by the sound of footsteps at the office door, and soon Thomas Wilson entered. Dunbar greeted him with, "How are you, Mr. Wilson? Have a chair. Is there anything I can do for you?"

"Wal, loikly," was Wilson's laconic reply, as he sat down heavily.

"What is it, then? I am at your service."

"Oi 've jist coom 'round to where yez are. Koind o' jist rachin' fur yer hand. Oi 'm jist coom to say, now Dunbarr 's yer toime to put yer hand on me shoulder and say, Brace oop, Tom, brace oop an' be a mon."

Dunbarr now understood Wilson's trouble, and he was pained as he asked, "Tom Wilson, are you drunk?"

"Yis, it 's narly that Oi am; but Oi 'd the ruther ye 'd say intoxicated; it sounds differunt."

"Tom, this is too bad; it would have been better for you to have come to me with a broken leg, than in this condition."

"How could Oi coom to yez with a broken leg, alone by mesilf?"

"But, Tom, what do you expect me to do for you?"

"Oi kin not roightly say; but yez said to me, airly on the New-Yaer's mornin', if Oi 'd iver nade a brother's hand, jist to rach for yez; and Oi 'm rachin' for it to-noight. Oi 'm soom intoxicated now, but Oi 'll be the more so soon; fur Oi turned in a hape o' it."

"But Wilson, where did you get your liquor? This is Sunday night, and all saloons are supposed to be closed."

"Do they fool yez so, Docthor? There 's a part open al'way, when ye foind it."

"Well, you evidently found it, and you can point it out to me or to the police, and the saloon man can be punished for violating the law."

"It 's not mesilf that 'll be a-pintin' it out to yez, and the perlice nade none o' me hilp."

"Why will you not tell me where you got the drink? And how do you expect me to help you?"

"Do yez think Tom Wilson would squale on a friend? And if Oi did, Oi 'd git no more drink there, at all, at all. And yez can be the part o' a brother by givin' me a warrum corner hare by the fire, when Oi 'v becoom roight drunk."

"You would be welcome to remain here by my

fire, but your family will be worried about you, not knowing where you are. I will help you to your home now, before you are any worse; and I want you to come to my office to-morrow night when you are yourself—Thomas Wilson, and not liquor."

"Oi do not loike me home when Oi 'm intoxicated. It 's not at all interestin' at sich toimes."

"But I shall insist on taking you home, Tom, and may be, if I speak a word or two to your family it will be a little more pleasant for you."

And a few minutes later Wilson was shuffling down the walk toward his home, supported by Dunbarr's arm.

## CHAPTER III

# Moving Forward

"Speak unto the children of Isarel, that they go forward."

THE term "drunk," which Wilson objected to while in Dunbarr's office, was certainly expressive of his condition when he reached his home; and Dunbarr felt wearied with the proof of the correctness of Tom's statement, "Oi 've turned in a hape o' it."

The house was dimly lighted, and Dunbarr knocked gently at the door. Wilson, in his bewilderment, called out, "Coom een!" Presently the door opened slowly, and a woman of the ordinary height, but slight of figure, stood before them. Before Dunbarr could speak, Wilson began with: "It 's a foine mon Oi 've fitched home wid me, mom. Sure an' Oi must now make yez acquainted. Mis' Wilson, Oi 've the pleasure of interducin' Dr. Dunbarr to yez, an' he 'll talk to yez foine; an' ye 'll excuse me if Oi do n't talk mooch, for Oi 've a bad falin' een me head;" and he staggered through the door and to the farther side of the room, where he sat down heavily upon a lounge near the stove.

Mrs. Wilson requested Dunbarr to take a chair, which he did, saying that he would stay but a short time. He told her how her husband came to his

office, and that he had insisted on bringing him home. He asked her how long Wilson had been addicted to drink, and she replied, "He 's always loiked it, but for more nor four years he 's been bad so."

"I feel," said Dunbarr, "that there is much good left in him yet. He and I were brought close together early on New-Year's morning. I did not understand then why he asked me to help him when the time should come; but it is all clear to me now, and I shall do my best to help him out of his trouble."

"It 's mesilf that 's been tryin' these long years to hilp him, and he 's none the bether, but the woors an' the woors. What he arnes in the week he mostly dhrinks away on Saturday noight an' the Sunday. Oi shcold an' Oi cry; an' then Oi shlave on to fade an' clothe the children an' to pay the rint. It 's oot ov hope Oi am. Tom did try hard to begin the New-Yaer sober; an' mesilf an' Willie watched him an' hilped him. But it 's no use to hilp more." And she clinched her hands in utter despair as she looked towards the lounge where lay her husband, breathing heavily in drunken stupor.

"We will not give him up yet," answered Dunbarr. " I never abandon a patient as long as there is so much life in him as there is in your husband. I have requested him to come to my office to-morrow night. I wish you to help him to remember my request and prompt him to come at 7.30. If I am not in when he calls, tell him to take charge of the office till I return. Keep up your hope—do not let that die—and all may be brighter some day. Good-night now."

She stood in silence as if counting Dunbarr's re-

tiring footsteps. Then she turned to a chair near the fire, and said, as she sat: "Indade he is a good mon; an' if he kint hilp Tom, no mortal nade try. But Oi faer he 's coom too late. Why could he not 've coom airlier? Why could not soom one ha' coom airlier? He 's the first who sames to keer for our good at all. But he said Oi must kape hope, an' Oi 'll try, Oi will."

Dunbarr sat for a few minutes in his cozy office before he retired. If he were somewhat gloomy, it was because the sad picture of Wilson's home was before his mind. He wondered how many other homes in the city presented pictures equally as hopeless, and he asked, "Where and what is the remedy?" Then he leaned fully back in his office chair, resting the back of his head in his hands, with fingers locked, as if to remain true to his thought in search of the remedy. Then he arose and stood before the fire, and asked audibly: "What would the people of the fashionable society of Warden have thought of me had they beheld me as I half-carried drunken Wilson home to-night? What would they have thought had they seen me conversing with Mrs. Wilson in her dingy home, planning for the reformation of her drunken husband? What would Gertrude Bronson have thought of me had she seen all of this?" Then, as he lifted his eyes and passed his fingers through his hair, he asked in firmer tones: "What would my Master have thought—what did he think as he saw all this? That is the question—the only question I need to ask."

At 7.30 on Monday night, Wilson entered Dunbarr's office. Dunbarr was busy with a patient at

the time, but he turned to him and said: "Good evening, Wilson; glad to see you. I will be at leisure soon. Be seated."

When they were alone, Dunbarr asked, "How are you feeling to-night, Wilson?"

"O, Oi fale tired loike; have been workin' hard the day."

"Where do you work?"

"In the Bronson Iron Works."

"What wages do you receive?"

"One an' the half dollars the day."

"That is quite good pay, Wilson. You should be able to provide for your family and lay by a little for a rainy day out of that, should you not?"

"Loikely Oi should, but Oi do n't."

"No, I fear you do not, Tom, and we both know why you do not; and that is one thing that we want to talk about to-night. How long have you been employed in the Iron Works?"

" 'T is nare aboot five year already."

"How do you manage to keep your position?"

"The boss is not aisy on us aboot the thrink. In the wake we must have niver the bit o' the smell o' liquor aboot us, or he 'll turn us oot; an' there 's manny the mon that 's a-wantin' oor place, an' when one 's oot o' one place he 's oot all 'round, an' is loikely to shtay oot; an' soon he 'll be oot o' mooney, an' then he 's oot wors."

"And so you do not drink till Saturday night?"

"Not the dhrop, sir; an' Oi 'm orful thirsty when the toime cooms."

"At what time do you receive your pay? On Saturday night?"

"Yis, we all gits oor pay at that toime."

"And then you drink all night Saturday and some on Sunday?"

"Yis, if the mooney lasts."

"You do not mean to say that you drink nine dollars' worth of liquor in twenty-four hours?"

"Not all be mesilf, but there 's manny a lad yez moost thrate, an' there 's manny a poor friend, withoot money, who 's as thirsty as yersilf; an' yez moost be koind to the poor friend; an' then if yez should have a little mooney left the Monday it moight be aisy to bhreak the rule an' take a dhrink or two in the wake."

"There is much about all of this that is wrong, very wrong, Tom. You are wasting your time, and squandering your money, and throwing your life away. You are bringing ruin upon yourself and upon your home. You are better to the man who sells you the drink than you are to your wife and children. You give him nearly all of your money, while your family is suffering for lack of that which it would buy for them. You have not forgotten that you asked me one week ago to be a friend to you when you needed a friend, have you, Tom?"

"No sir; Oi said, 'Would yez moind to hilp a poor mon the loikes o' me, the bit, as the toime cooms?' An' Oi said too, 'When the toime cooms, jist put yer hand on me shoulder an' say, Brace oop, Tom; brace oop, an' be a mon."

"And you remember that I promised to help you whenever I could. And it is to help you that I talk so plainly to-night. For me to give you a comfortable place in my office when you are intoxicated,

and to help you to your home when you are drunk, will do you no permanent good. The only safe course for you to take is to stop drinking. The only real benefit that I can be to you is to help you in your efforts to reform. Now, what I want to know is this: Will you begin to-night one of the hardest battles a man ever fought? And will you promise to fight it to the finish?"

Wilson hesitated, and Dunbarr, thinking that his questions were not fully understood, explained:

"I mean will you begin now and here to break the drink habit? Will you begin to overcome an enemy who compels you to give your hard-earned money to a selfish man, while your wife and children nearly starve? Will you begin to be a man, instead of a stupid slave of some rumseller, who gives you for your money that which makes a brute of you and ruins your body and damns your soul? And will you let me help you in every way possible with me?"

"Dunbarr," replied Wilson, "Oi 'm a poor wake mon. Oi 've bhroken me promise manny's the toime. Oi 'd fale bad to bhreak me word to yez. Will yez bide a bit till Oi think o' the matter more?"

"How long would you like me to wait for your answer? You have no more time to lose, Tom. I want some sort of a promise from you to-night, before you go out. Promise this much, that you will give your wife five dollars at 6.30 next Saturday night, and that you will come to my office and see me before you enter a saloon again."

"Oi will promise to give the foive dollars, but Oi 'd rither bide a bit afore Oi promise the last."

"Well, tell me this, Do you desire me to do all I can to help you to reform?"

"Indade Oi do, sure; an' Oi ask it o' yez."

"Well, then, if you will try, you may depend upon me. I have a patient to visit in another part of the city now, and I must let you go. But let me assure you, if you will put forth as great an effort to help yourself as I intend to put forth to help you, you will soon be a better man. And remember, Tom, my effort alone can never save you. Unless you try with all your power to break this habit, you will die a miserable drunkard."

With what mingled desire and hope and fear Tom Wilson went out into the night none can know save those whose will-power is sadly weakened by alcohol, and over whom habit has serious control.

The Week of Prayer awakened a deep religious interest in Dr. Burns's Church. At the close of the Friday night service the large audience, composed of old and young, by a rising vote, requested the doctor to continue the meetings another week. He was happy to comply with this request. The meeting was large and enthusiastic on the following Monday night, and it became evident that they would need a larger room for their services. Dr. Burns advised them to seat with chairs the pastor's reception-room, which was so situated that by lifting a movable partition it would become a convenient adjunct to the lecture-room. This, the doctor thought, would be better than to move into the large auditorium of the church. The services were conducted in a simple and natural manner. At the opening a few minutes were devoted to a song service,

which was led by the organist and chorister, the audience joining soulfully. This was followed by a short Bible-reading and a season of earnest prayer. In each service Dr. Burns gave a short and spirited address, whose intent and effect was to deepen the spiritual life of his Church and to lead the unconverted to submit to the claims of Christ. The latter part of the meeting was given to fellowship and inquiry. The presence of the Divine Master seemed to be realized in every service. The Church, in a large proportion of its membership, confessed to a lack of consecration, and expressed a desire to renew their covenant vows. Many who had hitherto refused to be known as the servants of Christ came out willingly and intelligently, offering their lives to the Lord and desiring to be numbered among his people.

Gertrude Bronson, who had begun to act upon her new resolution to become better acquainted with her father, had prevailed upon him to accompany her to the meetings several nights. On Tuesday night of this second week he arose in his place, and spoke distinctly, as follows:

"For many years I have been a member of this Church. I have contributed to its current expenses, and have had some voice in the management of its property and financial affairs. I have been fairly regular in attendance upon the Sunday-morning service; and I have partaken of the Lord's Supper with my brethren at stated times. This has comprised my direct and public religious service. I have known, with some degree of satisfaction, that my Church has maintained a midweek prayer-meeting—I should

feel annoyed to belong to a Church that does not maintain such a service—yet I have never contributed even my presence to the support of the prayer-meeting. I have rejoiced somewhat that my Church has maintained a flourishing Sunday-school; and yet, for years, I have had no part in this branch of Church work. I have been pleased when I have known that men and women have been led to abandon the life of sin, and to unite with the Church of Christ; but I do not remember that I ever asked any one to become a servant of Christ. I began to attend these meetings, not from a sense of religious duty, but rather to please my daughter. I am thankful that I was led to attend them. They have done me good. I have been led to feel that there is a decided difference between a passive profession of religion and a positive, loving service of Christ. I perceive more clearly than ever before that Christlikeness proceeds from a life that has been quickened by the presence of the spiritual Christ. As I have sat among you, I believe I have felt my spirit quickened and my heart made warm and tender by the presence of the Divine Master; and I have felt ashamed that I have not done more for him; and I have felt a strong desire to do more; and I pledge that from this hour I will be a practical Christian man."

As Mr. Bronson sat down, Dr. Burns responded, "Thank God! we are moving forward." And at the close of the service he shook his hand most cordially, as he said, "Brother Bronson, this is the dawning of a brighter day."

On the way home from the meeting, Mrs. Stevens

remarked to Mrs. Burton: "I do not understand the unusual interest that the people are taking in the meetings. I can not say that I approve of all that is taking place there. The position that Jerome Bronson took to-night; think of it! He and I united on the same day, some ten years ago, and he has been a member in good standing since that time; and to-night he virtually confessed that he has been living an unworthy life all these years. Such a course brings a reproach upon other members who are in good standing. The people of our community know full well that Jerome Bronson's life has all this time compared favorably with mine in every respect, and they will be apt to reason that if he should take a more decidedly spiritual stand, I should also. And so I say, if the course that he took to-night does not bring reproach, it certainly brings embarrassment upon us. Such religious enthusiasm is trending towards fanaticism; and I despise a religious fanatic."

Mrs. Burton had reached her number, but she tarried to reply: "The character that the meetings have assumed and the position taken by Mr. Bronson seem to me to be quite appropriate; indeed, I may say very appropriate. I trust that the good work may go on."

After church, Mr. Bronson sat in his home with his family in pleasant converse. When the hour for retiring came, Gertrude came to her father's side, sat down upon the arm of his chair, and put her arm caressingly upon his shoulder as she said: "Papa, how many white hairs there are on your head! Why do they come there?"

"Why, the years, our highly esteemed friends, bring them to me."

"Yes; but, papa, does not care sometimes bring white hairs before the years have had time to do so?" And then, with admirable earnestness, looking into his eyes, she whispered, "I was proud of my father to-night, and I shall ever be proud of him."

His only reply was a look of paternal love; and she saw back of his expressive eyes a soul of love and a soul at peace. And a moment later he asked, "Gertie, will you go to the piano and lead us in a hymn before you retire?"

She could not have chosen better, for soon her rich contralto voice was leading in the dear old hymn, "Nearer, my God, to Thee, nearer to Thee;" and her father's deep-toned bass never conveyed so great a charm to her soul as then it did, as together they sang. And her mother's true alto, as she joined them in the latter part of the hymn, seemed possessed of more than its usual harmony. When she arose from the piano, Gertrude did not care to speak; but she kissed her parents good-night and went to her room. Her mother soon retired, and her father sat for a few moments alone. Then he went to the window, raised the shade, and looked out. The half-full moonlight upon the glistening snow clothed the silent night with sweet tranquillity, and he repeated the one word which, for him, expressed so much, "Peace, peace." Then he turned from the window, and spoke softly: "Gertie said that she was to-night proud of her father. The child perceives when her father does what is consistent with his profession. It must be, also, that she has perceived

her father's inconsistency. And my inconsistency might have influenced her seriously. But she has faith in me, for she said she would always be proud of her father. Here is one of the many incentives for my future. But Gertrude is no longer a child; she is a beautiful woman. With this fact I am pleased, and I am pained. I am pleased, because in the development of the child our ideal has been more than realized. I am pained, because nature prompts the bird to fly, when fully fledged; and so many problems are involved in the flight of the fledgling." And he sighed and went slowly to his room.

Just before dismissing the meeting of Wednesday night, Dr. Burns announced that, by request of Miss Gertrude Bronson, a meeting of the young and middle-aged women was called for Thursday night at 6.30 o'clock in the lecture-room of the church.

Miss Bronson looked forward to this meeting with some misgivings, and feared that but few would attend. But in this she was happily disappointed; for more than twice the number she had dared to hope for greeted her at the appointed time. She stated that the object of the meeting was a very simple one. It was not to call into existence an organization with complex machinery, but it was to form a band for one object. Said she: "There are many wives and mothers and daughters locally belonging to the territory of our Church who seriously lack social and religious advantages. We are really doing nothing for these. In the name of our Master we ought to do something for them. Now, I propose that we band together and declare it to be the duty and

object of this band to call upon these destitute homes and minister unto them. I have consulted our pastor concerning this matter, and have his approval. No matter what name our band bears. We may call ourselves Loyal Daughters, or any other good name; but we should begin our duties at once."

The plan was so simple, practicable, and so evidently desirable that there was no opposition to it. Mrs. Burton remarked that the desirableness of some such undertaking had frequently occurred to her, that she deemed it very appropriate, and was willing to pledge herself to it.

Miss Bronson suggested that Mrs. Burton should make a minute of this, their first meeting; and then they adjourned, promising to begin their ministrations upon the morrow, and agreeing to meet at the home of Mrs. Sawyer on the following Saturday afternoon, there to recite their experiences and to council together.

It was an unusual undertaking for these women of the First Church of Warden to go into homes whose social standing was far below their own. And many of these homes were, at first, embarrassed by the presence of women of culture and refinement. But this embarrassment gradually vanished, and in its stead came a kindly feeling towards and a genuine interest in those who had come to them to help them make their lives brighter.

At about four o'clock on this Friday afternoon, Miss Bronson and her companion in calling parted company, and started toward their respective homes. Gertrude's way took her by No. 230 East Cedar Street. She knew that this was Mrs. George

Graham's number, and she decided that she would make one call alone. She felt that she had been already introduced, for she had aided in the music at the funeral of Mr. Graham. As Mrs. Graham admitted her, Gertrude noticed that her eyes were red with weeping, and that she was too troubled to enter into conversation. Interpreting her inquiring gaze, Mrs. Graham led the way to the bedroom. Upon the bed lay little Mary, with closed eyes and flushed face. She was breathing rapidly and with difficulty. "She was taken ill last night," explained Mrs. Graham. "I sent for the doctor two hours ago. I do not see why he does not come." Gertrude was sitting upon the edge of the bed in deep solicitude, when there was a knock at the door, and Dr. Dunbarr was admitted. At the sight of him Mrs. Graham's feelings overcame her, for she associated him with the sad event of but a few days ago.

"I was in another part of the city when your summons came to my office, Mrs. Graham. Do not give way to your fears. I trust that the case is not a serious one;" and he followed her to the room where the sick child lay. At that moment little Mary moaned and opened her eyes, and so great was Gertrude's solicitude that she did not see Dunbarr until he stood by her side. She was startled, but arose and presented her hand, as she said, "Good afternoon, Dr. Dunbarr."

Dunbarr was surprised to meet her there; but he greeted her cordially, and then gave his undivided attention to the condition of the little sufferer.

## CHAPTER IV

# True Effort

"For the Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost."

AT the conclusion of a careful examination, Dunbarr turned to Mrs. Graham and said, as he placed his hand tenderly upon the little, throbbing chest: "The trouble is here, principally. Pneumonia is prevalent in the city this month; but we have taken the case in time, and there is but little doubt as to the child's recovery. She has been a stout little body all her life, and I think that her system will respond promptly to our treatment. However, she will need the best of care; but your mother-heart will prompt you in this matter. She must have medicine every half-hour until we have her temperature under control. I will see her again late to-night or early to-morrow morning." Then he gave definite directions regarding the several remedies that he left, and bade Mrs. Graham and Gertrude a cordial good-evening, saying to the latter pleasantly: "It would be well for my reputation as a physician, and decidedly fortunate for my patients, if they all could have two such nurses as little Mary is now favored with."

"Why, Dr. Dunbarr, you ascribe to me an honor which I do not merit. Your patients would all die,

I fear, in spite of you, were I installed as their nurse. I have failed in nursing my sick birds and other pets, and have had need to employ professionals. You would be sadly disappointed, should you expect good results from my nursing."

"I am sure," replied Dunbarr, "that your presence and true sympathy are a source of strength to Mrs. Graham; and if she, as principal nurse, can be cheerful and hopeful for a few days, I am confident that my little patient will be well on her way to convalescing."

Although Gertrude's call upon Mrs. Graham was very different from what she had anticipated, yet the result of it was to inspire a deep and mutual interest and to mark the beginning of a true friendship. The widow felt that a pure and true young life, although it had been trained in a higher social sphere than her own, had been brought quite near to her by the power of human sympathy, and she felt a hope that something good might come of such a meeting; yet she could not remember that any word had been spoken to warrant such a hope.

It was nearly five o'clock when Gertrude left Mrs. Graham, and she concluded that, rather than walk home alone in the twilight, she would go to her father's office, which was only two blocks out of her way, and walk home with him. She found him busy at his desk; but he laid down his pen and came a step or two to meet her, and asked rather nervously, "Anything out of the usual happened, Gertrude?" For it must be acknowledged that his daughter did not frequent her father's office.

She answered: "O no, papa. I was belated in

my calling, and have come to escort you home. I can wait till you are all through for the day. I will come up to your desk and see you work, if that will not disturb you." And soon she stood by his side, looking over his arm as he continued to inspect his journal. "Is this your part of the work, papa?"

"This is one part of my work."

"But you did not make all these entries, for this is not your handwriting. Who keeps this book, and what have you to do with it, and what does it all signify to you?"

"No, I do not keep the books of the factory. Mr. Osborn is our general book-keeper. But we have several clerks under him who keep the accounts of their own departments of work, and report to him daily. My part with the books is carefully to inspect the book-keeping. This book, if kept accurately, expresses the true condition of our business. I can look upon this as upon a chart and determine the amount and cost of the material that we purchase, the quantity and price and profits of our sales, the amount of wages paid to our employees, and the current expenses of the enterprise. It is very important that I know whether we are doing business at a loss or a profit."

"I perceive that, and it is therefore very important that the books be kept correctly. Does this comprise all your work?"

"O no; there is a mind required, back of this enterprise, to plan the work and to direct it; and I think you know that your father has no partner in business."

"How many men have you employed?"

"We have one hundred and twenty this month."

"And so, virtually, all this machinery is running and all these men are tramping through your dear head. Well, I might have understood those white hairs"—and she placed her white and shapely hand upon her father's head—"and I might have interpreted the expression of care which I have so often seen upon your brow, had I been a more inquiring and thoughtful daughter. But, papa, are you not, in part, to be blamed? You never told me any of your business cares."

"Why, Gertrude, there is no cause for blame anywhere, is there? It is my part to look after our business matters, and I have no right to burden you, making you old before your time with my cares."

"And so you have thought it best for me to grow up as thoughtless as a butterfly, with no cares but those which naturally come with my lessons and recreations and with society. It would seem disrespectful in me to question the kindness and correctness of such a course; but, papa, am I not almost grown up?"

"I am compelled to acknowledge that you have grown to woman's estate; but I like to think of you as my little Gertie."

"Well, then, papa, I have one favor to ask of you, and I fear to ask it because I know that you are so averse to a partner in business; but will you take me into partnership? Do not begin to wonder what I can do, please—do n't wonder about anything—but just try me, and I will be more than ever your own Gertie."

Her father smiled at her eager earnestness as he replied, "You are the only person that I would consent to take as a business partner, and I must think of the proposition for a few days before I will sign articles of partnership with you."

"O, I see; you think that because I have done nothing but hinder you since I came into the office, I will continue such a course; but you are wrong in that conclusion. You just take me on trial for a few months, and in that way prove me."

"I assure you, Gertrude, that you have been far better than a hindrance. I have enjoyed your little visit more than I can tell you; and I consent to take you on trial at once, and for as many months as you may designate. I had nearly completed my work for the day, and will soon be ready to accompany you home."

On the following morning, Mr. Bronson and Dr. Dunbarr met at the corner of Main and Bellevue Streets, and walked in company, eastward, for a block or two. As they were about to separate, Dunbarr asked, "You have about one hundred and twenty men in your employ at this time, Mr. Bronson?"

"Yes, sir."

"At what time or times do you pay them their wages?"

"The foundry hands and molders and some others we pay weekly and on Saturday night. Our other men we pay at the expiration of each month."

"I ask because it has seemed to me that it would be better for many a laborer if he could receive his wages upon Monday night instead of Saturday night. I presume, Mr. Bronson. that you are aware that

the saloons, before Monday morning, get much of the money which is paid to the laboring man on Saturday night; and would it not be just as convenient for the employers of our city to pay their employees on Monday night?"

"To be frank, Doctor, I have not thought seriously upon this matter. It may be that the business men of Warden have a duty in this direction. I will take the subject into consideration."

"I am satisfied," said Dunbarr, "that the change would make some wholesome difference in the home of many an employee; enough difference, I think, to warrant the change." At this they parted.

The meeting which was appointed to be at the home of Mrs. Sawyer on Saturday afternoon was well attended. The novelty of the enterprise, together with the Christlike spirit that seemed to prompt its origin, may have accounted for the interest taken. An hour passed while various ones recited the experience of visiting homes of strangers to impart some religious instruction or to convey some light of the love of Christ. These experiences would have interested us. That which was given by Miss Marian Mills may serve as an example. She said:

"Among other homes we visited was that of Mrs. Campbell. Some of you may, and others of you may not, have met her. She is tall, with brown hair and dark eyes, and is less than thirty years old. She at first wondered at the object of our visit, and I felt embarrassed. I did not know just how to introduce our mission, but I began in the best way I knew. I told her of our Church home, and that

many of the women of our Church had come to feel that they ought and wanted to be better acquainted with the homes within our territory. I told her that the Master had helped and cheered us with his love; and we thought, perchance, that we might lead others to a knowledge of this love, and might help them in other ways, if we only were acquainted, and that we wanted to express our willingness to cheer and brighten her life in any way we could. Before I had finished, she was weeping; and we wondered why. After a moment's silence, she spoke, and the language that she used and her manner of expression surprised us, because these were not in character with a home so poor and destitute. She asked that we pardon her tears, for our kind hearts and words had awakened memories of brighter days. She, too, once had a Church home, and knew then something of the cheer and brightness of the love of Christ. But those bright days seemed hidden in a long ago, because so much of doubt and darkness and sin intervened. 'I will not tell you much now,' she said; 'but if we come to know each other better, I may tell you all. I may relate this much now: My childhood home was humble, but it was pure. Its influence has never been lost upon me, although I have proven untrue to it. In later years, in sadness and heartache, I have often longed for just such Christian fellowship as you intend.' We promised to call upon her again soon; and we desire to become well acquainted with her, for we trust that we may be some help to her, and we want to know her history. When she took our hand at parting, her large eyes portrayed an appreciative soul."

"She is one of the lost ones that the Son of God came to seek and to save," remarked Mrs. Sawyer.

"Have you any advice to give us?" asked Miss Bronson. "You know that this is to be a consultation as well as an experience-meeting."

"What I have I will give with the greatest pleasure. Youah experiences have deeply interested me. You have been impressed with the scanty furnishings and the poverty of the homes that you have visited. Of course, you will have too good taste to embarrass these homes by taking youah finery into them. By the way; did we ever prayerfully ask ouahselves just how much finery a Christian woman should wear at any time? Youah neat, plain, sweet toilets will preach sermons in these homes, and will not embarass them. So will youah frank and unaffected mannah. A magazine or a choice book from youah libraries may be loaned, with profit, to some of these homes. Some of ouah Sunday-school supplies would benefit them. In time a mission-school should be organized."

"I think that our band should have a name," remarked Miss Mills. "I find it difficult to speak of ourselves to others. I like the name suggested by Miss Bronson, 'Loyal Daughters.' It seems quite expressive and also quite suggestive."

"That name pleases me also," remarked Mrs. Burton; "and I think that its appropriateness will become more apparent as we proceed with our work. I move that we take that name for at least one month. At or after that time a more appropriate name may be suggested."

This motion was pleasing to all. After arranging some details of work, and unanimously agreeing to

accept Mrs. Sawyer's invitation to meet at her home on the following Saturday afternoon, they adjourned for one week. But before they went out they asked Mrs. Sawyer to lead them in prayer.

This prayer was a simple expression of a full and loving heart; telling the Master of this new work that they had begun in his name; asking that zeal and wisdom might be imparted to those who had undertaken this mission of love, and imploring special favor upon those toward whom these Christlike efforts were directed. She closed her prayer with thanksgiving to God that the children of earth might be co-laborers with Christ in the salvation of sinful man.

On leaving Mrs. Sawyer's home, Marian Mills, Mrs. Burton, and Mrs. Stevens walked a block together. This last-named lady did not consider herself a member of the company called the "Loyal Daughters," but she had been present at their meeting this afternoon. It may be that her curious mind led her there; or it may be that she just happened to call at that time; for she was wont to call frequently at the home of Mrs. Sawyer. During the meeting she had observed a respectful silence. But now that she was alone with these two friends, she felt at liberty to give expression to her convictions, and she did so, as follows:

"I fear that you do not apprehend how far this digression from the established customs of the best society may lead you. Such a course, if persisted in, will inevitably do away with many of the sets or grades of society. The rich and the poor, the cultured and the illiterate, the refined and the vulgar, will mingle on common social grounds. And these

common people, who can not appreciate our society and are too poor to pay for a sitting in our church will, more than likely, find their way into our church services, and will expect us to welcome them there. I tell you, my friends, I can not anticipate such a condition of things with any degree of approval, much less with pleasure. You ought to have considered this matter more seriously before undertaking it."

"I do not see this undertaking in the same light that you do, Mrs. Stevens," replied Miss Mills. "I confess that I have not anticipated very far. About as far as I have gone is to entertain the hope of doing some real good in the name of our Master. I am sure that these homes are destitute of religious and wholesome social privileges. I think that I can see how we can relieve, in some degree, this destitution. And to do what we can in this direction seems to be like our Master. Did he not come to seek and to save that which was lost? I am sure that we all will think of this matter more profoundly as the work develops; and I trust that the Infinite Mind may direct us. I must leave you now. Goodbye."

Mrs. Stevens's mind was not at rest, and the result of the meeting did not conduce to her peace.

At seven o'clock on Saturday night, Dunbarr visited Mary Graham. He found the child's condition but slightly improved; for her case was a more stubborn one than he had anticipated. As he was returning rather leisurely, he met Dr. Burns. They greeted each other cordially, and each inquired after the other's welfare. Dunbarr replied that he felt some-

what depressed and quite weary; that the work of the week had taxed him unusually. "But," said he, "I have seen all of my patients and may rest now, unless something new develops."

Dr. Burns stated that he had his sermons well in mind, and intended to have leisure until Sunday morning, and invited Dunbarr to walk with him for a time.

It was not uncomfortably cold, but the sky was thickly overcast, and the moaning of the northeast wind betokened a storm. As they walked to and fro upon the principal streets of the city, they met with that which, quite naturally, introduced the subject of drunkenness and the power of the saloon.

"Dr. Burns," remarked Dunbarr, "I wish that you would, at you earliest convenience, give us a discourse on temperance."

"I have contemplated such a discourse. The subject has been in my mind for some time, and I have been studying a new movement and some new methods in temperance work. How would one week from to-morrow night do for a date?"

"That date would please me, but I would not hasten you. However, I feel that our efforts should be prompt and frequent in this matter. I am in a position to see much of the curse of intemperance and of the ruinous work of the saloon. There are scores of men in the saloons of our city to-night that are squandering in a damnable way the wages they have earned this week, while their families are in destitute circumstances; and, also, there are many men of good standing in society—men of leisure and means—who may be found in the saloons of Warden

to-night. You would be surprised were you to look in upon the saloon."

"Of course, I am not fully aware of what is going on inside; neither do I know whom I should find there. But, Dunbarr, what you have said has excited my curiosity. Can you give any good reason why a minister of the gospel, in company with a reliable friend and for the sake of being better able to teach his people, may not visit the saloon? If you can not, I shall invite you to accompany me into these drinking-places now."

"I have no such good reason to give, and I express my willingness to accompany you."

As they were approaching the most respectable saloon in the city, the first one they entered, Dr. Burns remarked:

"Dunbarr, I feel something of the fearful dread that I experienced when, as a very young man, I rode with my fellow-cavalrymen into my first engagement against the enemies of our country."

They remained but a short time in any saloon, and they did not enter into conversation. While their presence attracted attention, there was little or no comment. In the gilded and more fashionable saloons they found men to whom society accredits a better character. Not a few of these recognized these unaccustomed visitors, and blushed or skulked away for shame. In the common saloons they found the more common people and the rabble, among whom there were not a few boys and young men under twenty-one years of age.

In the eastern part of the city, as they entered a saloon, Dunbarr placed his hand on Dr. Burns's

arm, and directed his attention to the row of five men lined up at the bar. The bartender, who was the proprietor of the place, was filling five glasses with liquor. The men waited until each glass was filled, then slowly lifted them towards their lips, while they bowed to one another. At this moment, Dunbarr noiselessly sprang to the side of the man who stood nearest him, placed his right hand upon his shoulder and at the same time took the glass of liquor with his left hand, while he spoke in a stern voice, "Tom Wilson, do you think that you are treating me as you should treat a true friend?"

Wilson was greatly surprised, but he answered promptly: "Sure, an' Oi 've not thrated yez at all, at all. Oi did not know that yez war here."

While he spoke, Dunbarr deliberately tasted of the liquor and set the glass upon the counter. At this Wilson said: "Oi 'll have Mr. Wilkes turn a glass fur yez, at me expense, if yez loike."

Dunbarr's only reply was: "Tom, were you treating these four men who are standing here with us?"

"Yis Oi war, sure; its a liberal mon that Oi am."

"Well, Tom, will you pay for this liquor and then come out with me?"

"Sure an' Oi 'll pay fur it; but Oi 'll dhrink wid the b'ys first."

"I wish you would not drink that, Tom; I want you to come with me before you drink it."

"But sure, an' Oi kin coom wid yez the bether afther Oi 've dhrank it." And he turned down the liquor and paid for five drinks. "Now, Dr. Dunbarr," continued Wilson, "Oi'd the rither stay wid the b'ys

the bit, till Oi gits what 's comin' to me; they owes me four dhrinks, yez see."

"But Wilson, I want you to come with me this very minute. I have a right to insist upon this. You remember how you have asked me to do all I can to help you to reform, and that I have bound myself to do so."

Job Wilkes, the saloon-keeper, had suspected Dunbarr from the first; and now he broke forth in an angry tirade, in part as follows:

"You 'll take your hand off my customer. I 'm here to protect him. You 'll take your leave of my place of business from the same door you came in at, an' I 'll give you but a minute to go. I am doin' a lawful business here, an' I pay my money for a license to do it. You go, sir, or I 'll help you to." And he shook his burly fist.

At this, Dr. Burns stepped to Dunbarr's side, and his gray eyes flashed fire as he looked Wilke's fully in the face.

"Yez shtrike him, Job Wilkes," said Wilson, "an' yez are hittin' Tom Wilson plumb in the face; for he 's me confidential friend."

Dunbarr smiled at Tom's remark, and then with an eye so utterly fearless as to make Wilkes quail, he addressed him as follows:

"You hold your temper and your tongue. I understand what I am doing. Thomas Wilson is a friend of mine, and I have a right to speak to him as I have done. And permit me to inform you that you are not doing a legitimate business. The law of this State expressly says that you shall not sell intoxicating drinks to an habitual drunkard. You

have broken that law in my presence to-night. I have proof that my friend Wilson here"—putting his hand on Tom's shoulder—"is an habitual drunkard. I saw you sell him liquor. I saw him pay for it. I know that it was liquor for I tasted it from the very glass from which he drank. I have a clear case against you, and you will hear from it." Then turning to Tom, he took his arm and said: "Now, my friend, I want you to go with me;" and they went out together and Dr. Burns followed them.

## CHAPTER V

# Open Fields

"Let no man seek his own, but each his neighbor's good.'

THE three walked rapidly away from the saloon, and did not speak until they had gone a half-block, and had reached the corner where Dunbarr and Dr. Burns must part company, if each would go directly to his home. Here they halted a moment, and Dunbarr remarked:

"Dr. Burns, here you and I will part for the night. I am glad to have had your company; and," he added, smiling, "if I have led you into objectionable places, please remember that I did so in compliance with your own proposition. It is beginning to storm, and you need the shelter of your home."

"I would walk with you farther, if it seemed necessary, but you and Mr. Wilson will get on well together, I trust. I did not anticipate the result of our walk when I proposed it; but I regret neither the walk nor its result. I am more than ever obliged to you, Dr. Dunbarr;" and he extended his hand. Then turning to Tom, he said: "I am glad to have met you also, Mr. Wilson; and I shall put forth an effort to meet you again."

"Yis, but yer Riverence, yez had the rither not ha' met me in the s'loon. An' Oi ha' the rither not ha' met yez there, too."

"Well," Dr. Burns replied, "we need never meet there again, but may meet elsewhere often;" and they shook hands as old-time friends might do.

When Dunbarr and Wilson were alone, the latter began, abruptly:

"What do yez want o' me an' where do yez intend to lade me? Oi coom oot o' the s'loon wid yez because Oi war yer friend an' the s'loon moight injure yer character an' Oi 'd the rither see yez in yer office or a side o' soom sick or dyin' mon, loike as poor George Graham, than in the s'loon. It 's a bad place fur sich the loike as yez to be in. But, och! how cold the wind blows ag'in' me, an' the storrum stroikes clane into me very vitals;" and he shrugged his shoulders and his body quaked so that Dr. Dunbarr felt the flesh of his arm tremble.

"Oi must go somewhere soon now or Oi 'll fraze; and me head fales quare loike, too."

"I fear that you are ill, Wilson, and, as we are nearer your home than to my office, I think that we had better go there."

To this proposition Wilson offered but slight objection. That he had been taken suddenly ill became evident as they advanced toward his home. That which seemed to be the effect of the cold wind and of the storm proved to be a violent chill.

They found Mrs. Wilson and her family more comfortable than was usual of a Saturday night; for Tom had been true to his promise, and had given his wife five dollars of his week's wages. The room was warm and quite well lighted. The younger children had retired; Willie was reading from a paper which a stranger had left at the house, and his mother was

mending a child's garment when Wilson and Dunbarr entered. Their coming was unannounced, save by their footsteps at the door. Wilson went directly to the fire, literally dropped into a chair and almost embraced the stove, while his whole body seemed convulsed. Willie arose and offered Dunbarr a chair, and then sat in a corner away from the light. Mrs. Wilson's hands lay motionless in her lap, but her eyes seemed fixed upon her work. Wilson broke the silence by saying:

"Yez nade not think that Oi am dhrunk agin', an' fale so shamed; fur Oi 'm not; but Oi 'm woors. Oi 'm so orful cold that Oi kint git warrum an' me head falls to rememberin' manny 's the thing that slips away as a drame, loike. An' Oi fale sick an' faint widin; an' me chist sames bound aboot wid manny 's the cord. An' Dr. Dunbarr, me friend, has coom to consult me—good mon that he is—an' yez 'll stand to his aid that he may cure me."

"Yes," said Dunbarr, "Mr. Wilson seems quite sick, and we will see what we can do for him;" and he began a thorough examination.

As a black and threatening storm-cloud passes, unbroken, over our heads, and leaves above us a cloud which is lighter and less threatening, so seemed now the experience of Mrs. Wilson and her son. They, evidently, were not in sympathy with Wilson's belief, that to be sick is, necessarily, worse than to be drunk; for their sullen chagrin disappeared, and they manifested a genuine and almost cheerful interest.

Wilson's temperature began to rise rapidly, and soon he was unable to sit up.

"I have not here all the medicine that I desire to leave for your husband, Mrs. Wilson, and I will need to go to my office."

"Oor Willie, hare, kin go wid ye' an' fitch it back, so ye will not nade to coom back through the storrum."

"I would not feel justified in asking so frail a lad as Willie to go out into such a stormy night," said Dunbarr. "I am used to all kinds of weather."

"Willie is stouter nor he looks," was Mrs. Wilson's reply, "an' he 's a willin b'y, an' flate, sure. Jist ye tell me an' him how ye wants the medicine to be took, an' when he gits it from ye he 'll be back here, ag'in' a short toime has passed."

And so it was decided. Mrs. Wilson understood how often the medicine must be given; and Dunbarr informed her that her husband would be delirious at times in the night, instructed her how to treat him at such times, and agreed to see him early in the morning.

"We kin keer fur him, Docthor, an' we 'll be glad to have him wid us an' to do fur him. An' we will be lookin' fur ye a'gin' the morning' cooms airly. An' a good-noight to ye," were Mrs. Wilson's words as Dunbarr was leaving.

The boy was ready, waiting at the door for the doctor, and he preceded him out into the night. The fast-falling snow and sleet made the walking difficult, but Dunbarr found his slender companion an expert pedestrian, and was compelled to quicken his usual speed to keep up with the boy. At the office he was surprised and pleased to see how readily Willie read, at the doctor's request, the carefully-written direc-

tions for giving the medicine. He left the room promptly, but said at going, "Good-night, Doctor;" and Dunbarr remarked, as he turned from the door to his desk, "He is a noble little fellow, if he is a drunkard's son."

When the morning came the storm had passed, and the quiet which followed it seemed responsible for the listless spirit of Warden. Her citizens slept late, and, after rising, were possessed of a spirit of calm indifference. Only the men-of-all-work were alert. The storm had provided employment for them, even of a Sunday morning; and many of them rejoiced in the prospect of increased revenue, as they vigorously shoveled the snow from the walks and crossings.

Dunbarr found Wilson delirious, and with temperature at a threatening height.

Dr. Burns met his people with his usual scholarly and spiritual ministry. He announced, with some emphasis, that on the following Sunday night he would address his audience on the subject of temperance. He stated that he had a new experience to relate, some new methods to discuss, and some new plans to propose. He desired that a large audience should gather for that occasion.

At the close of evening service, in an after-meeting, which was largely attended, it was decided to hold but two meetings in the coming week—one on Tuesday night, and one on Thursday night.

These two week-night meetings were signalized by the spirit of practical and aggressive Christianity. We will review their proceedings in a subsequent chapter.

On Tuesday morning Job Wilkes was arraigned before Justice Eliott to answer to the charge of selling intoxicating beverage to an habitual drunkard. Wilkes had anticipated this. He waived examination, and promptly gave bonds to appear for trial in the February term of the Circuit Court.

Twice in this week, Gertrude Bronson visited Mrs. Graham. Her interest in little Mary was genuine; and when the child began to convalesce, Gertrude's pleasure was only surpassed by that of Mary's mother.

Mrs. Graham talked freely with Gertrude concerning the sudden death of Mr. Graham and of her great sorrow; and Gertrude tried to comfort her with thoughts of the great love of the Heavenly Father, and of a bright hereafter, and of a happy reunion of loved ones; but she felt that her effort availed nothing, and she expressed her thoughts to that effect in the following few sentences, as she walked leisurely home on Wednesday afternoon: "How utterly unable I am to convey Christian comfort! I have, for five years, professed to be a servant of Christ, and yet I can not teach a sorrowing widow the Christian's way to triumph over life's sorrows. But my Master knows that I love him and desire to be able to serve him;" and her eyes, for the moment, filled with humble tears.

At about this time Mrs. Graham was occupied in the following soliloquy: "What a dear young woman Miss Bronson is! I do not know much about a Christian life, but she is so kind and loving that she seems to be somewhat like the Christ that I have read and heard about. Her words are so good, and

there is something back of them that seems better to me that what she says."

At the meeting of the Loyal Daughters at Mrs. Sawyer's on Saturday afternoon, a number of interesting visits were reported; and the work that they had undertaken assumed an encouraging aspect. One sentence in Mrs. Sawyer's prayer in this meeting was expressive of a common feeling: "O Lord, we feel that thou hast opened to us a field of beautiful service, and we trust thee foah a rich harvest."

The home of Thomas Wilson was the battle-ground where nature and professional skill waged a stubborn warfare against acute disease, with at first but little hope of victory; but at the close of the week the sick man's condition was somewhat improved.

The audience that gathered at the First Church of Warden on Sunday night was unusually large. This may have been due to the fact that it had become known that Dr. Burns had recently visited many of the saloons of the city. A male quartet led a short song service. The doctor's opening prayer was simple but fervent. He took no text, but began his address by remarking that temperance addresses were held by the average mind to be platitudes—dull, insipid.

"This," said he, "may be due to the fact that the average mind wearies with the repetition of figures and statistics, no matter how vital and true these figures and statistics may be. But the people must bear in mind that the true worth of a discourse is in proportion to its instructiveness; and that, to speak instructively, one must impress the mind with facts germane to his subject, even though these facts are

couched in figures and dry statistics. While the subject of intemperance is as old as the history of Noah, yet in its final analysis it contains but three operative facts: alcohol, appetite, and the union of alcohol and appetite. Alcohol, aloof from appetite, would do no widespread work of ruin. Appetite, natural or acquired, could not produce the inebriate without alcohol. But when these two simple facts are brought together, a third and a serious fact is caused to exist. Later in the history of intemperance appears a potent, co-ordinate fact. It is traffic in beverage which contains alcohol. It is simply *greed for gold*. The result of the practical operation of this factor in intemperance is the union, the frequent and continuous coming together, of alcohol and appetite. The more frequent and continuous and general this union, the greater the aggregated gain to him who sells such beverage, and the greater the expense to the country at large. Statistics show that, aside from desolating war, no sin costs so much as that of intemperance. The criminal expenses of a county have been made ten thousand dollars greater by the debasing effect of one pint of alcoholic drink, which, taken into his system, has made a man a temporary fiend. This great Nation of seventy million people pays annually for the education of the public $2.40 for each of her inhabitants; while at the same time we pay six times as much, or $14.80, for each inhabitant, for intoxicating beverage. They who engage in such a traffic do so for one object—the cash profits of the enterprise. They understand that their occupation does not conduce to their own popularity. Many of them know that what they sell is, in its very nature, de-

structive to social and industrial interests, and will accomplish the certain ruin of both soul and body of the consumer; and yet the open saloon, with its many hundred of miles of the best of frontage, is a conspicuous object in our great Nation. We have in our own dear State, if we allow twenty-five feet front to each saloon, more than twenty-one miles of solid saloon frontage. We have in our own city at least fifteen saloons. But these places, whose sole business it is to retail liquid degradation and ruin, have a legal right to be here and to do business. That is, the law, with certain specified conditions and restrictions, permits and protects the open saloon. Many of the truly temperance people of the land shudder and are dismayed at the thought of such a law. But, my dear friends, I am persuaded that there is something better for truly temperance people to do than to shudder and sit down in dismay. That we may be more explicit, we will suggest a reasonable and practical course for our temperance people to pursue.

"First, all temperance people should become conversant with our so-called temperance laws—should understand their provisions, restrictions, and penalties. I am persuaded that if all friends of temperance would become familiar with these laws, they would esteem them more highly than they do. I am also persuaded that if these laws were fully enforced, a majority of the saloons would be driven out of the land. Look at some of the provisions of these laws: The saloon may not sell nor furnish intoxicating drink to a minor nor to an habitual drunkard. It may not sell nor furnish intoxicating beverage on the

first day of the week, commonly called Sunday, nor on legal holidays, nor on election days, nor earlier than a specified hour in the morning, nor later than a specified hour at night. To sell liquor, subject to these and other specified restrictions, each saloon must pay annually a stipulated sum of money. In our State this sum is $500 'spot cash.' To secure the public, each saloon must give a bond of not less than $3,000 and not more than $6,000, with two responsible bondsmen. These bondsmen must reside in the town, village, or city wherein the saloon for which they are sureties is situated. But it is evident to the casual observer that these laws are not even fairly well enforced in our city; for if they were, so many saloons could not exist. And when one looks in upon our saloons he is astonished at their positive disregard for the provisions of the law. When I announced this service, I intimated that I had had a new experience in temperance work. I had in mind the fact that I, in company with a trustworthy friend, one week ago last night visited many of the saloons of Warden, went into them, and beheld how and with what they do business."

Dr. Burns then related, graphically, what he saw in these saloons, but did not mention names. He stated that in nearly every saloon he found young men under twenty-one years of age, and it was evident that they were there for the drink that is sold there. He remarked that a large majority of the multitude found in the saloon that night were evidently habitual drunkards. Said he:

"At one bar I saw five men at one time drinking, as they would say, to the health of one another; and

it can be proven that each of these men is an habitual drunkard."

Dr. Burns did not neglect to state that he found in the saloons of Warden men who are held to be of higher character than the saloon and the saloon associations would warrant.

"My second practical suggestion is the unification of all temperance sentiment. Temperance people are not sufficiently united in their efforts. The temperance forces are scattered, and are, therefore, more easily overcome. There are causes for this lack of union. One chief cause is that we can not get just such temperance laws as we feel should be enacted. But it is unwise and wrong to make use of nothing, because we can not get just what we think should be granted us. As we have seen, we can bring about a great reformation by the wise enforcement of such laws as we now have; and when we make a wise use of all the good we have, God will help us to something better.

"My third suggestion is, that the Church of Christ should take the cause of temperance to heart. I would not intimate that Christian people are not temperance people, but I would teach that temperance work should become a specific part and an acknowledged important part of Church work. Suppose that the millions in our country who are known as the followers of the Christ were united in a temperance effort. Suppose that the hundreds of Christians in our city were united to promote the cause of temperance,—would there not be a temperance reformation?

"The new methods that I have thought to intro-

duce to-night are those adopted by a new temperance organization known as the Anti-saloon League. This organization is but a few years old, yet the results of its operations are causing widespread discomfort among the liquor-dealers in the land, and the number of saloons has been made perceptibly less through its direct influence. It seeks to bring together, in a united effort, all who in any degree favor the suppression of the open saloon and the sale of alcoholic beverage. It is therefore *omni-partisan*, enlisting members regardless of their political preferences. It is also *interdenominational*. All Protestant denominations and the Catholic and the Jew are engaged in the good work. Its machinery is not very complex. The League consists of National, State, and local organizations.

"Local organizations do their aggressive work through various committees or departments; such as the Agitation Department, the Law-enforcement Department, and the Legislation Department. The province of the Agitation Department is to keep before the public mind the moral issues of the community. The press and the pulpit and the schools are made use of by this department of the League.

"The Law-enforcement Department seeks, by various means, to know whether the laws are being enforced. While this department directs its attention towards the saloon principally, yet it is its duty to determine whether the law relating to drugstores and gambling and immoral places is properly observed. This department accomplishes its object by compelling the regularly chosen or appointed and oath-bound officers to do their duty. If these officers

will not keep their oath of office, then impeachment may follow.

"The Legislation Department accomplishes its local duty by placing in nomination, and, as far as possible, securing the election of, competent men for municipal officers. The work of this department in the State is to secure the election of men who will favor temperance and temperance legislation. In cities the cause of temperance is being advanced by Church Anti-saloon Leagues; and at seven o'clock to-morrow night I wish to meet in the lecture-room of the church all who wish to consider the advisability of organizing such a League for this Church."

The doctor closed his address by saying: "I trust that this new temperance movement is ordained of God to bring about a great revolution for righteousness. Is not God's hand in this movement pointing out an opportunity for every one to engage himself in the behalf of fellow-man? Do we not hear God's voice saying, 'Go work in my vineyard?' May we have help from him to respond willingly!"

At ten o'clock, Monday forenoon, Dunbarr called at the office of Mr. Bronson. He was somewhat surprised to find his daughter at the desk with her father. After a cordial "good-morning," Gertrude asked, "Have you learned, Dr. Dunbarr, that papa had taken a partner in business?"

"I had not, Miss Bronson; but I think that I perceive his choice, and I congratulate him."

"But I am not sure how he will take your congratulations," returned Gertrude, looking roguishly towards her father; "for he has only taken me on trial."

Dunbarr smiled and said, "I think that I can foresee the result of the trial." And then turning to Mr. Bronson he remarked: "I stepped in to ask you if you could use, to any advantage, Willie Wilson, a rather slender boy, about fourteen years old. His father will not be able to resume work for a fortnight or more, and the family is becoming destitute."

"I had thought of Wilson and his family. We will see what use we can make of the boy; will we not, Gertrude?" replied Mr. Bronson, smiling upon his daughter.

"Thank you. Willie's case is safe in the hands of such a firm. I must go now;" and he bowed to each of them, and went out.

## CHAPTER VI

# Unto Him

"Do all to the glory of God."

IN the preceding chapter reference was made to the meetings held by the First Church of Warden on Tuesday and Thursday nights of the third week of January, as being signalized by a spirit of practical and aggressive Christianity. In them a review of the extra meetings of this new year was taken, and a summary of the different features of these meetings was given. Many embraced the opportunity to speak of a new-found hope in Christ, of a deeper religious experience, and of a firm resolve to do faithful service in the kingdom of the Master. It was evident that the record of these few meetings would become a bright portion of the history of this Church. All seemed to appreciate the fact that this had been a special season of Divine favor, and no one was more fully aware of its importance than Dr. Burns.

"We have," said he, "gathered a blessed spiritual momentum; and the question is, What will we permit this momentum to do for us? Are we closing these extra meetings to permit our minds and energies to divert to matters less spiritual and to

ways less Christlike? There have come to us revelations concerning religious opportunity and Christian privilege; and with these has come an inspiration, and our hearts have said, 'Thy will, O Lord, is my supreme delight.' To consider this a period of 'closing,' would be to mistake the voice of God, which voice has sounded forth in the graceful events of the last fortnight; would be, not to take this spiritual tide at its flood. Instead, this must be the period of beginning, the genesis of a re-enforced and quickened Church in aggressive religious endeavor. There are new ways open to us. The call that comes to us seems to designate our future course in the following mandate, 'Keep thyself in vital communication with the great Head of the Church by the going forth of all thy redeemed and sanctified powers to save those that are being ingulfed in sin.' What justifiable reason can be produced to show why this room shall not be filled, each Tuesday night and Thursday night of the remaining weeks of the year, with spiritually-minded men and women, seeking counsel of Christ and of one another? Why need our religious enthusiasm wane? Let us believe that it will not. I have mistaken the scope of our consecration, if it has not embraced our time and our means. Already, within the last ten days, from those of our number, has been formed a little band for a purpose which is noble and Christlike. This band, which has been called the Loyal Daughters, has already begun a beautiful work, true to the Spirit that has been leading us. There are other new enterprises into which we may enter with reasonable hope of profit to our Master's kingdom. I will not

suggest them just now, for it may be that your own active minds and loving hearts have something to suggest. We will gladly listen to you."

Mr. Bronson followed Dr. Burns. He spoke of personal benefits realized from the meetings. He felt that the Church would prove itself untrue to the Spirit that had led it, and unworthy of the spiritual favors conferred upon it, if it did not go forth, and right on, to achieve for Christ. He felt that some special effort should be put forth for the common people, the laboring classes—such as the mill and factory hands. "These," said he, "need to have awakened within them an interest for eternal things. They greatly need the cheer and inspiration and the regulating influences of the gospel."

Dunbarr felt that he would be presuming upon the kindness of the meeting if he, who was not a member of the Church, should speak; and he told them so. "But," said he, "few, if any, have been more interested in or more benefited by the extra meetings than I have been. And the thought of going forward, in the Spirit that has led us so far this year, to a practical demonstration of the genuineness of our religion meets with my hearty approval. I have often contrasted the Church with the world. The Church invites and allures but a few times each week, while the doors of the world are never closed, and the allurements of the world are as continuous as they are dazzling. The young, and especially the stranger in the city, are won to the world by its constant efforts to win. I have thought that, when the Church becomes as eager and as persistent to

win mankind as are the sinful forces of the world to win and to ruin them, there would be, annually, a greater number rescued from sin."

The prevailing desire to engage in some new religious enterprise led to the appointment of a committee of five which should introduce and recommend some new and worthy undertaking. Dr. Burns was chairman of this committee, and he reported something as follows: "Your committee recognizes the fact that, already, the First Church of Warden is zealously operative along lines which are common to all such religious organizations, and have long been approved by man and honored of God; and we anticipate that all this usual work shall be continued with renewed energy and with loving zeal. We advise that any new endeavor that has been prompted by love of Christ and mankind may be approved by this Church, and may receive its support, so long as it shall be deemed advisable to continue such endeavor. This committee remarks that our house of worship is centrally located at the intersection of two of the principal streets of our city, and could, therefore, be made a convenient and attractive meeting-place any night of the week, should any part of it be fitted and opened for such a purpose. Therefore, we have been led to recommend the following enterprise; namely, that the reception and lecture rooms of the church be, at our earliest convenience, arranged for reading and entertainment rooms, and that they may be opened for such purposes each night of the week, except Sunday, Tuesday, and Thursday nights. The ex-

pense need be but a trifle. A few round tables, and a supply of the best papers and magazines, and a few invitation cards, would be all that is needed for a beginning. A short musical or literary program could be given occasionally; we have talent for these. From our many young men and women a small company could be detailed to superintend these rooms. The principal object of such an undertaking should be to call in and interest those who have not such advantages elsewhere, and those who, for want of some better place, are led to haunts which are questionable and perverting."

The report of this committee was received with such general approval that the recommendation was adopted, and the same committee was asked to go forward and execute the plan which it had brought forth. This they consented to do; and our interest will deepen as we witness the development.

When Dunbarr left Mr. Bronson's office, where he had called on Monday forenoon to ask work for Willie Wilson, Gertrude addressed her father as follows, "Papa, what work have you in or about the factory that a slender, fourteen-year-old boy can do?"

"There are quantities of scrap-iron that he could handle, and he could wheel in coal, and the offices of the different apartments he could attend upon; besides, he could do various errands."

"Then such a boy is really needed about the works?" eagerly asked Gertrude.

"That presents a different phase of the matter. I can not say that we really need such a boy. Doubt-

less it would be more profitable for us to hire a strong man than a slender and inexperienced boy. But, as I have said, we can use such a boy, and, under the circumstances, we will give him a trial, if he appears at all capable."

"Well, then, papa, may I call at Mr. Wilson's on my way home? And what shall I say?"

"Yes, if you like; and, if you think that the boy seems capable, you may tell him to call at my office at one o'clock this afternoon."

"But, papa, about what wages can you pay him?"

"As to the matter of wages, since you have become a business partner, I will leave that to your judgment," replied Mr. Bronson, smiling.

Gertrude looked grave for a moment, and then, looking her father in the face, as a smile played through her dark eyes, she said, "We are partners, are n't we, papa?" Then she donned her wraps and went out to call upon the Wilsons, saying, merrily, as she left the office, "Good-bye, papa; I 'll go home after I have made *our* business call."

Before leaving his office for the forenoon, Mr. Bronson called Mr. Gray, his foreman, to his office and said to him: "A boy may call here at about one o'clock this afternoon to secure work. If so, you may put him to wheeling scrap-iron. Show him what constitutes a full load, and then order him not to attempt more than one-half such a load. If he should work well and be likely to become very weary, give him two or three light errands to do this afternoon."

When Gertrude was admitted to the home of

Thomas Wilson, she introduced herself, and, in stating the object of her visit, said:

"We learn from your physician that Mr. Wilson will not be able to resume work for some time yet, and that you have a son, about fourteen years old, who might be able to do some work at the factory. I called to inquire about the matter, and I would like to see the boy. Is he at home?"

"He 's jist oot on an errant fur me; but it 's nigh aboot toime fur him to coom back; an' it 's a very prompt b'y that he is," answered Mrs. Wilson.

"Has he ever done any hard work?"

"Yis, soom; he poiles an' lugs in wood fur folks when they ask him. An' he whaled dirt an' worruked in yards an' gardens last summer, soom. He could git more worruk it he 'd sake it; but he 's shy loike."

At this Willie entered the room, and sat down quietly; and Mrs. Wilson remarked, "Here he cooms in, now."

Gertrude introduced herself to him by saying: "I am Gertrude Bronson, daughter of the man for whom your father worked so long. And what is your given name?"

"Willie Wilson, mom."

"That is quite a pretty name; I like those W's following each other as they do," returned Gertrude. "I do not think that I have ever seen you before; but I hope that we may become well acquainted. We have heard that you might desire to come to the factory and help to take your father's place, while he is sick. If you would like to, my father said that you might come to his office at one o'clock this afternoon and find out about it."

"I would like to work, mom, if there is anything for me to do. Dr. Dunbarr spoke to me about it, an' he said likely they would give me something to do there, an' if they did, he was sure I would try to do it well and be a gentleman. I will go over at the time you said."

"I, too, am sure you will succeed, Willie, and it may be that I will come in and see you work some day." And then Gertrude turned to Mrs. Wilson and asked, "How is your husband to-day?"

"He 's aisier nor he war up to last Saturday, when the fever nare aboot left him. But he is wake, very wake, mom, an' he scarce notices ye at all, at all. He jist slapes, an' then he wakes oop an' coughs, loose loike, an' wants a bite to ate. Would ye loike to sae him, mom?" And she pushed back a coarse curtain which served to separate a bed-sink from the room they sat in; and there lay Wilson, very pale and weak. Mrs. Wilson roused him by saying: "Tom, a lady is coom to sae ye—Mr. Bronson's daughter. Kin ye spake to her, Tom?" Wilson turned his head, languidly, toward them, looked at Gertrude a moment, and then answered his wife's question by saying:

"Oi moind her father roight well, but Oi do not moind to ha' met her."

"I have heard father speak of you, and I knew that you were sick. I am glad to hear that you are getting better; and, with good care, you will get strong again soon."

"Loikely it 's no good yez haerd yer father shpake o' me."

"I have heard that you are a strong and faithful

workman, and I am sure that you are missed at the factory."

"Yis, Oi kin worruk whin Oi 'm well; but, shtill, Oi 'm a poor wake mon."

Gertrude understood, and replied: "But, we will try to help you to overcome your weakness when your body gets strong again. We must not talk more now, for you are too weak to talk much. I will come in and talk with you in a few days, and I shall try to know about your health every day."

"There is one good mon who will try to hilp me, sure; an' he has tried already;" and Gertrude knew that he had Dunbarr in mind.

She took the sick man's hand, and said, as she was about to leave his bedside: "Yes, Mr. Wilson, there are good men who will try to help you; but there is One who is stronger to help than all good men, and I am sure He will try to help you. You have heard of the Christ? I mean him. When you get stronger, perhaps we will talk to each other of him." Then, turning to Mrs. Wilson, she said: "I must go now. Is there anything that I can aid you in? We all need some help when we have sickness in our homes."

"If Oi could ha' soom plain sewin' or soom mendin' or soom ironin,' it would hilp us. Oi had to give up me washin' fur oothers while Tom is sick; the docthor said as how the stame would be bad fur him; an' we nade a few things aboot the house. But the docthor had soom wood fitched; he said we would nade that as much as medicine."

"We will see what we can do to help you to some work," Gertrude promised, and then added, as she

left the house, "I shall be glad to help you in any way I can, Mrs. Wilson."

When they were alone, Willie remarked to his mother: "What a good and pretty lady she is! I seen her afore. I seen her on the streets a few times, an' I leaned ag'in the winder an' looked at her an' heard her sing to George Graham's funeral; an' the next Sunday I watched, an' I seen her go into the fine church with her father, who owns the iron works. If they give me work there, I 'll do me best."

"If ye moind all they tell to ye, ye 'll git along all roight," answered his mother.

On her way home, Gertrude purchased some fruit and a fowl and ordered them to be taken to Thomas Wilson's, requesting that no explanation be given other than that a friend had sent them. In her room, while arranging her toilet, before lunch, Gertrude said to herself: "This, to me, has been a happy forenoon. How I enjoy papa! And I have had true pleasure while trying to help the Wilsons. But I confess that the fact that *he* is interested there too has added to my pleasure. Why should I thus regard him? He is so general in his interest. I have no assurance that he has any truer regard for me than he has for the many sick and poor unto whom he ministers. And it may be that his heart's true love has been given to another. But I will not permit myself to brood thus. I will keep my heart free and happy. This matter, which seems so vital to my happiness, I will take, where I have taken so many of my petty cares, to my Master. He knows and he has regard for my future usefulness." And

upon her fair young brow was the smile of peace as she, while slowly descending the stairway, sang softly:

"Amid the trials which I meet,
Amid the thorns that pierce my feet,
One thought remains supremely sweet,
Thou thinkest, Lord, of me!

Thou thinkest, Lord, of me,
Thou thinkest, Lord, of me,
What need I fear since thou art near,
And thinkest, Lord, of me!"

In the dining-room she met her father and told him of her business call at Wilson's, stating, "In my opinion, Willie will become quite a serviceable hand at the factory."

"Well," returned her father, "this will test your ability to choose and employ laborers. I ordered Mr. Gray to set the boy to work if he came; and so, I presume, there will be a new man in our working force before I return to the office. How much did you agree to pay your man?"

"There was nothing said about pay. We will determine that later. I am sure that you know that it was a regard for that poor family that led us to think of employing the boy; and I am equally sure that you will agree to pay him all you reasonably can."

"I agree to leave the matter wholly with you, Gertrude," added Mr. Bronson, smiling at the perplexed expression on his daughter's face.

"Well, papa, I know that partners counsel together concerning matters so vital to their business

as the wages that they pay their employees; and I shall insist that you shirk none of your responsibility upon the junior member of the firm;" and Gertrude laughed merrily.

In the meeting Monday night, called to consider the organization of an Anti-saloon League, there was some earnest and prolonged discussion. Deacon Holcomb was chosen chairman for the occasion. He plainly stated the object of the meeting, saying that he would permit an informal discussion of the matter for a few minutes. There was a slight hesitation, and then Decaon Grimes took the floor. He did not favor such an organization as a Church auxiliary. Indeed, he was not sure that he favored an organization like the one proposed, by any means. He felt that already society is organized to death. "But," said he, "if it seems best to have such, let the Church steer clear of it. In the first place, it lies outside the province of the Church; it is a matter too worldly for the Church to affiliate with. The Church should keep herself on the old, time-honored and well-established highway."

When he sat down, Mrs. Stevens nudged Mrs. Burton and whispered: "Good for Deacon Grimes! He expresses *my* sentiments. Some one must restrict this Church, or, at the rate it has gone for the last three weeks, it will entirely lose its former dignity and run completely wild. I am glad that the deacon had the courage to speak as he did."

Mrs. Burton whispered in reply: "We do not agree. I think that a Church Anti-saloon League, if properly managed, would be a very appropriate enterprise."

Others spoke, expressing different views of the proposition. Then there was a lull; and Deacon Holcomb remarked that he should be pleased to hear from Dr. Burns; and many others made request that he should speak. The doctor stepped forward, and addressed the meeting as follows: "I am glad that I have heard your different views. By these I understand your attitude towards the proposed enterprise. From my discourse, delivered last night, you know where I stand. Yet I want it distinctly understood that it is not my province nor desire to dictate, but only to advise. I discussed the plans and methods of the Anti-saloon League last night. I spoke briefly of what is in the province and power of such a League. And now, in order to place the matter formally before us, I move that the First Church of Warden proceed to organize an Anti-saloon League."

After the doctor sat down, there was a moment's hesitation, and then Jerome Bronson deliberately arose and seconded the doctor's motion. In the formal discussion that followed, many took a part. Deacon Grimes, true to his former position, spoke warmly in support of the negative. Among other reasons he urged was the following:

"If this Church undertakes a matter of this kind, it will lose its popularity. A considerable number of the rich and influential, who have affiliated with us, will turn from us, feeling that we are antagonizing their financial interests. We can not afford to lose their support. We can not afford to become unpopular."

"That is the just and wise view of the situation.

That is common sense as well as religion!" exclaimed Mrs. Stevens in a loud whisper.

When Dr. Burns spoke in support of his motion, he did so at some length and with his usual earnestness. In reply to Deacon Grimes he said: "While we have no friends nor genuine popularity to lose, yet the first and most important question for a Church of Christ, as well as for an individual, to raise is, 'What is right?' Any swerving from the line of right to gain popularity or financial aid will react as seriously upon a Church as upon an individual."

In direct support of the question before the meeting he said: "As to a Church Anti-saloon League, it is the *ideal* of this new temperance movement. It places the Church squarely upon record as to the temperance question, and it is an organized instrument that the individual Church can wield effectually in the cause of temperance. It is also flexible to kindred temperance organizations. This may be seen in the following illustration: Suppose that the other large Churches of this city should organize a Church League—and, by the way, several of our sister Churches are contemplating such organizations—then, from members chosen from these several Church Leagues could be formed a Union Central Committee to do aggressive temperance work in our city, having the support of all these Churches back of it. But," said Dr. Burns, in closing, "I would not over-influence this meeting. I am but one of your number; and I want each one here to vote just as his own judgment and conscience may dictate."

The motion was then called for, and was carried by a large majority, and the organization was effected.

The Christian Endeavorers, who had not been out, as a society, for a social time and recreation since the last of December, had planned for a coasting party on the Friday night of the last full week of January. A few warm days had caused the snow to settle considerably, and on their chosen night the sky was cloudless and the moon was but a few days past the full. Jack Holcomb, whose home was but one mile out of the city limits, had invited the society to coast on a long and conveniently steep hill upon his father's farm. At seven o'clock a large majority of the society had gathered on this hill, with many sleighs and two mammoth toboggans, as Jack termed them. The conveyances which brought the young people out had been driven back to the city, the drivers understanding that they were to return for the party at ten o'clock.

At about eight o'clock, just as a group of young people had gathered upon the brow of the hill, a large, iron-gray horse came bounding up the road, and then across the field to where the coasters were; and soon the shout rang out through the clear air, "Dr. Burns! Dr. Burns! Salute Dr. Burns!" The salute was given with caps and muffs and handkerchiefs, and then Marian Mills spoke, saying: "Why, Dr. Burns! we thought that, for once, we had gotten out of your sight and hidden away on this high hill where you could not find us."

"Mistaken again, Miss Mills," returned the doctor. "It would be virtually impossible for you young

people to go beyond the scope of my thought and care; and it would be difficult for you to climb a hill so steep that the General here"—placing his hand caressingly upon the proudly-arched neck of his horse—"could not carry me to you. A noble horse, of whose direct lineage this horse is, helped me to do service as a cavalry soldier-boy in the memorable battles of Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge, back in the November of '63."

At this, another group of the coasters, with toboggan and sleighs, reached the summit; and they called out, "Three cheers for Dr. Burns!" And they gave them. Then they, one and all, shouted, "A speech, Dr. Burns, a speech!"

"No, no!" rejoined the doctor, "you have all of my speeches as fast as I can find them. You are a coasting party, and the God of nature has given you a most beautiful night. May your minds be as clear and free as the air you breathe! May your hearts be as pure as this snow that covers the earth and provides for you a glistering path of pleasure! May the Son of righteousness beam upon you, not with a waning light as does this beautiful moon, but with an ever-increasing brilliancy! May nature, potent with her purity, as it is to-night, bring you into loving sympathy with the God of nature! And thus may our pleasure be to us a happy means of grace, and may we joyously do all to the glory of our Master! But get yourselves in line and go down the hill. I came to see you coast, not to speak to you."

They cheered the doctor, then formed three lines, one line for each of the paths they had made, and

soon they were rushing and shouting down the hill. Dr. Burns, from the top of the hill, watched them until they reached the bottom. Then he raised his hat high in the air, wheeled about and gave the reins to his horse, which sped away with his master, out of the field and up the lane to the residence of Deacon Holcomb.

## CHAPTER VII

# "Oi 'll Try, Miss"

"Him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out."

DUNBARR was highly esteemed by the young people of the First Church of Warden, and the Christian Endeavor Society had warmly urged him to be with them in their coasting party. He promised conditionally, saying: "It would give me much pleasure to be with you. I thank you for the cordial invitation, and I will gladly accept it, if I can do so and not neglect my professional duties. Would I be excusable for coming late, if I should be detained in the city?"

"Certainly, Doctor," replied the chairman of the social committee; "come at any convenient time, but come as early as your duties will permit."

A number of unanticipated duties at his office and a call to visit a sick man, who lived two miles in the country, west of the city, did detain him, so that it was nearly nine o'clock when he drove with horse and cutter to where the coasters were. Their joyous greeting of him was abruptly ended by the sound of Deacon Holcomb's dinner-bell. "What does that mean?" "Whom are they calling?" "Does that signify anything to our party?" were some of

the questions that they asked. Jack Holcomb sprang into Dunbarr's cutter, and, placing one hand on the doctor's shoulder, answered in a loud voice:

"It means that we are to go to the house, right now. They have something all ready for us."

"Yes," said the social committee, "we have prepared a little surprise for you; and we must all respond in person to the call of that bell."

"But Dr. Dunbarr has just arrived, and we must not go until he has at least one ride down the hill," was the remark of many.

"O no! Do not delay on my account. That would be rewarding me for being late."

"But we are sure that you came as soon as you could get away, and you must have one ride," was the unanimous conclusion.

"Well, then, we must all go together," said Dunbarr, as he handed the reins to Jack and bounded out of the cutter. "Let us get our vehicles in line, and then all start at the word."

"Yes," said Jack, "I 'll hold the doctor's horse while you are gone."

Dunbarr was given a place on one of the toboggans, and soon three lines were formed and the happy company sped down the hill. At a line near the foot of the hill, the sleighs were guided skillfully from the paths and directed, at different angles, being carried by their momentum many rods out upon the low and level field.

Just as the party started, the thought occurred to Jack that it would be wise fun to drive up to the house—a distance of about eighty rods—and report that the company would be there soon, and then re-

turn by the time that the coasters had climbed the hill again. He was detained at the house longer than he had anticipated, and, therefore, he started back for the hill at a quickened speed. He had a firm hold upon the reins, and drew upon them resolutely; but instead of checking, this increased the speed of the horse. He turned into the field safely, and then sped away toward the place where the young people were already gathering, the speed increasing in proportion to the number of pounds that the boy drew back on the horse. To locate the cutter at the place from which Jack started with it, necessitated the making of a rather sharp curve. Here the cutter swerved, ran upon one runner a little way, and would have been thrown over with force at Dunbarr's feet, had he not called out in a firm tone, "Whoa!" at the same moment catching the cutter and preventing its overthrow. The horse, at the command of his master, stopped so suddenly that Jack was thrown forward, and, nearly turning a somersault, landed, in a sitting posture, in the snow at Miss Bronson's feet. Dunbarr was instantly at the boy's side, and helped him to arise, as he remarked, "Well, you got back in time, did you not, Jack?" Then looking him over a moment, he added, "And you are all right, too."

Jack was considerably embarrassed; and his reply was so remote from the present episode that it provoked an outburst of laughter, "We had all best go to the house now; mother has been waiting for us some minutes."

"Agreed," returned Dunbarr; "and will you ride with me, Jack?"

"No, sir; thank you, Doctor, I have had my ride;" and again the company laughed merrily.

Then, turning to Miss Mills and Miss Bronson, Dunbarr asked, "Will you two ladies please ride to the house with me?"

"Yes, but we consent with reluctance, remembering that we were not your first choice," replied Miss Mills, gleefully.

"Doctor, are you sure that you can hold that horse?" asked Gertrude, as she stepped forward to enter the cutter.

"I assure you, Miss Bronson, that I can control him perfectly."

These three led the way, leisurely, to the Holcomb residence. The others followed, singing and conversing pleasurably, as young people are wont to do.

"How beautiful Deacon Holcomb's house appears, with every room lighted!" remarked Miss Mills. "It is like a city set upon a hill."

"It is a token of the genuine hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Holcomb, and an expression of what their lives have long been to our Church and to the community at large—a bright and cheerful light in the way of righteousness," responded Miss Bronson.

The surprise that the social committee and Mrs. Holcomb had for the party was the invitation to the brilliantly-lighted and thoroughly-warmed Holcomb home, and to light refreshments, consisting of fruits, popcorn, and warm maple-sugar.

When Mrs. Holcomb introduced the warm sugar, she explained: "This is Jack's idea. He said: 'Mother, let's have some maple-sugar warmed up. You have a quantity left from last year, and in about

a month it will be time to make sugar again. No matter if it is early for it. Let 's get the start of all others, and have the first warm-sugar party of the season. And then the snow is now so nice to make wax.' So this is Jack's part of the entertainment."

Ten o'clock came all too soon. Dr. Burns, in behalf of the Endeavorers, thanked the family for their hospitality. Then one of the young ladies arose and thanked Jack for both his part of the refreshments and for the short but startling entertainment that he gave them down at the hill at the end of their last coasting-trip. Jack understood the allusion, and was somewhat disconcerted.

"Jack did bravely, all things considered," said Dunbarr. "I will whisper to him a short secret, and then he can manage the horse as well as I can."

"Why not whisper the secret so loudly that we all may hear it?" asked Miss Mills. "Any one of us may wish to drive your horse some day."

"Yes, do, Doctor; I certainly have not merited any special favor from you to-night," remarked Jack.

"Well, I will tell it for the purpose of reassuring Jack, so that he may be as bold a horseman as ever," responded Dunbarr. "The horse has been trained to come to his speed when the driver pulls steadily and increasingly hard on the reins, and to lessen his speed when the driver slackens the reins and asks him to go slower."

The party sang a good-night song, shook hands with the family, and soon were taken to the city by the teamsters, who had become impatient waiting for them. Dr. Burns rode slowly after them, giving

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himself up completely to the charms of this perfect winter night.

Willie Wilson, as he had anticipated, began work at the Bronson Iron Works. Gertrude visited her father's office several times this week; and, at one time, in company with her father, went out where the boy was engaged and spoke to him encouragingly. He bowed politely, but seemed perplexed by her presence.

"Mr. Gray tells me," remarked Mr. Bronson, "that the boy has more ambition than strength. I have ordered that his work be as light as may be, and that he have a change of work each half-day. What have you decided to pay him, Gertrude?"

"I have wondered if one-half the wages which you paid his father would be too much," answered Gertrude.

"No," said her father. "We will pay him that, for the family is quite needy; and it may be that the boy will earn that much; he is quick and handy. I have paid him at that rate each night this week."

"That was so kind in you, papa. I am sure that it has encouraged the boy and helped Mrs. Wilson."

"Speaking of wages reminds me of a little change I am about to make in the time of paying our employees. Our custom has been to pay the majority of our men each Saturday night. But I notified them, one week ago, that, beginning with the first of February, we should pay on Monday night."

"Why do you make that change?" asked Gertrude.

"Well, a number of the men have the habit of reacting after the week's work, and on Saturday

nights and Sundays squander much of their wages for strong drink and in gambling; and, to get their pay on Monday, may prevent some of this folly. This idea was suggested to me by Dr. Dunbarr a fortnight ago."

Gertrude's only reply was, "I hope the change will prove helpful to the men and their families;" but she thought, "I am getting papa's opinion of Dr. Dunbarr without openly asking for it."

At the meeting of the Loyal Daughters, held at Mrs. Sawyer's on the last Saturday afternoon of January, plans were formed for working in conjunction with the reading-room, which was soon to be opened in the lecture-room of the church.

"We can do much," said Mrs. Sawyer, "toward making this enterprise a success; but we must be careful to remain within ouah own province, and not to attempt that which the othah auxiliaries of the Church would naturally take up. We can speak of the reading-room and of the free entertainments in the homes we visit, and can awaken the interest of the women and children. In short, in ouah personal work, we can help to direct the attention of the common people towards this new undertaking."

The matter of furnishing plain work for Mrs. Wilson and others was discussed and agreed upon. "Many who would spurn ouah open charity, will gladly work for the necessaries of life," remarked Mrs. Sawyer.

On the following Tuesday night, at the close of a large and enthusiastic meeting, the committee which was appointed to complete the reading-room project reported that the rooms would be opened

on the following Saturday night—the first Saturday night in February. The committee asked the Christion Endeavor Society to decorate these rooms with pictures and flowers, and to aid in extending invitations. It was also announced that a short musical and literary program would be rendered on this evening.

Said Dr. Burns, who, as chairman of the committee, gave the report: "Do not be disheartened if but a few of those we wish to reach respond to our invitation at first. They may be shy of us until they fully understand our design. Let many of our own people, both old and young, be present to manifest a true interest. We will speak to every stranger, expressing our pleasure at his presence, asking him to be sure to come again and to bring his friends with him, and reminding him that our house of worship is to be opened every night of the week. And," continued Dr. Burns, "the Loyal Daughters have offered to furnish light refreshments for our guests on the second Saturday night. I trust that we will not lose sight of the principal object of this enterprise—to call in and interest, and to benefit, and, the Lord helping us, to save those that are neglected, and wayward, and sinful. I trust that this enterprise will have a place in our hearts and in our prayers."

On Wednesday, the second day of February, Miss Bronson visited Thomas Wilson. She found him able to sit bolstered in his bed. The coarse curtain was fastened back, and he was watching his wife, who was busy with some sewing which had been brought in for her to do.

"I am glad to see you so much better, Mr. Wilson," Gertrude remarked.

"An' it 's mesilf that am glad too, Miss. But Oi coom on so shlow, loike, that Oi nigh aboot lose hope. It 's nigh on to three wakes since Oi took sick, an' the docthor tells me it will be a long toime yit afore Oi kin worruk."

"But, Tom," said Mrs. Wilson, "ye must moind that oor Willie is worrukin', an' soom koind women has give me soom worruk to do, so we kin buy the food an' the fuel. There 's no nade that ye worry, Tom."

"No, you must not worry, but just be patient, and soon you will be well and strong," urged Gertrude.

"Loikely me folks will have as much to ate whin Oi 'm sick as whin Oi 'm well; fur, as Oi said to yez whin yez war in afore, Oi 'm a poor wake mon, aven whin Oi 'm well an' shtrong."

"But," Gertrude replied, "you remember that I told you that you might have help and become strong to overcome your habit."

"Yiz, yez said so, Miss, an' yez spoke of the Christ as one who would hilp one more than all good mons could. An' Oi 've been thinkin' since yez said it, an' Oi 've wanted to ask yez if it 's the same One that they sphake much aboot at the Churches? An' Oi want to ask yez if he allers hilps them that ask him?"

"There is but one Christ, Mr. Wilson, and the many Churches speak much about him and teach that he is our Savior; and that he is kind and loving and true and pure, and that he will help us to be

kind and loving and true and pure. And he has promised to help all who will come to him."

"But, Miss, Oi faer he does not kape his promise at all toimes."

"Why so, Mr. Wilson?"

"Because Oi know manny's the mon that go to the churches an' say their prayers an' spake the name of Christ, an' whin their oot they chate an' lie an' shwear an' dhrink, an' do not sake a mon's welfare. Now, Miss, he does not hilp sich who coom to him, do yez think?"

"Let me answer your questions, Mr. Wilson, by asking a question. Have you noticed any difference in the people who attend the churches and profess to be the servants of Christ? That is, have you not seen some good people who profess to have come to the Christ?"

"Yis, indade, Oi have, sure. Oi 'm thinkin' o' one now, Dr. Dunbarr. He shpoke to me of the Christ on New-Yaer's mornin', an' he is loike the what yez say of him—koind an' thrue an' pure, loike. He has been to the Christ fur hilp, fur Oi seen him an' heerd him at George Graham's bedside."

"Yes, Mr. Wilson, you have noticed a difference," continued Gertrude, "and I want you to see that the difference is in the individual and not in the Christ. Now, suppose that two men should go to your doctor, both telling him that they wished him to come and attend a sick child; and the doctor knew that one of these men was not sincere and did not wish him to come, while the other was sincere and very much wished him to come; with which would your doctor be likely to go?"

"More then loikely he would go quick wid the mon who wanted him bad, sure."

"Well, the Christ knows who is sincere and who is not; and he who is not, the Christ can not help. Again, Mr. Wilson, suppose there were two men, equally sick, but one of these would not take the doctor's medicine nor heed his advice, while the other would; which one of these two men could the doctor help?"

"The sick mon who takes what the docthor gives him an' hades his advoice, sure."

"Well," explained Gertrude, "sometimes people go to Christ for help, but will not do as he bids them; and such he can not help."

"Yiz, Miss, it is loike this: Dr. Dunbarr says, 'Tom, do not go to the s'loon, but coom an' see me first.' But Oi will not give him me word nor take his koind advice; an' so he kin not hilp me mooch. But, Miss, kin yez give to me a plain word that the Christ sends oot to me?"

"I really can, Mr. Wilson, for there are many. The following come to my mind now: 'Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart; and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy and my burden is light.' 'Ye will not come to me that ye might have life.' 'Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out.' 'And the Spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that heareth, say, Come. And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely.' And these invitations are for you."

"An' did he say all o' that, Miss? An' did he shpake it fur me?"

"Yes, Mr. Wilson, he spoke all that, and for you and for me."

"An' kin yez think o' soom other word that shtates plain that he kin hilp a poor mon, Miss?"

"I think of one that states clearly the very help that he is able to give to all who truly come to him. This is it: 'Come, now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord; though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; and though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool. If ye be willing and obedient, ye shall eat of the good of the land. But if ye refuse and rebel, ye shall be devoured with the sword; for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it."

"Well, that is plain, loike; but kin ye tell me, Miss, how that the Christ kin do so mooch more fur a poor, wake mon than any good mon kin do fur the same?"

"The Christ is the almighty Savior; so is able to take away our sins, changing our lives. You may think of the matter like this: Suppose that you had a very sore spot on the lower part of one of your lungs. Now, your physician must doctor that sick lung from the outside. But suppose that there should come to you a very skillful physician who was able to go right in to where that sore place is, and, with very tender hands, cleanse the sore and apply a soothing balm, which would completely heal your lung. You can see that he would have greater power to help you than your own doctor could have. This is a very imperfect answer to your question, Mr.

Wilson, and there are faults in my illustration; but I hope that what I have said may help you in your thought of the Christ. I can not tell you just how the Christ can help us so much, but I do know that he can."

"Oi think, Miss, that yez have coom to him an' that he has hilped yez, so that yez are loike him abit; koind an' thrue an' pure, loike," replied Wilson, thoughtfully.

"I desire that you should come to him for help, Mr. Wilson, for it is his help that you need. Will you not come to him?"

"It moight be, Miss, that he would not hade me, if Oi should ask him; an' he moight say, 'No, no, Tom; yez are too bad a mon.'"

"He will never say that to you, for he has pledged himself not to turn you away. Listen to his Word once more, 'Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out.' Now will you come?"

"Oi 'll try, Miss," was Wilson's laconic reply.

"I fear I have wearied your husband, and he may be worse after so long a talk," said Gertrude, turning to Mrs. Wilson.

"Little is the danger, Miss. He may be a little wary, but he 'll rest soon. 'T is bether that he talked oot to ye; fur what ye said aboot the Christ t'other toime has been in his moind since. An' Oi think ye shpake well to him, Miss. An' do ye keer that Oi heerd yer talk an' thought aboot it?"

"O no, Mrs. Wilson, not at all. If I were able to say anything that helped to awaken your interest in the subject that we were considering, I am pleased. Is there any question you wish to ask?"

"Only one, Miss. Kin any one, no matter who, coom to him fur hilp?"

"Certainly, Mrs. Wilson. I now remember what Christ said about this very question. This is his word: 'For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.' You notice that this word says, 'That whosoever believeth in him!' So, you see, that is Christ's own answer to your question."

A few moments later Gertrude took her leave of the Wilsons, promising, in accord with their request, to soon visit them again.

While Gertrude was at Thomas Wilson's, Mrs. Stevens called upon Mrs. Bronson. These two ladies had long been friends, and they frequently confided in each other. They were talking confidentially this afternoon about their Church and the digressions from its established customs. "I wonder," said Mrs. Bronson, "what it will all lead to, and where it will all end?"

"I, too, am full of wonderment," returned Mrs. Stevens. "I wonder why so many fall in with this fanaticism, and what will be the proper course to take to restrain the Church and cause it to confine itself to its good old ways. Deacon Grimes and I were consulting together yesterday, and we concluded that if Dr. Burns were to resign, all might be well again. But he is such a dear, good man, and has been with us so long, no one could entertain the hope of his resigning, much less could they ask him to do so. Did you notice that he emphasized as the principal object of the church reading-

room, the calling in of the neglected, the wayward, and the sinful, meaning the common laboring people and the reckless? How different, how radically different, from our former prosperous course!" And Mrs. Stevens folded her hands in her lap and sighed.

"I am greatly annoyed at the course that my daughter takes," remarked Mrs. Bronson. "She seems to be fully in sympathy with this new departure. Indeed, I am not sure but she is one of the leaders in it. I have tried to rear her differently, and I have planned such a different life for her. But I seem powerless to influence her; and of course, now, it would not be good taste to compel her. I should not be surprised to learn that, even now, she is visiting some poor and outcast family. Can you devise a remedy, Mrs. Stevens?"

"I have anticipated your feelings, Mrs. Bronson, and have thought quite considerably upon the matter. Gertrude is of the age when she should become deeply interested in some refined gentleman who comes of a good family and who possesses wealth; and could her interests center in such an individual, her mind would be quickly withdrawn from such unusual employment and from such vulgar associations. And, by the way, I have a friend in the East who has a son, a finished gentleman, such as I have briefly outlined. He has culture, and leisure, and wealth. I had thought to invite him and his mother to visit me in the spring. But I might write, inviting them to visit me soon, if you thought it advisable."

"I am pleased with the idea, Mrs. Stevens. Please do as you have suggested; but, in the meantime, use your influence over Gertrude."

"I will do so at your request. My influence over young people is quite marked, and I may be able to help Gertie."

At this Gertrude, returning from her call, entered the drawing-room and greeted her mother and Mrs. Stevens pleasantly, remarking, "What a beautiful afternoon for calling!"

"Have you made many calls, daughter?"

"No, mamma, only one," was Gertrude's answer.

## CHAPTER VIII

# "Really Insipid"

"Thou hast a name that thou livest, and art dead."

IT would not have pleased us to listen to the reproof and advice which Gertrude Bronson received from her mother and Mrs. Stevens on the afternoon mentioned at the close of our last chapter. On the contrary, we should have been grieved, if not angered. That the beautiful and refined daughter of Jerome Bronson should make a prolonged call at the home of Tom Wilson, was to Mrs. Stevens and Mrs. Bronson a fact almost intolerable. Gertrude received their admonition with patience, and answered their questions with respect and candor; but she remained firm in her convictions regarding her duty, and made no compromise with what seemed to her to be unlike Christ. When the unpleasant interview was ended, and she had taken refuge in the quietude of her own room, she gave some expression to her restrained emotion as she spoke slowly and in tones scarce louder than a whisper: "I am not angry with mamma and Mrs. Stevens; but the view they hold of Christian duty and the course they take with me grieve me. They are older and should know better about such matters than I; and yet I am sure that they are wrong, because their views are so unlike the teachings and conduct of Christ. How variously

he taught that 'they that are whole need not a physician, but they that are sick!' How continuously his great life was given to the common and needy classes! What possible wrong can there be in teaching people, like Thomas Wilson and his wife, lessons of the compassion and love of Christ? How eager they seemed to learn about him! It is the lack of knowledge and of love for Christ that has caused their pitiable condition. And are not the religious people of Warden, in great measure, responsible for the ignorance of people like Mr. and Mrs. Wilson? I wish mamma could see this matter differently, for I would gladly please her. I think that papa approves of my course, and is not ashamed of his daughter. I am sure that I have the approval of the Divine Master, and I am very happy in his love while I am doing such humble service as I have done this afternoon. I can not recant. With humble and happy heart I will go on quietly in this way. He will instruct me with his counsels. He will guide me with his eye;" and she bowed her head and lifted her thought in prayer.

The interview which she had with Gertrude did not discourage Mrs. Stevens; for, what other graces this lady may have lacked, she certainly did not lack the grace of persistency; and she was supremely delighted to use this grace in her endeavors to exert a "marked" influence. Immediately, therefore, on returning to her home, she wrote the following note to her friend in the East, Mrs. Milford:

"My Dear Flora,—For some time I have intended to invite you and your accomplished son to

visit me early in the coming spring. But, by circumstances which I will explain later, I am led to ask you to visit me in this present month. The matter of making a visit six weeks earlier than had been anticipated will not inconvenience a lady in your circumstances. I should like you to come as near the twentieth of the month as you conveniently can, for I am already planning a brilliant reception for Walter. I wish it to occur on the twenty-second of the month. We wish him to enter immediately into the society of Warden; for said society needs his refining and elevating influence. Please do not delay. Come intending to make a long visit. I shall expect a favorable answer from you by return mail.

"Yours, as of old, EMILY STEVENS.

At the expiration of five days, the following reply was received:

"MY DEAR EMILY,—Your kind communication, extending to me and my dear son a cordial invitation to visit you in the near future, has received our due consideration. I, personally, esteem the invitation timely, if not providential. Walter, of late, has become restless. The demands of society upon him are overtaxing him, and I am satisfied that a complete change will be beneficial to him. I do not forget your statement to the effect that he is needed to regulate, if not to reform, the society of Warden, but I anticipate that the change will be a tonic sufficient to revive him. We have concluded, therefore, to come even a few days earlier than you have suggested. You may expect us on the afternoon train of Feb-

ruary eighteenth. This will permit Walter a few days' rest, and will afford him an opportunity to make a social inventory of your city. Trusting that all will terminate in accord with our wise plans, I remain

"Yours, with old-time love,

"FLORA MILFORD."

From the date of its organization in Warden the Anti-saloon League had made a commendable record. As Dr. Burns suggested as probable, two of the other strong Churches in the city did organize Leagues, and from these three Church Leagues a Central Union Committee was formed. This committee began immediately to work through the mayor of the city and the chief of police, who, fortunately, favored temperance. Dunbarr, who, against his wishes, was chosen as a member of this committee, was active in directing the attention of the civil officers to the many violations of the liquor law; and, as a result, a number of arrests were made for selling to minors and to habitual drunkards and at times on which the law specifies that intoxicating liquors shall not be sold.

"Why are you houndin' us so close, lately?" asked Bill Graves, a saloon-keeper, of one of the officers.

"We are only living up to our oath of office," was the officer's reply; "just seeking to enforce the law, that is all."

"You have become mighty conscientious of late about keepin' your oath of office," returned Bill. "Something or somebody has been pokin' you up; and I do n't know what has done it, unless it is that

new concern they call the Anti-saloon League. But let me tell you that you want to let up, or we will 'anti' you when the next 'lection comes. And them fellows that have got up and are pushin' that League business had best to go slow."

"Let me inform you," replied the officer, "that you saloon-keepers need not fear us if you will do business according to law. We are pledged to protect law-abiding citizens. You had better not threaten, but, instead, just keep the law."

'But the law is too strict; we could not do a payin' business if we kept it."

"Quite a confession you are making, Bill. You are just telling me that you are not keeping the law, but, by evading it, you are doing a paying business. Plain enough that you fellows need to be watched. And we are the fellows to do it. The fact is, we have to look after you. The citizens of Warden have begun to watch the way that you do business; and when they find that you are violating the law, they come to us and say, 'There 's a case; attend to it.' And, if we do not, they have power to impeach us. So do not blame us for doing our duty. You just look up the law and keep it strictly, and you have nothing to fear. Or, if it does not pay to keep a saloon as the law specifies, go out of the business and do something at which you can be a law-abiding citizen."

"But why do n't you officers git after the drug-stores? They break the law as often as we do; and only have to pay twenty-five dollars for a license, while we are compelled to pay five hundred dollars?"

"You may be sure that we shall attend to any known violation of the law by any druggist. But it

is surprising to me, Bill, that you saloon-keepers do not prosecute the druggists who, you say, sell more whisky than the saloons do. You certainly are a very stupid set of fellows to let them, with a license which costs only twenty-five dollars each, do the business that you pay five hundred dollars for the right to do; or else you saloonists do not know what you are talking about when you accuse the druggists as you do."

"I reckon that we are stupid enough. There is one thing sure: we have got to be lookin' after our own affairs closer, or else go out of the business," and he shook his head and walked slowly into his saloon.

"I wonder what Job Wilkes an' his chums are talkin' so sober an' so quiet about to-night," remarked Willie Wilson as he came in from doing an errand over town, one evening in the second week of February.

"Where did you hear them, Willie?" asked his mother.

"I heerd them on the street as I come along. An' I walked slow like, an' I heerd some words, but could n't ketch enough to make sense. It was somethin' about pleadin' guilty an' fifty dollars an' cost; an' then after a bit they spoke Dr. Dunbarr's name, an' then I heerd no more."

"Oi think it 's loikely that Job Wilkes war shpakin' of bayin' harested for sellin' liquor unlawful," said Mr. Wilson, who was able to sit up in his chair.

"An' who got the liquor unlawful, Tom? An' who had Job Wilkes harested?" asked Mrs. Wilson.

"It war a habitual drunkard that took the unlawful liquor, an' it war Dr. Dunbarr what had Wilkes harested. An' Willie, me b'y, yez must kape lookin' fur what they 'll be sayin' aboot Dunbarr, fur they bode him no good."

Wilson was right in his conclusion. On Thursday of this week Job Wilkes was to answer in the Circuit Court to the charge of selling intoxicating drink to an habitual drunkard. Dunbarr, Dr. Burns, and Wilson were to be the principal witnesses for the prosecution; and it was thought that the latter would be able to be taken to the court-house if his presence was needed.

While the case against Wilkes seemed to be a very clear one, yet it was expected by many that he would make a desperate effort to escape conviction. But on Thursday afternoon, when the case was called, Attorney Ware addressed the court in behalf of his client, Wilkes, as follows:

"Your Honor, we well understand how confusingly complicated this case would, without doubt, become, and to what an enormous expense it would put our county, if we should fight for our case through a long trial. It is not our purpose thus to embarrass our county, nor to subject my client, who is a modest and peace-loving man, to the unfavorable comment and defaming testimony of the prosecution. I, therefore, please your honor, would for my client, file the plea, 'Guilty as charged.' And we respectfully invoke the leniency of the court."

This, as we have suggested, was an unlooked-for turn of affairs; but the defense had at least two objects: to avoid the publicity of a long trial, ending in

defeat, and the hope of a light sentence from the court.

This result was gratifying to the people. It was a victory for temperance. It proved that the present temperance laws are of some practical account. The attendant cost was but a trifle. "But," said Dr. Burns to Deacon Holcomb, "we need not look for another such victory soon. And, if I am not mistaken, the spirit of retaliation lies back of this seeming submission."

While the Church reading-room did not at first receive the patronage that some had hoped it would, yet the enterprise had no discouraging features. The young men of the Church secured the presence of some of their young gentleman acquaintances who were not church-goers, and succeeded in making the hours pleasant for them. The music, which was rendered at different intervals each evening, was an entertaining feature with both old and young. The program which was given on the first Saturday night that the reading-room was open, was listened to by a fairly large audience. The Church was well represented, and not a few strangers came in. At six o'clock on that Saturday evening, Mr. Bronson had caused the men of the factory to come into the main office, and, in a few words, had explained to them the object of the reading and entertainment rooms at the church, had expressed his desire that they would often come there, and had especially invited them to come in to the first short concert. He was gratified at seeing a number of his employees present at the concert.

Just before the last number was given, Dr. Burns,

in behalf of the committee and the Church, thanked the strangers for their presence, explained quite fully the purpose of the undertaking, expressed the hope that they would become regular attendants at the rooms, and would encourage their friends to come in with them. "And now," said the doctor, "to close our program we are to sing 'Home, Sweet Home;' and we want you all to help sing. You are familiar with the tune, and the printed cards in your chairs will furnish you with the words." The singing which followed this invitation may not have been in perfect harmony, but it was an effort from the heart, and its effect was to inspire pure thoughts and to awaken sacred memories.

"What was the matin' loike, Willie?" asked Mrs. Wilson of her son when he returned from the entertainment.

"It was like nothin' I went to afore. There was a fine large room with a carpet on the floor an' the awfulest lot of chairs you ever see, an' a long four-legged pianer, what makes such soft-like music when Miss Bronson plays on it, an' then sometimes it makes a rumblin' like noise, as if low thunder was a good way off. Then there was purty pictures on the walls and lots of bright flowers what smell sweet. Then, at the left, there was another room with nicer carpet, an' not near so many chairs, but nicer; an' there was six or more tables sittin' around in different places what had many books an' papers on; an' there was such nice pictures on the walls an' such bright lights."

"But what war the folks doin' all the toime, Willie?" asked Mr. Wilson, who, lying on the lounge,

was much interested in the boy's recital of what he had seen.

"Why, they sung an' they played, fine an' quick like, on that pianer, an' then they read some pieces to us, an' then they spoke some. One nice an' purty young woman—she was n't so nice an' purty as Miss Bronson, though—spoke a piece about a man' an his wife. The man was good, only he would git drunk, like. An' they had a little girl, an' when she was old 'nough she would talk, an' at night she would say, 'Good-night, papa,' an' her papa kept gittin' drunk like, an' his little girl took sick an' the man felt real bad, an' the doctor thought she would git well. But she got worse right along. An' one night, soon, she was awful sick, an' she held to her papa an' said, 'Good-night, papa; Jessie see you in the mornin'.' An' that was the last she ever said to him, for she died afore mornin'. An' this man felt great sorrow, for he knew that his little girl had gone to heaven an' he could never see her any more except he should be good an' go where Jessie was. So he would not git drunk like any more, an' he thought he could hear her say to him all the time he lived, 'Good-night, papa; Jessie see you in the mornin'.' Some of the men where I work was there, an' set near by me, an' they cried afore that nice young woman was done talkin' that piece to us. An' it made me feel sad like, too; but I liked it more 'n some other pieces. Then the preacher, he asked us all to come again, an' to ask our friends to come along, too. An' I heerd some of the workmen whisper to each other that they would. Then when it was out they come around an' shook our hand an'

said, 'Glad you came in; come again, please.' Dr. Dunbarr was there. He sung a piece with three other young men, an' it was so good that it made us laugh. An' they had them come back again to sing. This last time they sung better than afore. Dr. Dunbarr, he shook hands with me afore I come home, an' said: "Glad to see you here, Willie. On one of the tables in the other room are some books and papers that a boy like you will be pleased to read.' "

"Well, Oi think it a foine place fur ye to be at, me b'y, an' ye may go ag'in soom oother toime," was his mother's remark when Willie had finished.

In accord with their plan, Mrs. Milford and her son reached Warden early in the afternoon of February eighteen. Mrs. Stevens feared that she would be considered unreasonable if she should urge her guests, so recently after their journey, to accompany her to church on the following Sunday; but she was so eager to have them appreciate the religious and social condition of Warden that she ventured her request.

"Certainly, my dear. It is our rule to attend divine service every Sabbath morning. We consider this one of the principal parts of our religious duty. We also are quite curious to look upon a Warden audience and to hear your pastor preach," was Mrs. Milford's cheerful reply.

It was a beautiful morning. A large audience assembled. The choir sang well their wisely-chosen selections. Dr. Burns delivered a practical discourse with impressive animation. And Mrs. Stevens felt that many things combined favorably to impress her guests. She did not remain for the Sabbath-school,

which immediately followed the morning service, but, after introducing Mrs. and Mr. Milford to a few of her friends, she returned with them to her home.

After luncheon, Mrs. Stevens requested that Walter should give them his impressions of the morning service. With her request the young man willingly complied.

"There were some features of the service which impressed me favorably," began Mr. Milford. "It was a large, well-dressed, and apparently intelligent audience. The music was rendered well; but the selections, while they were in harmony with the thought of the discourse, were not up to the standard of ideal church music. The young lady who sang a short solo in one of the anthems had a strong, rich, and, to some extent, cultured voice. By the way, who is she, please? I was quite pleased with her generally."

"She is the daughter of my most intimate friend, Mrs. Jerome Bronson, the only child of highly-respected and wealthy parents," replied Mrs. Stevens, with perceptible animation.

"The sermon," continued Mr. Milford, "was earnest and vigorous; and its ideas were conveyed by well-chosen words; but the thought of the sermon—and, therefore, the very sermon—was inferior. It dealt with matters which are common to every-day life, and twice it approached the life of very common people. Now, the fact is, we do not attend church to hear of the common affairs of life; we have enough of them six days in the week. We attend divine service to have our thought carried away from common life into the æsthetic realms of art, or to have

our lives thrilled by the marvelous achievements and the startling discoveries of science. We love the house of God because in it we are taught of the grandeur of earth, of the nobility of man, of the incomprehensible glories of a heaven to come, and of the matchless wisdom and goodness of the great God, who stands immeasurably above the earth, and man, and heaven. The effort of the sermon seemed to be to convince us that the gospel bridges the chasms which are between individual lives, and places all mankind, at different points, upon a common thoroughfare, graded, gently, to ascend; that they who are farthest up the grade are they who have received the most help, while they who are lowest down are they who have received the least. Now, Mrs. Stevens, you see the logical conclusion of such teaching. We are fellow-travelers with the most vulgar human creature. We have nothing, of ourselves, in which to glory, for we are what we are by virtue of the help that has been given to us; and if we have power to help any fellow below us, no matter who he is, we are honor-bound to help him. You also readily see what would be the result if such teaching were obeyed; society would be revolutionized. Pardon me if I have spoken freely. I could not comply with your kind request without speaking thus freely."

"I thank you for your candid remarks, returned Mrs. Stevens. "I have been compelled of late to pass similar criticisms on my dear pastor. It is a new course that he has taken, and, I am sorry to say, many of our people are pleased to follow such teaching. I fear the results. I can not see any available remedy. Dr. Burns has entered upon this course

after due consideration, and I can not expect him to change soon."

"Your pastor may have been with you for a sufficiently long period. His Church may have outgrown him. Then, also, he is getting to be what the up-to-date Churches call an old man. Physically strong yet, probably a man of cultured and vigorous mind, mature judgment, and broad sympathies; but he represents an earlier generation than this. A young man from one of our widely known Eastern institutions of learning may be your remedy," suggested Mr. Milford.

On the following Monday Mrs. Bronson and her daughter called upon Mrs. Stevens and her guests. The afternoon was bright and the walk was invigorating, although rather farther than Mrs. Bronson was wont to walk of late years. She was received by the Milfords as the most intimate friend of their hostess; and they did not long conceal their awakening interest in Gertrude. A few minutes passed in general conversation, and then the young people became engaged in the discussion of topics which were related more directly to themselves.

"The winter has been socially pleasant to you, Miss Bronson?" asked Mr. Milford.

"Yes, sir; quite so. It seems that the holidays were but yesterday. I never enjoyed life more than within the past six weeks."

"Well, that is pleasing. You doubtless have the social life of Warden so well organized that affairs move with the precision of a perfect system. Will you mention some special features of interest?"

"Well, first, our Church began the year with a

series of special evangelistic services, which awakened a deep religious interest in our community. I was privileged to attend each one of these extras, and they were decidedly beneficial to me. Then, prompted by the spirit of these meetings, have come a number of new religious enterprises. Some of these have pleasurably taken my spare moments. And so time has flown."

"Then you have not had any entertainment of a purely social nature, Miss Bronson?"

"No—well, yes. Our Christian Endeavor Society went out into the country for a coasting party one beautiful night a fortnight ago. There was a large company of us, and all enjoyed the outing. In fact, Mr. Milford, the majority of the young people of our Church and society have been so engaged in religious matters that we may have neglected affairs of a purely social nature."

"Such neglect is unfortunate and may prove serious, Miss Bronson. The effect of gay sociabilities, mirthful amusements, and arousing games is to drive the grave aspects of life away, to lift us into an invigorating realm, and to keep us young and brilliant. And I do not understand how a large company of healthful and intelligent young people can be so absorbed in matters purely religious as to forget social life. To me, such a life seems decidedly unreal and really insipid. Do not think that I am denouncing religion," he continued, smiling. "I am a Church member, and I prize my Church home highly; but my religion was not intended to be a galling burden."

"Well," answered Gertrude, "matters social and matters religious may be, and, I think, should be,

beautifully blended. That is, in our religious activity we may exercise the most beautiful sociability. A truly Christian life is a life of real love. Real love is real life. And real life can not be spiritless. I am convinced, and I am happy as I act in accord with this conviction, that not to make our religion paramount is to make it really insipid. But, Mr. Milford, it occurs to me that we are conversing more after the manner of theological students than in accord with the rules of society concerning the giving and receiving of the first ceremonious visit. However, we have gained some knowledge of the views which we each hold concerning social life and religion. This knowledge may prove of some service to each of us. I must remind mamma that it is time to end our call."

"I am very pleased to have met you, Miss Bronson. I trust that I may be privileged to meet you frequently while we are visiting in your city."

"Thank you, Mr. Milford. Our mammas are evidently enjoying the call. They are lost in their interest in each other." She might have added, "But Mrs. Stevens seems interested in us."

## CHAPTER IX

# Conspiracy

"The wicked plotteth against the just."

THE party which Mrs. Stevens proposed to give on the twenty-second of February in honor of her guests was now the subject which engaged that lady's mind; and concerning the matter she counseled with Mrs. Bronson, not infrequently showing deference to her advice in arranging details. In answer to the question, "Whom shall we ask?" Mrs. Bronson said: "All of the principal young people of our Church and congregation, because we wish Mr. Milford's influence to be extensive among us."

"Would you advise that Dr. Dunbarr be invited?" asked Mrs. Stevens. "He, of late, seems to be becoming popular among the young people of our Church and society."

"No. We do not esteem him to be one of the principal young people of our society, and we wish to avoid conveying the impression that he is such."

"True enough, Mrs. Bronson, and I presume that his absence will not be noticed; and if it is, they will be likely to think that he can not leave his office, or that he is busy with his patients. We shall need to invite some middle-aged people in honor of Mrs. Milford. We need not invite many, and should be

very discreet in our choice. We shall want Deacon Grimes and wife, as a matter of course. What others would you suggest?"

"Deacon Holcomb is about Deacon Grimes's age, and he mingles considerably in society; it would be best to invite him and Mrs. Holcomb, would it not?"

"I had thought of Deacon Holcomb, and have reasons why we should and why we should not invite him. Mrs. Milford and son are city people, and are not accustomed to rural ways. Now, while Deacon Holcomb and wife are affable and decidedly well-informed, yet Mrs. Milford and son seldom meet people from the farm. Then, again, the deacon is among the foremost of those who are so completely carried away with the new and yet sad digressions of our Church. But Deacon Holcomb is quite popular with our Church and society, and we may seriously offend some, if we do not invite him."

"Yes," replied Mrs. Bronson, "if you invite Deacon Grimes and not Deacon Holcomb, it might be difficult to render a satisfactory explanation. And had you thought of inviting our pastor?"

"I confess that I have been uncomfortably exercised with that phase of the problem. I am sure that we are agreed that it would be better for our present purpose if Dr. Burns should not be with the young people on that occasion. He has so long been their guide in social and religious matters that they naturally and cheerfully look to him as their leader; and the very object that we are seeking is to lessen, if not to break, his influence over them. But to invite one or two of our deacons, and not to invite our pastor, would be to provoke the censure of many.

Circumstances seem to compel us to invite him, and we will gracefully do so. We can not expect everything to concur with our plans; neither must we expect too much from one social gathering. We must be patient, and content ourselves with small results at first. There is another matter, Mrs. Bronson, concerning which I wish your advice; would you think it advisable to serve wine with our refreshments? I am sure that Mrs. Milford and Walter are accustomed to wine on such occasions, and will think it strange if I do not provide it. But here comes the difficulty again—that new Church Temperance League, which Dr. Burns has introduced, has a total-abstinence pledge, and many, if not all, of the young people have signed it. So, what can a body do?"

"It occurs to me, Mrs. Stevens, that your best way to proceed at this point is candidly to state to Mrs. Milford and her son, in your own discreet way, the true situation regarding the temperance sentiment in our part of the city. They will then have an understanding of the matter, and you will be relieved from further embarrassment. At what hours have you decided to hold the reception?"

"Between the hours of seven and ten. If the young people seem so well entertained as to desire to stay later, we will cause it to be understood that ten o'clock was meant for the older people. I request that yourself and family come early so that we may have your aid in entertaining from the first."

"I trust that we shall be able to comply with your request. Your plans are all matured now, and you may anticipate a pleasurable reception."

Early in the afternoon of February twenty-second

Dr. Burns called at the home of Mrs. Stevens to meet her guests, and to state that it would not be convenient for him to attend the reception. He had that day received the intelligence that an old-time friend of his—a college mate—was to pass through the city, and would stop over one train, that he might spend the night with him. "Were he to prolong his visit," said Dr. Burns, "with your permission, Mrs. Stevens, I would ask him to accompany me to the reception; but as it is I shall feel it my duty to remain at home; and you, being aware of the circumstances, will kindly excuse me. I am glad to have met you, Mrs. and Mr. Milford, in the home of our common friend, and I trust that we shall meet frequently while you sojourn in our city."

Late in the afternoon a note from Deacon Holcomb and wife informed Mrs. Stevens that they, by virtue of a previous engagement, were to have charge of the reading-room at the church that night, and would, therefore, be compelled to decline her kind invitation.

Mrs. Bronson, in company with her husband and daughter, came promptly at seven o'clock, much to the pleasure of Mrs. Stevens. They were the first guests to arrive, and therefore had Mrs. Milford and her son all to themselves for a time. Mrs. Stevens took Mrs. Bronson aside, and informed her that neither their pastor nor Deacon Holcomb would be present, giving her the reasons. "It seems," she concluded, "that our desires are being realized. Should we not esteem ourselves providentially favored?"

"Indeed we may. How singular it is that the very ones who we thought might retard our effort, are

unavoidably detained! It is in accord with the teachings of our religion that nothing comes by accident, but that all is directed by the wise, over-ruling Power."

And thus these friends seemed encouraged by the application of their religious faith.

The company began to gather more rapidly now, and soon the home of Mrs. Stevens abounded with happy, intelligent life. Walter Milford was greeted with that open-hearted ease with which one meets an equal; for it never occurred to one of the young people of Warden that Mr. Milford was a superior. They conversed fluently upon current topics, discussed, animatedly, the recent destruction of the battleship *Maine* in the harbor of Havana, and expressed different opinions concerning the future relations between Spain and the United States with such evident intelligence and manifest breadth of information that Mr. Milford found himself called forth to his limit to prove himself their equal. He was impressed, also, with their unassumed interest in religion; for they addressed themselves to religious topics with remarkable familiarity and pleasure, and seldom dismissed such subjects until they had led him to express his views and had invited him to attend their religious services.

"I am favorably impressed with the general intelligence of the young people of Warden," remarked Mr. Milford to Marian Mills, as they stood together near a large window in the drawing-room. "Indeed I feel them to be intellectually brilliant. They also seem to be decidedly religious."

"Thank you, Mr. Milford, for your unstinted com-

pliments; but I am sure our young people make no pretensions to such excellence."

"No, evidently not; the whole thing is a matter of course with them. They are beautifully ignorant that they are of so high a type."

"We are certainly a very happy company, and I suggest that it may be best for our enjoyment and usefulness that our 'beautiful ignorance' be not disturbed."

"I am not sure that we shall agree at that point, Miss Mills. I think it is frequently best for a young lady, especially, to become aware of her ability and power."

"I am in doubt as to that view of the case, Mr. Milford; but I am persuaded that it is frequently good for a young person to know how ignorant and powerless he is."

"Well, after all, I presume that to know the exact truth of the situation is the right knowledge for us. Can we compromise on that view of the subject, Miss Mills?"

"I think we can, but that knowledge is not easily obtained. Turning from this subject, I wish to ask you about some phases of Church work in the East. Has your Church or Christian Endeavor Society any new methods of work?"

"None that I am familiar with. To be frank, Miss Mills, I do not favor the so-called new methods of religious work."

"But, Mr. Milford, almost every other enterprise under the sun is apt in the application of new methods; and why should not the Church keep step? Indeed, must she not make use of all new and useful

means, if she would commend herself to the intelligent people of this age?"

"The other affairs to which you allude are of a secular character, and must operate in accord with social and industrial usages and laws, competition being one of the chief means compelling such a course. But religion, having a holy origin, and existing for a sacred purpose, is lifted above industrial law and beyond gross competition. It, therefore, should never be subjected to the changes consequent to the adoption of new methods. The Church, by the use of its primitive methods, has gotten to itself a wonderful history, beautifully set in marvelous results."

"But you certainly have forgotten your history of religion, Mr. Milford. Has not frequent change—passing from the old to the new—characterized the religion of Divine origin in all its history? The history of the Hebrew Nation portrays progress, which was accomplished through successive changes. The coming of the Christ, in the fullness of time, was quite revolutionary, because it provoked such a radical turning from the old to the new. The Reformation, inaugurated by Luther, while it was in substance a simple turning again to the primitive doctrines of Christ, yet to the people of Luther's generation it was a mad departure from the venerable and thoroughly-established customs of religion. And, at the first, many good people opposed the modern Christian Endeavor movement, because it was so unlike the established manner of procedure. Yet all of these changes have marked epochs in the progress of religion and Christianity."

"I will not attempt to answer you at length," replied Mr. Milford, "but I do desire, in a general way, to express my views of the Christian Endeavor movement; and I do so understanding that my views are unpopular. The enterprise aims at the impossible—the reduction of the merriment of childhood and the gayety and buoyancy of youth to a system of rules, and to bind young life with a pledge, which sometimes, and quite appropriately too, is called 'cast-iron.' It is like the confining to eternal non-growth the foot of the Chinese child. It is an attempt to make us old before our time. If this binding process were as widespread as it appears to be, future generations would be seriously affected. But the fact is, a great per cent of those who profess to be bound are not; the justifiable rebellion of their natures prevents such bondage."

"Pardon me, Mr. Milford, but I do feel that your views of this matter are very erroneous. The effort of Christian Endeavor is that the young may grow up into beautiful accord with Christ, and that those who have wandered away may be brought back to him. Now, the Christ has been in the world long enough to prove, beyond a question, that he is the fountain-head of all true life, and that the life that has been kept in accord or brought into harmony with him, is the only truly natural life—a life to which unperverted nature yields all her charms. The pledge of which you speak is expressive of principles operative in a well-regulated Christian life; and they who thoughtfully take this pledge, and conscientiously keep it, do not find themselves in the thralldom of 'cast-iron' bondage, but, rather, in the beau-

tiful liberty of the Christian. Again, Mr. Milford, it is a grave charge that you make against the young people of the Christian Endeavor movement. You certainly must have had far greater opportunity to detect hypocrites than I have had. I am acquainted with our young people, and I am persuaded that they are, in the main, what they profess to be, and I have the same convictions regarding the genuineness of the many Endeavorers whom I have been privileged to meet."

As Miss Mills was ending this sentence, Miss Bronson, in company with a lady friend, approached and said gayly: "Come, Marian, you must not monopolize Mr. Milford; we all are to share his society to-night."

"Surely, there is no attempt at monopoly, Gertrude. Mr. Milford and I were exchanging views," Marian replied, pleasantly.

"Judging from the earnest expression of your countenances, you each had views to exchange; but that is invariably true with strong-minded people," replied Gertrude.

"It is well that you joined us, Miss Bronson, or we might have continued our exchange of views indefinitely. You have helped us to place our period, and we are willing to distribute ourselves as you may direct; are we not, Miss Mills?"

"Certainly, Mr. Milford; Miss Gertrude's coming affords us a happy pretext for a retreat with equal honors. We must now atone for our momentary isolation."

And soon they were engaged, here and there, in general conversation.

While partaking of refreshments, Mr. Milford sat with his mother near Mr. Bronson and family, and the two gentlemen conversed quite freely. Gertrude watched her father closely; for she knew, if he had not already done so, he would now form his opinion of the young man; and, of late, there were but few questions so important to her as, "What does papa think?" and she was beginning to feel that she knew his face so well that she could read his very thoughts.

After the repast, Mrs. Bronson and Mrs. Stevens withdrew from the company and sat together for a few minutes. "What impressions is Mr. Milford making and receiving?" asked Mrs. Bronson.

"Of course I can not determine positively, but the young people of Warden do not seem to appreciate that he is a superior, but, rather, they seem to be his equal in every respect; while Mr. Milford, on his part, seems to understand that he must be at his best. I have overheard some of the conversation and discussions; and I have been impressed that he is not the equal of some of our young people in general information and in judgment. He may not be able materially to change the views of the young people of our Church, and yet his influence over Gertie may be marked. They seem to enjoy each other. You notice that they are now conversing spiritedly together. We must wait for future developments. The reception has brought him into contact with our society, and all has gone on without a discord."

A little before ten o'clock the guests began to depart, and soon Mrs. Stevens was alone with her Eastern friends.

"Quite an accomplished company of young peo-

ple the First Church of Warden has, Mrs. Stevens," remarked Walter Milford. "But I should like to meet them in a less formal gathering, and ascertain their aptness at more definite entertainment and amusements."

'We may be able to arrange for a less formal gathering while you are with us," was Mrs. Stevens's reply.

Alone in her room Gertrude Bronson sat for many minutes, in earnest thought, before she retired that night. When, presumably, she had reached the climax of her meditation, she spoke softly: "I wonder where Harmon Dunbarr is to-night? I wonder if he was invited to attend the reception, or was he utterly ignored? No one spoke of his absence, but, likely, many noticed it. I surely did. Walter Milford is an accomplished man of society, and, they say, has inherited wealth. But Dr. Dunbarr's silent presence is expressive of more true soul-worth than all of Mr. Milford's well-chosen words and carefully-embellished sentences have power to denote. Mr. Milford failed to awaken in papa any deep admiration. I thoroughly respect one of whom my father's face plainly says, 'Here is a true man.' And this is the language of papa's face when he is in the presence of Dr. Dunbarr. He may have been caring for some sufferer to-night, while we were enjoying society. He may have been helping some outcast back to health and a better life. He seems so much alone, even when he is in society. I wonder—I wonder—if he has left his heart somewhere?" And she looked once more upon the beautiful picture which hung upon the wall of her room, and a teardrop fell from

her long lashes, and then, slowly, she spoke again: "There is portrayed springtime, full of promise, full of hope. And these are not in vain; for springtime quietly passes into summer, and promises are fulfilled and hopes are realized."

The following Friday was one of those pleasant days when the sun begins to assert his power, and winter is compelled to relax his icy grasp. Early in the afternoon Thomas Wilson remarked to his wife:

"Oi think Oi 'll walk oot a bit; it sames so foine loike oot o' doors."

"But ye will not be fur walkin' a long way, will ye, Tom? Ye know that ye have walked but a short way as yet," was Mrs. Wilson's reply.

"Oi would loike to go to Dr. Dunbarr's office; an' that 's but a bit o' a distance."

"Quite a bit ov a way, Tom, fur a wake mon. Ye must take yer cane an' walk slow loike."

As Wilson was walking leisurely along, he met Mike Patterson, whose pleasure at seeing Tom out again was expressed, in part, by his hearty greeting: "A roight good day to ye, Tom. It 's moighty glad that Oi am to sae ye oot a'gin;" and he shook Tom's hand vigorously. "And where are ye goin', Tom?"

"O, Oi 'm jist goin' to call upon Dr. Dunbarr a little toime."

'Why do ye go there? Ye nade no more of his hilp; an' he 's but a bit loiked be manny ov oor friends. An' soom ov the s'loon-kapers say they 'll put him oot ov the way."

"An' what kin they have agin him, sure? He 's me very bist friend, an' Oi war jist goin' to pay him a call o' friendship."

"Och, but he middles wid the paceful s'loon business; an' he lades the perlice to make harests. Soom six loike has been harested this wake. An' they say that no single docthor withoot manny friends kin't boother them the loikes ov that. So they say they 'll put him oot ov the way."

"But how an' whin, Moike, will they put him oot o' the way?"

"Oi kin 't tell ye, Tom. Oi only haerd the much that Oi told to ye. Ye look wary, Tom; coom along wid me to a s'loon an' Oi 'll give ye a dhrink to brace ye oop a bit. Ye nade it, sure, Tom."

"No; Oi 'm to brace oop anoother way, Moike, an' me old friends nade niver to thrate me the more, at all, at all."

"But ye nade the bracin' jist noo, Tom, an' ye ha' bist to coom along wid me."

At this they heard the sound of footsteps back of them; and, as they turned, they saw Dr. Dunbarr approaching.

"There cooms the docthor noo; an' its glad to sae him that Oi am," remarked Wilson.

Dunbarr greeted the men in his usual frank manner, and then addressed Wilson as follows: "Out to enjoy this bright sun and warm afternoon, are you, Wilson? You must not attempt too much at first. Is there any particular place for which you had started?"

"Yis, Oi war coomin' oop to yer office fur a little visit wid yez."

"That 's too long a walk for you. You are pale and quite weary now. I am going down your way, and perhaps you had best to walk back with me."

"Oi do n't moind if Oi do walk back wid yez, fur Oi foind that Oi 'm moighty wake yit. A good day to yez, Moike. Oi thank yez fur yer koind intention to me; but yez must kape in moind that no mon must thrate Tom Wilson no more, at all, at all. Jist tell the b'ys that Tom 's sakin' to brace oop anoother way."

As he walked slowly back to his home in company with the doctor, Wilson related what Mike Patterson had told him about the saloon-keepers' hatred, and that they were planning to put Dunbarr "out of the way;" as they phrased it. Dunbarr was disposed to treat the matter lightly, and said in reply: "That can not be, Wilson; there certainly is some mistake. No one in Warden would molest a man for doing his duty. Do not give yourself a moment's uneasiness over such a report."

"Do n't desave yersilf, Docthor. Them s'loon-kapers is an oogly set whin yez git a pool [pull] on to 'm fraquently."

"But I have no reason to fear them. I have only done what seems to be my duty as a citizen of Warden and as a member of the Law-enforcement Committee of the Anti-saloon League. We have had influence with some of our civil officers, and they, of late, have been a little more active in the discharge of their duty. I have been directly responsible for only two or three arrests. As I said, I have only done my duty, and I shall continue this course."

"Well, docthor, moind what Oi 'm sayin' to yez; it 's no good they bode yez, an' yez must be watchin' oot fur 'm."

"Here we are at your home, Wilson, and you are

weary enough, I am sure; but just a word before you go in. Did Patterson offer to take you to a saloon for a drink?"

"Yis, he did, sure; an' Oi said, No, Moike; yez must not thrate Tom Wilson no more; fur Oi 'm sakin' to brace oop anoother way."

"That was right, Tom. Just hold to that ground, and you will gain a glorious victory. But as you said to me, you must look out for them—I mean your old friends—for they will tempt you to drink with them."

"Oi 'm moindin' all yer koind words, Docthor, an' Oi thank yez fur 'm. An' Oi moind the good words shpoken to me by Miss Bronson. She talked to me foine, Docthor; Oi wish yez could heerd her."

"All of your true friends will do what they can to help you. Did Miss Bronson speak to you of the Christ, and of the help that he can give you?"

"Indade she did, sure. An' she said that Oi nade not faer to coom to him fur hilp, fur that all moight coom to him. An' then she said, 'Will yez not coom, Mr. Wilson?' An' Oi moind Oi said, 'Oi 'll try, Miss.' Her words to me has been in me moind, an' me word to her; an' now Oi 'm sakin' to try."

"You need his help, Tom; we all need his help;" and he took Wilson's hand kindly, and then went his way.

At five o'clock on the following Monday afternoon, Willie Wilson came into Mr. Bronson's office. Mr. Gray, the foreman, had granted him permission to do so. He was somewhat embarrassed at finding Miss Bronson there; but he rallied his courage, and introduced his mission to the office as follows:

"My father told me to come to you an' tell you

what I have heerd. The saloon men are mad at the temperance people, an' they hate Dr. Dunbarr because he works ag'in' them so. Yisterday an' last night I heerd them talkin' how they would put the doctor out of the way. They did not notice me much, because I am a young boy, an' at night I stood in the dark. I heerd them say that now would be a good time to meet him at some bridge, an' to git away with him, because the snow is meltin' fast an' the water is gittin' high an' the nights is dark. They said that out in the country would be the best place, an' that they would watch his office slate to know about where he is gone. An' I heerd them say that he has a patient in the country now, an' that the very first time he should happen out there in the night, would be their time. Father said I should go to his office an' tell him; but if I did not see him, to tell you. I went to his office at noon, but he was out, an' I run to his office a few minutes ago—Mr. Gray let me off for about fifteen minutes—but the doctor was not in, an' his slate said: 'Gone into the country, west. May not return till eight P. M.' "

"I thank you, Willie, for coming to me with this matter. Tell your father that I will act promptly. Tell no one else anything about it."

As Willie left the office, Gertrude asked: "Papa, do you think that Dr. Dunbarr is in danger?"

"Not in so great danger as the boy's talk would indicate; yet I am aware that the liquor men hate him," answered Mr. Bronson, turning toward his daughter; and then asked, hastily, "Gertrude, are you ill?"

"I am not ill, papa,"

"If you are able, I will ask you to go home without me. I shall investigate the matter that Willie has spoken of, before I come home."

"I am very well, and can go home alone. I want you to stay, papa, and investigate as you have said."

At six o'clock, a boy brought the following note from Mr. Bronson to his wife and daughter; "I may not be home till late in the night. Do not worry."

## CHAPTER X

# Foiled

"Many are the afflictions of the righteous; but the Lord delivereth him out of them all."

ON leaving Gertrude, Mr. Bronson went immediately to the chief of police, and related what he had heard concerning a plot against Dunbarr. The chief knew nothing of such a conspiracy, and presumed that these suspicions were groundless; but he was disposed to give the matter some attention, inasmuch as Mr. Bronson had personally introduced it. At that time there chanced to be present a policeman upon whose round Dunbarr's office was situated, and the chief referred the matter to him, asking if he had seen anything that would arouse such suspicions as Mr. Bronson had expressed. The officer's answer was substantially as follows:

"As I patrolled the street upon which the doctor's office is located, I met two men whom I never saw in our city prior to yesterday. Their personal appearance and their conduct fixed my attention upon them. Late last night I saw them in company with Job Wilkes in earnest discussion of a subject which they evidently thought required great secrecy. Twice today—once this forenoon and once this afternoon—I saw them visit Dunbarr's office. At a quarter before five this afternoon I entered the doctor's office,

soon after these strangers had been there, and the notice which was written on his slate read, 'Gone into the country, west. May not return until eight P. M.' I noticed that these men went from the office directly to Bartlett's livery barn. I learned from one of the employees at the barn that they had engaged to take a livery, and that they wished it in readiness at seven o'clock, sharp."

"Nothing in that report to allay suspicions, surely," replied the chief, "and we 'll follow that trail a little way. Let 's see. If I understand you, Mr. Bronson, the supposed plot is as follows: Dunbarr is to be met on his return trip, at some bridge which spans a swollen stream. There he is to be handled roughly, and then, with his conveyance, is to be tumbled into the water. Then, to cover all suspicion, it is probable that a portion of the bridge will be torn up and thrown into the stream. Now about two miles west of the city the Cedar Creek crosses the principal street which runs west from the city, and at this time the creek is assuming the proportions of a river. If I remember, the bridge at that point is not in very good repair. About one mile north of this road, and running parallel with it for about two miles, until a north-and-south road is reached, is another east-and-west road; but this road crosses Cedar Creek within the city limits, and the bridge at this crossing would not be so favorable for such a supposed tragedy. And it is more than likely that Dunbarr's route is on the principal east-and-west thoroughfare. I would suggest the following course," continued the chief. "Bently, who has already marked these two suspicious strangers,

should be at Bartlett's barn to ascertain if they take a livery at seven o'clock, and, if they do, to report in what direction they leave the city. I think, Mr. Bronson, that the sheriff should be informed of our suspicions and of the clue that we are working upon, and that the matter should be placed in his charge. I think that it will be wise to have a livery engaged, and that the sheriff, in company with one or two others, should be ready to follow them, if these suspected fellows drive westward from the city about seven o'clock. It will be necessary to act promptly, for it is now six o'clock."

"I will see the sheriff," said Mr. Bronson, "and Officer Bently may telephone me at the sheriff's office."

In reply to Mr. Bronson's statement, the sheriff said: "I know that among the liquor-dealers there is a bitter hatred of Dunbarr. He has been very active in this new temperance movement, and the arrests that he has caused have been followed by convictions and quite heavy fines. Job Wilkes is none too good to seek revenge by punishing the doctor severely, but I had not thought that his hatred had gone as far as the suspicions which you have expressed would indicate. However, we will act upon the suggestions made by the chief of police, if Officer Bently telephones us that these suspicious characters have taken a rig and gone west out of the city. I will take a deputy and another man with me. Whom would you suggest to accompany us as a third party, Mr. Bronson?"

"I wish to be that person, unless you have some particular one in view. I can at least look after the

horses, if you and the deputy should happen to be otherwise engaged," was Mr. Bronson's reply.

"That arrangement will please me, Mr. Bronson; but it had not occurred to me that you would care to go out into the country. Your presence will give dignity to the occasion," added the sheriff, humorously.

Mr. Bronson, maintaining his usual serious air, replied: "Dunbarr has so isolated himself from popular society, and has lived such a quiet life since he came to our city, that many have the opinion that he has but few friends; and the saloon element, while it fears his straightforward fearlessness, has concluded that the doctor has no one to take his part, and that few, if any, would miss him very much if he should suddenly disappear. But the fact is, his remarkable skill in his profession is gaining for him true notoriety, and his character is such that no other young man in the city, of whom I have knowledge, is winning friends from the best of society so rapidly as he. Such a young man must not fall a prey to the worst element in society. Our city needs a multitude of such as he. There may be little or no foundation to the suspicions which we are acting upon, yet I feel we should take no chances."

At seven-fifteen Bently telephoned the sheriff as follows: "One of the men whom I suspect came for the livery. He drove east two blocks, and was there joined by his companion. They then went south one block, and turned west on Jackson Street, as if intending to leave the city. After turning west they drove rapidly. They are strong men, and I believe them to be reckless characters."

"Well, now is the time for us to move," said the sheriff; and he telephoned Bently his plan as follows: "The bridge across Cedar Creek, two miles out, may be their chosen point. We shall act upon that hypothesis. I, in company with two men, shall immediately leave the city, driving westward on the road which runs parallel with Jackson Street, until I reach the north-and-south road, two miles west. This north-and-south road crosses the Jackson Street thoroughfare about ten rods west of the bridge. We hope to make this crossing in time to intercept Dunbarr."

Though the sheriff had a strong and fleet team, yet, in some places, he found it impossible to drive rapidly. It was not sleighing, neither was it good wheeling, and they proceeded with difficulty.

"I fear that it will be impossible for us to reach the crossing before eight o'clock," remarked the deputy. "We have a full mile to drive yet, and there have been such deep snowdrifts on this north-and-south road that there is enough snow remaining to make the wheeling very poor."

"It may be, also, that bad roads will delay Dunbarr somewhat," replied Mr. Bronson.

"We must drive as fast as possible until we are within twenty rods of the crossing, and then we must slow up and approach as noiselessly as may be," said the sheriff. "My plan is to leave the team with Mr. Bronson, near the crossing, and we two will go as noiselessly as we can down towards the bridge and reconnoiter a little; the wind, blowly stoutly from the southeast, will carry the sound of our approach from any one who may be at the bridge."

The deputy urged on the team to a rate of speed which was hazardous on such a road, the uncertain footing causing the horses to flounder frequently, and the remnant of the snowdrifts often threatened the overthrow of the vehicle.

"We must slacken our speed now," remarked the sheriff, "for we are nearing the crossing. There; we will stop here. Mr. Bronson, you may take charge of the horses. What is that? Some one is passing the crossing and is driving towards the bridge. I hear the sound of horses' feet and the rumbling of carriage-wheels, and I think that I can detect a moving object. It may be Dunbarr. If I were certain I would call to him. Come, now, Lumbard, we will make a rush for the bridge."

As they ran they heard a man call out "Whoa!" and this was followed by a thud like that occasioned by the overthrow of a carriage and the hurling of its contents upon the frozen ground. Rushing down the grade, the sheriff and his deputy came upon Dunbarr's horse, which was facing the west, and was attached to the overturned carriage. About three rods nearer the bridge they saw the form of a man lying in the road, and a few feet farther down they saw a man arise from the ground and move, with difficulty, towards the bridge. The sheriff turned the light of his dark lantern upon the face of the first body he approached, and in an instant recognized Dunbarr. He then started in pursuit of the retreating man, but found that he had crossed the bridge and was being helped into a vehicle that, evidently, had been in waiting for him. The driver instantly cracked his whip and the horse bounded away into

the darkness. "Halt!" called the sheriff; "halt, or I will shoot!" and the next instant the discharge of a revolver rang out upon the night air. There came a groan and a curse from the retreating parties, and soon they were out of sight and reach of the officer. When the sheriff returned he found that Mr. Bronson had driven to the spot, and, with Lumbard, was bending over Dunbarr.

"Is he dead?" asked the sheriff, in excited voice.

"No, his heart is beating, though feebly. I think that he is thoroughly stunned, but will revive soon," answered Mr. Bronson. "Here is a deep wound over his left temple, which may mean something serious. I can not say as to that."

At this Dunbarr groaned, and, opening his eyes, was greatly bewildered for a moment. Then he recognized the three men that bent over him, and spoke to each of them.

When he addressed Mr. Bronson he tried to extend his hand, saying, as he did so: "How strange it is that you should be out here at this time of the night! What does it all mean? Can you by some means help me to a little cold water? I feel faint. There is a flask in my medicine-grip that will aid you in getting water. The grip should be in my carriage; but where is the carriage?" The horse, hearing his master's voice, neighed in answer to it, and Dunbarr, faint as he was, replied, "I hear you, Joe."

"Your grip, Doctor, together with the cushion of your carriage seat, are here by your side. They evidently came out of the carriage when you did," remarked Deputy Lumbard.

"Now," said Dunbarr, after taking some water,

"we will first see what is the trouble with me, and then we will determine how and why the whole thing happened."

"There is a deep wound over your left temple, Doctor," said Mr. Bronson.

"Yes; it was that thump which stunned me so, I presume. But my left arm is injured. It is either out of joint at the elbow, or it is broken; possibly both. Let 's see," he said, as he examined the injured arm with his right hand. "Yes, there is a dislocation, and, likely, a fracture also. We will go to the city to repair that. But you may bathe my temple with water, then close the wound as completely as you can, and then we will hold it closed with some strips of court-plaster, which you will find in my grip."

While Lumbard and Mr. Bronson were attending upon Dunbarr, the sheriff inspected the bridge. He found that six planks had been detached, making it impracticable as a crossing. This was the only important discovery that he could make in the darkness. He sought in vain for the missing planks, and therefore informed his companions that it would be necessary to return to the city by the way that they had come—"the farthest way around," said he. "But we must stop at the first farmhouse, and send a man to place a lighted lantern on the bridge as a signal of danger."

"Is my carriage broken?" asked Dunbarr when his head was dressed.

"That is yet to be ascertained," answered the sheriff. "I noticed, when we were running to you, that it was thrown half-way over, and that one shaft was nearly upon your horse's back. Can you tell

what caused the overturning of your carriage and the right-about-face of your horse?"

"Certainly; that is soon told. I was driving down toward the bridge rather rapidly, for the road is much better here than it is in many other places. When I reached a point a few feet above this place where I am sitting, a man sprang out from those few bushes, evidently intending to catch my horse by the bridle. But Joe stopped suddenly, reared, and struck with both of his fore feet, and then turned abruptly around to the right. He hit the fellow, for I saw him fall. I was thrown forward, striking upon my head and left arm. Just before I landed I spoke the word 'Whoa' to my horse. If the man had not staggered backward before he fell, we should have reached the ground nearly at the same place. This is the extent of my story. You know better what followed than I do; for when I came to my senses you were caring for me. My arm is painful, and should be cared for. I wish to start for the city immediately."

Dunbarr's carriage was not incapacitated. He asked that one of the men might ride with him and handle the reins, for he needed his right hand to support his left arm in as comfortable a position as possible. Mr. Bronson promptly took his place at the doctor's side, and drove for him into the city. On the way he remarked:

"In the time of our Savior and his disciples it seemed inevitable that many should suffer for righteousness' sake. This was because the practical application of the principles which Christ taught was a comparatively new thing under the sun, and

brought about so many radical changes in the social as well as the religious world. But now that the gospel of Christ has been taught and practiced for all these centuries, it does not seem credible that one should suffer for righteousness' sake."

"I am ignorant as to what particular case your thought alludes, Mr. Bronson; but it seems to me that so long as evil reigns in the life of any one, there is likely to be suffering for righteousness' sake—persecution of the righteous. I think it is as true to-day as it was when St. Paul declared it, 'All that will live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution,' although the persecution may not be so public and widespread as in the early history of the Church. Two great facts are here, good and evil, and these can never dwell together in harmony. They are incompatible. When good is aggressive, it is quite likely to be met by positive and aggressive evil."

"Undoubtedly you have stated the philosophy of the matter, Doctor, and your experience to-night is a plain exhibition of aggressive good being met by positive evil."

"But, Mr. Bronson, you certainly err in your application. My experience seems to have been an accident—shrouded in some mystery, I admit; that is, I do not know what business that fellow had hid away in those bushes, nor what his intent was when he tried to catch my horse by the head. Neither can I tell you why you three men were out here at the Cedar-creek bridge so late at night; and, as I think of the affair, I wonder that I have not insisted upon an explanation before this. But I was stunned for a time, and have been in pain since. The rush which

that fellow made for him frightened my horse, and caused him to bolt and to overturn the carriage. Of course, my own momentum carried me forward, and the force of gravitation brought me upon the ground. As I have said, this unpleasant experience of mine is a very simple problem, aside from those two uncertain factors that I have mentioned."

"Our more perfect understanding of the whole matter eliminates the uncertain factors, and leaves us a problem easy of solution, which solution I have given you: aggressive good was met by positive evil." And Mr. Bronson then made a full statement of the matter, beginning with the fears that had first been entertained by Willie Wilson. "You see, Dr. Dunbarr," concluded Mr. Bronson, "that evidence, both direct and circumstantial, makes it clear that the saloon element in our city intended to end your career to-night. We may thank the All-Father, whose eye is ever upon his children, that he, operating through human instruments, has delivered you from the power of the wicked."

"But, Mr. Bronson, there must be some mistake in this. It does not seem possible that there is an element in our city that will deliberately plan to waylay a law-abiding citizen and try to take his life. Here we are in the city at last. You may please drive to the office of Dr. Beach. He is a skillful surgeon and a true friend of mine."

They were gratified at finding the doctor in his office. He greeted Dunbarr cheerfully, saying: "Well, my dear fellow, what sort of a wreckage have you encountered? Been driving too fast, as usual?

These neither-sleighing neither-wheeling roads demand a slower pace. Well, sir"—after an examination of Dunbarr's arm—" you have a bad dislocation here at the elbow, and possibly a fracture also—a dislocation of both radius and ulna, backward; and, I think, a fracture of the olecranon. Will you have an anæsthetic while I replace this joint, or will you 'grin and bear it?' It will be painful, I assure you. You will realize how others have suffered at your hands."

"I think that I can endure the pain, Doctor," was Dunbarr's reply.

After the painful operation of putting the joint in place, Dr. Beach remarked: "You will carry this arm in a sling for a number of weeks, Dunbarr, and you will be more than ever sorry that you are a bachelor."

"I have thought of that, Dr. Beach, and have concluded to ask you to loan me your student, Bennett. I shall need him both in my office and in visiting patients. He is a fine fellow, and I am willing to pay well for him."

"Yes; you do need him worse than I do, and you may have him. I am sure that he will be willing, for his high regard for you has made me jealous more than once. He is at the drugstore. I will telephone him."

After a few minutes Bennett came in, and seemed pleased with the idea of being in Dunbarr's office for a time, and thither he accompanied him.

"I have seen you through the acute part of your difficulty, Dr. Dunbarr," remarked Mr. Bronson,

"and you are among your skillful friends, where it is very safe to leave you; so I will go to my home now."

"Mr. Bronson, I can never repay the help that you have given me to-night; neither can I return the kindness that you have shown me," said Dunbarr, rising and extending his hand. "Be assured that I heartily appreciate the interest which you have manifested."

"I wish you to be equally assured, Doctor, that you are very welcome to the little service which I have rendered," replied Mr. Bronson as he took Dunbarr's hand. "I will look in upon you to-morrow."

Dunbarr went to the office-door with Mr. Bronson, and said in undertone, "I wish that all suspicion that I have been the subject of foul play may be perfectly hushed." And thus they parted for the night.

As Mr. Bronson ascended the steps of his home the hall door opened and his daughter addressed him: "I am so glad that you have come, papa. I feared that it would be later than this before you could return. You must be very weary. I will take your cap and overcoat. You did not have your six o'clock meal, and, more than likely, have eaten nothing since noon. I have kept your toast warm, and will soon have an egg and some tea ready. But tell me first, papa, do you bring good or bad news?"

"I have no very sad story to tell you, Gertrude; and yet, all-in-all, it is sad enough."

"Do not tell me more until we sit at the table. I thought I would not eat until you had come. Poor

mamma's head ached so she was compelled to retire three hours ago."

As the two sat at the table, Mr. Bronson graphically rehearsed the experiences of the last four hours, Gertrude interrupting him, occasionally, with questions. When her father related the maneuvering of Dunbarr's horse, how, after striking down his master's would-be assassin, he waited with the overturned carriage in apparently deep interest in his master's welfare, she exclaimed, "Sagacious old Joe!" And when she was informed that Dr. Beach had permitted the student Bennett to go with Dunbarr to his office, there to remain and assist him for a time, and that Bennett seemed delightful to go, Gertrude responded, "How good and kind they are!" When Mr. Bronson had nearly finished his story he remarked, with a smile, "Why, Gertrude, I understood that you were to eat with me, whereas you have scarcely tasted your food."

"I am to eat with you—I will eat with you; but the fact is I was so absorbed in what you were saying that I forgot to eat."

After a moment she asked: "Papa, how is it that right here in our beautiful city, where there are so many churches and good people, wicked men dare to attack and try to kill a man who simply does his duty as a law-abiding citizen?"

"I will answer you this way: In the case which relates to Dr. Dunbarr—and, I think, in all similar cases—the fact is largely due to the practical indifference and cowardice of the so-called Christian people, and to the shrewdness and daring of the saloon element and liquor-dealers."

"I do not fully understand you, papa."

"Likely not. I will try to make my meaning clear. First, as to the so-called Christian people of our city. The answer that hundreds of them will give is substantially the following: 'I want it understood that I am temperate, that I favor temperance and the suppression of the saloon and the liquor-traffic, and that I am willing to give financial aid to temperance enterprises; but I can not afford to identify myself publicly with aggressive temperance movements. I have my personal and financial interests to look after, and I can not afford to make enemies and to injure my business by public, positive, aggressive temperance work.' I understand, Gertrude, that I am saying that the majority of so-called Christians are not practical temperance people. They rejoice in the benefits accruing to society by virtue of temperance reforms and the suppression of the rum evils, but they require that some other person shall instigate these reforms, although for them to do this is to get enemies, injure business interests, and, possibly, endanger life. In fine, these impracticable temperance people desire others to do that which they have not the courage to do. This is neither brave nor just. Now, second, they who deal in alcoholic beverages understand the practical indifference and cowardice of the average nominal Christian relative to temperance, and they are shrewd enough to take advantage of this practical indifference and cowardice. They will expect that this persecution of Dr. Dunbarr will prompt many to desert the ranks of temperance, and, more than likely, they will realize their expectation. It is so like

selfish man to say: 'If it has come to the loss of property and life, I will settle down and attend to my own business. "Charity begins at home."' If Dunbarr had rescued a little child from a burning building, and, by so doing, had endangered his own life, the whole city of Warden would sound his praises to-morrow. But the effort of which he is one of the leaders is an effort to save hundreds of little children, and daughters, and mothers, and homes, and souls of men, from eternal ruin. No more heroic effort can any one engage in under the sun. No more heroic and Christlike effort lies in the future of the Church; and the Church will not have accomplished her glorious mission until she shall have led the temperance reform to a grand and final victory. What is the clock saying? Twelve? Gertrude, you should have retired hours ago."

"It is after your time for retiring also, papa. But if you had retired on time, you would have lost the privilege of doing your full duty; and if I had retired hours ago, I should have missed this dear interview with you, and should not have heard your earnest and wise words;" and she folded her shapely arms about her father's neck and kissed him good-night.

Soon the large mirror in her own room reflected her beautifully thoughtful face; and, a moment later, that same mirror held the image of that same face, turned toward heaven while, with clasped hands, she committed her own interests and the interests of her loved ones to the care of the Heavenly Father.

At the same hour Dunbarr tried in vain to sleep. Pain and the exciting events of the last few hours

prevented him; and he, also, turned his pale face toward heaven and whispered: "Father, it all seems strange to me; but thou knowest. I am sure of but little, but that little is very much to me. I am sure of thy love. This love I trust, and would fain repay."

## CHAPTER XI

# "Like True Friends"

"Iron sharpeneth iron; so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend."

IMMEDIATELY upon reaching the city, the sheriff related the result of his recent ride into the country to Policeman Bently, and asked his advice.

"The fellows may be in the city now," replied Bently; "but they have had ample time to secrete themselves; for you say that it was but a few minutes after eight when you encountered them at the bridge, and it is now nearly ten. I will go directly to Bartlett's barn and see if the livery which they took has been returned. Do you think that your shot took effect upon either of those chaps?"

"I can not be certain, but I have my opinion about the matter," was the sheriff's reply.

They learned that the livery had not returned, and was not expected until eleven o'clock, or even later. Bently made the inquiry alone, at the livery-barn, so as to awaken little or no suspicion. When he rejoined the sheriff he said, "We will go out west now to the junction depot, to see if we can get a clue; but the last passenger-train left more than one-half hour ago."

The agent informed Bently that he had sold tickets to no such men as he described, but at nine o'clock two men had stepped out from the shadow of the building, and had boarded the westward-bound train. The men were strangers to the agent, and he noticed that one of them seemed to be an invalid.

"These may be the very men that we want," remarked Bently, aside to the sheriff, "and your bullet may be the cause of the weakness of the one fellow. I shall telegraph to the conductor on train No. 75, and see if he can give us any information about these men."

The conductor's reply stated that two men had gotten upon his train at Warden Junction, without tickets, and that each had paid for a fifty-mile ride, but that both of them had gotten off at a junction fifteen miles from Warden.

"Well," remarked Bently, "that junction is a good place for them to get off at; for there is a train due there at that time of night for both the north and the south; and the telegraph office is closed there for the night, after these trains depart. I advise that we attempt no more by telegram to-night. We will look around a little for the livery which they had."

On a back street, about a block from Warden Junction depot, a horse and buggy were found, and Bartlett identified these as the livery that he had let to a stranger, that night, at seven o'clock.

At eight o'clock on the following morning, Mr. Bronson called upon Dunbarr. Although the latter had spent a restless night, and his arm was decidedly painful this morning, yet he was cheerful, and greeted Mr. Bronson with evident pleasure.

"This injured arm will not seriously interfere with my professional duties, and this wound on my temple will not disfigure me long," said Dunbarr. "Of course, I can not conceal from my friends and patrons the fact that I have experienced a rather painful accident; but I shall avoid a full explanation by telling them that I sustained a very sudden overturning last night. I have worried somewhat for fear that this affair may find its way into the papers; and, Mr. Bronson, I desire your advice and aid to prevent the publicity of so unfortunate an occurrence."

At this point, the sheriff entered the office and soon began to relate the discoveries that he and Policeman Bently had made, and to speak of their intended course of procedure. Dunbarr listened in silence until the sheriff had finished, and then spoke with deep earnestness:

"While I appreciate the importance of bringing ruffians to justice, yet the effort to capture these two men can go no farther, with my consent. If they should be caught, the hope of their conviction must be based on evidence very circumstantial. Bently could identify them as the two parties who had awakened his suspicions. Bartlett could identify one of them as the man to whom he let a livery. The conductor who was on No. 75 last night would, likely, be able to identify them. But what possible proof have you that they were at Cedar Creek bridge last night? And, if you had proof that they were there, how could you show that their intent and purpose were evil? How do we know that they were not trying to find the missing planks of the

bridge, and that the fellow who tried to catch my horse, did so to prevent him from dashing through the bridge into the swollen stream? While their capture and conviction are within the realm of the possible, yet the matter would be accompanied with great uncertainty and enormous expense. There are other reasons why I object to the prosecution of this matter: The public prominence which such a prosecution would bring me into, I am decidedly averse to. And, then, the effect that such a trial in court would have, in our city, upon the cause of temperance, would be discouraging, if not disastrous. For let the impression become general that the saloon element has deliberately planned to waylay and kill a man for no other cause than that he is aiding in the enforcement of temperance laws, and a sad reaction in temperance effort would set in. Many of the timid temperance workers would say—and, by the way, very few of the temperance sympathizers and workers have any courage to spare—'I will not risk my property and life for so thankless an enterprise as temperance reform.' Then, again, this is the very time that the attention and energies of the temperance workers of our city should not be diverted from a well-defined and practical plan of work which they have adopted. Within the last six weeks we have been able to accomplish something by way of law enforcement, and we have curtailed saloon lawlessness in a number of instances. This has been a comparatively easy matter, because we have not only had the law on our side, but the officers of the law as well. Within the next six weeks we are to have our city election, and it will require the

united effort of the temperance people of Warden to elect to office men that will favor temperance and the enforcement of temperance laws. I desire and advise that this matter be given no further publicity, that our suspicions be carefully concealed, and that we be not in the least diverted from our united effort for temperance reform. The newspaper reporters will, doubtless, become aware of the fact that something out of the usual has occurred with me; but there are only six of us in the city who have particular knowledge of the circumstances, and the reporters need not have the benefit of our knowledge."

"Your opinion, and especially your desire, should go far in determining our future course in this case," answered the sheriff, "and I will counsel with the chief of police and with Officer Bently, communicating to them your desires regarding the affair."

After the sheriff had gone out, Mr. Bronson remained but a moment in conversation with Dunbarr, and as he arose to depart he asked: "You are not attempting the care of yourself and of your patients alone, are you, Doctor? I understood, last night, that you were to have help."

"No; I have arranged to have the student, Bennett, with me for a few weeks. He is a capable fellow, decidedly companionable, and will be of valuable service to me. After I have seen a patient, he can take charge of the case in accord with my directions. He is now visiting my patients."

Early in the forenoon, Gertrude Bronson said to her mother: "Mamma, I am going to visit papa at his office. Is there any errand that I can do for you down-town?"

Her mother thanked her, did remember that she needed an article from the drygoods-store, and remarked that it was not a very agreeable morning for a walk.

As Gertrude reached Bellevue Street she met Walter Milford, who was also going down-town, and was much pleased to come into her company. Their conversation was of a very cheerful character, and afforded evident pleasure. Although at the time they were passing Dunbarr's office, Gertrude was replying with some animation to one of Milford's spirited remarks, yet she was not unmindful of the number she was passing, and her quick eye caught a glimpse of Dunbarr's pale face as he sat at his desk near the window. Milford noticed the momentary expression of mingled sadness and anxiety passing over her fair face, and he wondered at it; but soon she was conversing as brightly as before. Dunbarr saw them as they passed, and a feeling which at first he did not understand came over him. For a few moments he sat in silent analysis of this feeling. Later he spoke in a low and measured tone:

"I must remember that I am not my usual self to-day, but am morbidly sensitive. Yet I am compelled to recognize a fact which I have been vaguely conscious of for years,—Gertrude Bronson is the woman that I love with all the ardor and depth of my nature. I have been content to permit this love to remain a perfect secret while I have been establishing myself here in my profession, and while I have slowly accumulated property; but there has been before my life the vision of an ideal home, and my life has been strengthened as, sometimes, I have

entertained a fond hope of her. I have been aware that the conventional society of Warden has not accredited me an equal social inheritance with her, but I have also known that I have antecedents and resources that Warden is ignorant of. I have been willing that people should consider me a poor young physician, struggling, in a strange city, to obtain a foothold, and I have been proud and thankful to prove to them what a young man of integrity can accomplish. While I have not sought many friends, yet I have not suffered for lack of them. As to the matter of kindred, I am, indeed, a lone man; for the few of my kindred who remain are but distantly related. Had I not been a very busy man, the fact of my loneliness would have been painful indeed. In my few leisure moments—especially within the last year—the star of my hope has shone with increasing brilliancy whenever her pure life has passed within the orbit of that star. She was evidently enjoying the society of that young man, and it is unreasonable in me to question his right to the pleasure which her presence afforded him. I am having a revelation of my own selfish life this morning; and I am beginning to see how far-reaching my selfishness is." He was silent a moment, and then continued: "What right have I to permit the accumulation of the income from the estate which my parents left me, while at the same time I am laying by, each month, a handsome amount of my own earnings? I will now and here reprove my proud life by setting aside my fond dream of a modern and elegantly-furnished home. My comfortable bachelor apartments are as good as I deserve now, and by and by

a cozy cottage would be beyond my merits—if—if I could share it with her."

At this Bennett returned and addressed Dunbarr in his usual buoyant manner:

"How are all your broken bones by this time, Doctor? What is the matter with your face?"

"My bones are reasonably comfortable, and I suppose that the usual appearance of my countenance is altered by that wound on my temple."

"Something more than that wound attracted my attention," returned Bennett. "The expression of your face would indicate that you had just arrived at a very stern and almost desperate conclusion, with here and there the merest glimmer of hope. We will permit the matter to pass without further comment by supposing that you had gotten some-what lonesome while I have been gone so long. What an appreciative, not to say loving, set of patients you have! Every last one of them asked why you did not come; and when they learned of your illness, they must know all about your ailment; whether you were lying down or sitting up, and just when I thought that you would be able to come to see them. Well, I am happy to inform you that all of these dear patrons of yours are doing well—really well—when we consider the fact that their own doctor is incapacitated, and that they have only a student to look after them." And Bennett drew a chair near the fire, sat down, and looked mischievously upon Dunbarr.

"That is right, Bennett, sit with me awhile. I think that I was a little lonesome. And there is something about your presence that is more than

company. This something is not easily defined, but it partakes of the nature of a wholesome tonic. There is no doubt, my dear fellow, that your patients will be fond of you. The anticipation of your future affords me happiness. I have appreciated your worth since I first formed your acquaintance. Your every step has seemed to be 'forth and right on.' And when about two months ago you publicly yet humbly consecrated your life and all its powers to the service of the Savior of the world, my heart was moved with grateful joy, and I said, silently, 'Bennett, in this hour, has chosen for his brow the Conqueror's crown.' Our chosen calling, Bennett, has to do with matters that are very vital to mankind, and should be esteemed a sacred calling. One makes a sad mistake when he concludes that the addition of worldly wisdom to the knowledge obtainable from books and the schools comprises the physician's entire possible equipage. The Infinite Mind is the author of the human body, and understands this body in its entirety. This Infinite Mind consents to be the Counselor of the willing and obedient human mind, and has sent forth the following word to this ignorant world, 'If any of you lacketh wisdom, let him ask of God, who giveth to all liberally and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him.' The physician should be a prayerful man. Then the moral influence, possible with him, should lead him to hold his calling as sacred. The vital interests of the home are intrusted to the physician; and while he helps the body back to health, he may help the soul to a joyous submission to the claims of Christ."

"I love to hear you talk in that way," replied

Bennett. "Such views of it lift our profession out of the dead level of worldliness. And I am in sympathy with your convictions regarding our chosen work. Let me thank you for the frank expressions of your sanguine anticipation of my future. I hope that I shall never disappoint you. And let me give some expression of my regard for you now—not as a return of a compliment, but as an expression of a fact. I have watched you closely since our introduction, two years ago, and you have become, in the main, my ideal. Your conduct has influenced me. Had you not preceded me in a public profession of the religion of Christ and a frank espousal of his cause, it would have been far more difficult for me, and I might have delayed longer my choice of him, however just I might have felt his claims to be."

"Of course I was ignorant of this, and I thank you for telling me," said Dunbarr. "I was not aware that any one was influenced by my course."

After a moment, Dunbarr continued:" Next Sunday is communion-day with our Church, and at the preparatory meeting next Saturday afternoon, I am informed, a large number will present themselves for Church membership. Had you thought of uniting at this communion, Bennett?"

"I have given the matter some thought, but have not yet decided to unite," replied Bennett. "I have not esteemed that step as vitally necessary, and have not thought it important to embrace the first opportunity to unite. It will make no decided difference in my life or with my public religious service."

"I look at the matter a little differently," said Dunbarr. "I believe that the young Christian needs

all the help that he can secure. A public, sincere, and regularly-defined renunciation of the world of sin strengthens one in his religious position. Then, moreover, the Church of Christ is organized to exert a continually helpful prerogative; and it seems consistent that all who feel the need of spiritual help should promptly place themselves within the jurisdiction of this body."

There was a call at the office just as Bennett was replying, "I will give this matter a more careful consideration;" and soon, in response to the call, Bennett was driving with Dunbarr to the northern part of the city.

His arm was more painful when he returned, and in the afternoon he gave himself up to absolute quiet. This quietude was broken at about four o'clock by a visit from Thomas Wilson, who did not disguise his feelings of mingled pity and anxiety, occasioned by seeing the wound on Dunbarr's temple and his left arm in a sling.

"Me b'y, Willie, on the strate this noon, haerd soom mons shpakin' aboot yez, Dr. Dunbarr, an' Oi faer that what he thought he haerd is true. How cooms yer arrum in so bad a plight, an' how cooms that oogly wound on yer temple?"

"That is a matter that I do not care to talk much about, Wilson, but a short yet true answer is this: I was thrown out of my carriage last night and struck upon my left side, dislocating my arm and bruising my temple. It is a matter that none of my friends need to worry about. I, with the aid of Mr. Bennett, have been able to attend to all of my work to-day, and shall be better from this time on till

I am sound again. I can see that you are gaining strength, and I hope that it will not be many days before you can resume work at the factory."

"Yiz, Oi 'm much shtronger than Oi war, yet Oi am wake shtill. But wan oother wakeness is not so shtrong as it war. Oi kin git on widout shtrong dhrink aisier than Oi could. Oi have not been intoxicated fur manny 's the day."

"I can not tell you, Tom, how pleased I am that you are overcoming your appetite for liquor. But you must be very watchful; for it will be a long, long time before you are fully free from your evil habit. And when you begin to mingle with men that drink they will tempt you severely, and, if you yield, in a few hours you will find yourself utterly overpowered by your old enemy. This would pain deeply all of your friends, discourage yourself, and take all hope away from your family. Tom, it would be far better for you to remain sick for months than to be overcome again by the drink-habit. Do not think that you are strong, and become venturesome. Remember that you will ever be a weak man in the presence of intoxicating drinks, and never be tempted to enter the place where such drinks are sold. Please bear in mind that all of your true friends would be much grieved if you should drink again, and think of that One who, more than all human friends, is able and willing to help and save you."

"Oi do moind aboot him, an' Oi moind aboot her who shpoke to me of him, so koind loike, an' Oi moind aboot yez an' Oi would not pain any o' yez. Would yez moind if Oi 'd coom often to yer office an' talk wid yez?"

"Certainly not, Tom; come as often as you like. I repeat the request that I made of you several weeks ago: Promise that you will come and see me before you enter a saloon again; and, as soon as it will be safe to expose yourself to the night air, I wish you to visit the reading-room at the church where I attend, and to enjoy some of the music and entertainments which are given there."

"Oi am willin' to promise yez that what Oi would not promise yez once, an' wid all o' me powers Oi will try to keep it an' coom to yez afore Oi iver enter the s'loon ag'in. An' Oi would loike to coom to the rooms at the church, fur me Willie has shpoke to me of them. But Oi must go now, fur yez look toired an' wake loike. An' let me jist shpake this word to yez while Oi 'm goin': yez had bist to kape yer eye on the s'loon mons, fur they bode yez no good at all, at all."

Two or three short paragraphs which appeared in the evening paper annoyed Dunbarr. They referred to the facts with which he was unpleasantly associated on Monday night. The following will serve as an example:

"Late last evening, Liveryman Bartlett let a horse and carriage to a stranger, who, with a companion, drove west on Jackson Street out of the city. At nine o'clock last night, two strangers emerged from the darkness and boarded the western-bound train at Warden Junction. These two men are believed to be the ones who left the city at seven o'clock last night with Bartlett's livery; for, soon after the train departed, a policeman found Bartlett's horse tied on a back street, less than a block from the

junction depot. Some time between seven and ten last night, Dr. Dunbarr encountered an unpleasant experience, by virtue of which he appears to-day with a disfiguring wound upon his left temple, and with his left arm in a sling; and some are expressing a wonder if the fellows who still owe Bartlett a livery bill are not, in some way, connected with the misfortune of the doctor."

Wednesday forenoon, Dr. Burns called upon Dunbarr. He found him alone in his office, and their converse was personal and very fraternal. At the close of Dr. Burns's call, Dunbarr remarked:

"Dr. Burns, your call has been the very medicine I needed. I thank you for the wholesome cheer and faith-inspiring words that you have brought and imparted. I shall be happier and stronger because of this visit." And when Dr. Burns had gone out, Dunbarr thought, "His stalwart Christian manhood, and his unwavering faith in God and the right, put to shame my doubtings, and provoke within me a strong desire for Christian manliness."

At 1.30 on Saturday afternoon, Dunbarr asked Bennett to assist him with his overcoat, informing him that he was going to attend the preparatory meeting of the Church.

"I will accompany you, Dunbarr, if we may both be away from the office for so long a time."

"I shall be pleased to have you accompany me. I am forming the habit to close my office to attend the regular services of the Church. Somehow, I am beginning to enjoy leaving this notice on my office slate, 'Am at the church; will return after service,'" was Dunbarr's reply.

In this preparatory meeting, the First Church of Warden endeavored to take a comprehensive view of that portion of its history which had been written within the last two months. And there prevailed a spirit of humble gratitude; and there was profound adoration of Him who had not died in vain to save mankind. Never before, at any time during his ministry with this Church, had Dr. Burns seen so many, with religious intelligence and spiritual mindedness, seek a home within the fold of the Church. Among this number were Dunbarr and Bennett.

The public reception of members, after the sermon on the following Sunday morning, was an impressive service. After they and the Church had mutually entered into a solemn and loving covenant, Dr. Burns addressed to each new member—old and young, rich and poor, young men and young women—an appropriate text of Scripture, as he gave to them the right hand of fellowship. The communion service which followed had, to these new members and to the Church, a genuinely spiritual significance.

At the close of the morning service, Marian Mills remarked to Gertrude Bronson: "How noble Dr. Dunbarr and Mr. Bennett appear as they stand side by side, like true friends, and pledge their promising lives to the service of the Church! Let 's go, together, and personally welcome them and all these new members."

This they did. Afterward they conversed for a moment with Dunbarr and Bennett, and then, with them, went into the lecture-room for the opening exercises of the Sunday-school.

## CHAPTER XII

# "If I am Wrong"

"We grope as if we had no eyes; we stumble at noon-day as in the night."

"WHO were those two well-dressed, fine-looking young men, who stood together as they were received into the Church this morning?" asked Walter Milford of Mrs. Stevens, when they returned from the Sunday morning service.

"One was Robert Bennett, who studies medicine with Dr. Beach. The other is Harmon Dunbarr, a young doctor who has resided in our city for the last six years," was Mrs. Stevens's reply.

"Was it Dunbarr who carried his left arm in a sling?"

"Yes; his arm was injured by some means, last week. I remember that the papers made some mention of the matter."

"Well," remarked Milford, "it would cure me speedily, if I had a broken arm or a broken heart, to have Miss Bronson take my hand and look upon me with those soul-telling eyes of hers, as she looked upon Dunbarr. But he evidently failed to appreciate the fact that his fortune stood before him, and Miss Bronson was equally ignorant of the fact that her eyes were disclosing the deep secret of her heart."

"You are wrong in your judgment, Walter, con-

cerning the regard that Miss Bronson has for Dr. Dunbarr; and it is well that she does not esteem him as you judge she does. Her parents could never consent to a union of their only and accomplished daughter with this poor young doctor, of whose history we are ignorant."

"If it comforts you to think that my judgment is faulty, Mrs. Stevens, I certainly would not deprive you of that comfort; but," he added, half playfully, "you forget that I am a society man, and have often seen eyes speak truth that words are not permitted to convey. Others, presumably, would be comforted if they could believe that Miss Bronson had only a passing regard for the young doctor. Well, those two young men are intelligent and promising additions to your Church. But that can not be said of some of the others who united to-day; for it was apparent that some were not carefully educated, and do not train in the most refined society of your city, and are even poor. In my opinion, a Church having the dignity of the First Church of Warden should be more discreet in its choice of members. Yet this indiscriminate reception is the logical sequence of the teaching of your pulpit. So long as the pulpit teaches that we are all poor, wretched, lost sinners until we humbly accept the saving offices of Christ, who comes to all—rich and poor, high and low, refined and vulgar—with a common salvation, and that a common necessity and a common Savior establish a common brotherhood, just so long will the Church that accepts such teachings fail to make social and intellectual qualifications requisites for Church membership."

"I am conscious of the truth that you are uttering, Walter, and I am pained that my Church is so rapidly drifting toward the vulgar; and, as I said to you once before, I can see no practical remedy. But our Church seems prosperous. There never was such a general interest in all of our services, and the audiences are larger than they have ever been. Then, there is another feature of the matter that annoys me: there are not more than a dozen of all our members who are opposed to this new order of things; and these are no wiser, nor wealthier, nor more refined than are many who are heartily in sympathy with this present policy. And the young and brilliant portion of our membership, with possibly one or, at most, two exceptions, are enthusiastic in all this 'aggressive Church work,' as they are pleased to call it. I sometimes become personally serious over this matter and I ask myself, 'Emily Stevens, can it be possible that you can be wrong?' "

"And I perceive, Mrs. Stevens, that it is only a step farther and you will be asking, 'Can it be possible that Walter Milford is right and all of the intelligent young people of the First Church of Warden are wrong?' "

And these two looked each other fully in the eyes and thought thoughts which they did not speak, and then Mrs. Milford adroitly led them to a change of subject.

It had been arranged to hold, at the church, a reception in honor of the new members, on Tuesday night, from 8.30 to 9.30, after the usual Tuesday night service. Mrs. Stevens did not disguise her desire to attend this reception, and her guests ex-

pressed their willingness to accompany her. "Let us go early," urged Mrs. Milford, "and attend both the devotional meeting and the reception. I am curious to see how the Tuesday evening service of your Church is conducted."

"To attend, and to attend regularly, is the only way to ascertain just how this service is led," answered Mrs. Stevens; "for it is conducted no two consecutive nights after the same form. Sometimes it is principally a praise service. Sometimes Dr. Burns gives an address, taking a considerable portion of the hour; sometimes the time is nearly all taken in prayer; sometimes one of the deacons or one of the older members of the Church leads the meeting; and sometimes the Christian Endeavor Society has charge of the service. So, one hardly knows what sort of a service to expect. Yet each evening the service moves forward with precision."

As they came upon the street from Mrs. Stevens's home they met Marian Mills, unaccompanied. Miss Mills explained that she had hoped to have the company of her near neighbor, Mrs. Burton, but that that lady was unavoidably detained at her home. "So," said Marian, cheerily, "I started out alone, hoping to soon find good company; and how soon my hope is realized!"

The three greeted her cordially, expressing glad willingness to chaperon her; and Walter remarked: "Mother and Mrs. Stevens are so exclusively companionable, I will, with your permission, Miss Mills, walk with you.

"Certainly, Mr. Milford. Are you becoming considerably acquainted in our city?"

"I feel that I know your city fairly well, but I have formed the acquaintance of comparatively few of its citizens. I have found a few congenial spirits down-town, and I have met a number of the young people of your Church and society since the kind reception which they gave me. But I confess that I have not gone into society so promptly as I usually do when visiting strange cities."

"I trust that our young people have not lacked in cordiality; yet it may be that we have. We are such a preoccupied set."

"No; the young people of your Church do not lack in genuine heartiness; yet, as you say, they are preoccupied. Young people usually are. But the strange part about the case is, that that which has taken possession of the time, and has engaged the interested attention of your society, has no absorbing charms for me. It would not be so remarkable if a lower grade of young people should be contented with matters of religion; but I am compelled to recognize the talent, the culture, the brilliancy, and the practical ability of the young people of your set. And that such young people should be happy and satisfied with matters of religion, is beyond my comprehension."

"Pardon me, Mr. Milford, but you compel me to believe that the religion of Christ contains charms to which you are an utter stranger."

"Really, Miss Mills, it is humiliating to know that I have compelled you to believe me to be so decidedly the intellectual and social inferior of the young people of your Church and society."

"Again I ask your pardon, Mr. Milford. Herein lies your error: this religious fruition—this important and practical knowledge that the religion of Christ can satisfy human life, young as well as old—is not obtained by virtue of superior intellectual capacity nor by merit of high social standing. If it were so, and only so, to be obtained, how very many would be deprived of it!"

"To designate his error, Miss Mills, is frequently to initiate an effort to guide one aright. Here we are at the church. Will you sit with us?"

The lecture-room was so well filled that the four could not sit together, and so Milford and Miss Mills were seated back of his mother and Mrs. Stevens. At the opening of the service, several hymns were sung, after which Dr. Burns said: "This hour of devotion will be far too short, even if every second of it shall be wisely used by us. In the singing of these beautiful hymns we all have had the privilege of looking out toward the Master. Already his inspiring presence is with us. We have been very happy together in this dear room many times of late. To-night we have great cause for thankful joy because to our former loyal number has come a hope-inspiring re-enforcement. These will be in our thought as we seek anew the Master's blessing. But there are others, many others, in our city, who need the saving knowledge of our Master. These will be in our thought also as we pray. We will now, please, have a season of silent prayer, in which let every one engage. At the close of this season I will pray."

The book of God, alone, can bear the record of

such earnest, silent prayers; but, as an immediate result, the Church thus engaged may be exalted to the high realm of pure and united worship. Dr. Burns's prayer was short, but it seemed that his sensitive soul bore the impress of the strong desire of his people, and his petition was a summary of their unuttered prayers; to which was added the deep longing of his own quickened and devout spirit. Then followed hymns and many prayers and Scripture verses, expressive of hope or desire or present religious experience, or of unwavering faith in God, and many testimonies, indicative of happy and hopeful Christian living; and then the hour had passed, and all too soon.

The reception which followed partook of the nature of a home-gathering, so natural and real was it. The cordiality was general. The new members were impelled to feel that this was their home, and that these were their fathers and mothers, and brothers and sisters. Walter Milford and his mother permitted themselves to be presented to all whom they had not met, and the young man allowed himself to be influenced by the social good-cheer which prevailed. Dr. Burns shook his hand warmly, and was glad to see that he was feeling at home among the young people of Warden, and hoped that his sojourn in the city was both profitable and pleasant. Gertrude Bronson met him pleasantly, and, as she happened to be standing by Dr. Dunbarr, introduced the two. The meeting of these young men was mutually agreeable, if one could judge by the expression of their countenances while they conversed together. His mother chanced to come near them,

and Milford took the occasion to introduce Dunbarr, who addressed her with such a gentlemanly bearing as quite to win that lady's admiration.

At the close of the reception, Milford said to Miss Mills: "Circumstances plainly placed you within our care to-night, and gave us the pleasure of your company to this service; and like circumstances indicate that we should esteem it our duty and privilege to accompany you safely to your home."

"I shall object to your doing so from a sense of duty, Mr. Milford; for there are friends from my neighborhood present whose company I may share; but if the matter addresses you in the form of a privilege, I shall be returning your kindness and affording myself a pleasure by continuing in your company."

Milford winced slightly, but replied with a smile: "We are agreed on the ground of mutual pleasure. We will permit those inseparable 'friends from childhood' to precede us, and thus, in the best sense, we may be their shadows."

Marian took his arm, and they followed his mother and Mrs. Stevens from the lecture-room to the street. These two matrons had overheard the conversation of the young people in which reference was had to the ground of mutual pleasure, and they tripped on before, happy to be shadowed by such an interesting couple.

"Were the devotional meeting and the reception pleasant to you, Mr. Milford?" asked Marian.

"Yes; quite so. While I was not a participant of the devotional spirit which seemed to be so prevalent, yet it was interesting to notice the unfeigned

pleasure of that large company of worshipers. To me it was a spectacle clothed with mystery—a thing quite unusual with the modern, intelligent Church. The reception was hearty, and, while it lacked the formal finish of receptions common in the most select society, it evidently answered the end which was intended—the cordial welcome of the new members, a warm-hearted introduction of them to a most homelike church home. What will your Church do now, Miss Mills? Continue this sort of thing until it becomes a monotonous routine?"

"Mr. Milford, even you would not advise the discontinuance of such services; now would you? And, certainly, none of us wish our religion to lapse into a dull routine. Besides, there is yet so very much before us which will take our spare time and engage our talents, and awaken within us new interests, and bring to us new pleasures. Why, the opportunities of our Church are simply joyous to anticipate! Dr. Burns spoke to me to-night of a new enterprise which is anticipated for the first of May—the opening of a branch Sunday-school in the eastern part of the city, near the corner of Genesee Avenue and East Cedar Street. He said that one of our members has an annual income, a part of which he wishes to invest in such an undertaking, and that the amount offered was sufficient to rent and fit a suitable building, and to furnish supplies for the school. So, you see, our Church is quite certain soon to have the privilege to furnish this new school with officers and teachers and workers. And we anticipate other new undertakings, but I will not weary you with an account of them now."

"Miss Mills, as we were entering the church, some two hours ago, you suggested that I am ignorant of some important facts related to the religion of Christ, and I am half persuaded that you are correct in that opinion of me. At any rate, the young people of Warden and myself are so unlike in our tastes and in our religious practices that this difference separates us as a great gulf. Have you a plain word of explanation?"

"I prefer to speak generally, Mr. Milford, without any attempt at application. If this course will be permissible, I will proceed."

"You may proceed thus, and I will find my lesson."

"If your lesson is couched in what I may say, I certainly will not object to your finding it; but I insist that I am to speak generally, and not with the implied object of teaching you your lesson. Christ is not a spent theory, but he is a vital fact. He is not a dead character of ancient history, but he is a living personality in the present age. Christianity is not a belief and a profession merely, but it is an abounding, aggressive life, proceeding from the Prince of life, who takes possession of the throne of our being by virtue of our full and free choice. And when the throne of our being is surrendered willingly and glady to the living Christ, it follows that our life abounds in peace and gladness and cheerful good works, as naturally as day follows night. But this is my home, Mr. Milford. I would invite you in were it not now late. I thank you for accompanying me. If I have wearied you by reciting some of my catechism, the teachings of which are

so beautifully true, you will remember that you persuaded me to do so."

"I have enjoyed being your escort, Miss Mills, as also I have your pert little theological lecture. That we do not agree in doctrine need not prevent our friendship. I had not appreciated the fact that I am sojourning nearly within your neighborhood. I wish that we may embrace the prerogative of neighbors, and meet frequently."

"Thank you, Mr. Milford; I will be pleased to have you call upon me at my home."

When he was seated within the pleasant home of Mrs. Stevens, Milford remarked:

"Well, rather a pleasant evening, after all; but so unusual."

"Your mother, just a moment ago, remarked similarly," returned Mrs. Stevens.

"Yes; and I was just telling Emily that I was agreeably impressed with the personal bearing of that young doctor whom you introduced to me. He seemed refined and well-informed."

"He impressed me favorably also. He seems to possess a deep nature and a naturally reserved force. He is a man, the like of which can not be fully estimated at one meeting. And yet he, too, is evidently in full accord with this keen religious activity of your Church, Mrs. Stevens."

"Religious fanaticism I am forced to call it! I am led to use the word which you and your mother have just made use of, 'unusual!' So 'unusual' indeed! Why, there were people in that service and reception to-night who, six months ago, would not have been noticed, much less welcomed there. Of

course, I must be sociable and act cordially to all; for not to have done so would have been to become embarrassingly conspicuous. But, I tell you, this order of things is becoming intolerable;" and she clinched her hands in her lap, leaned forward in her chair, and looked sharply into the open fire.

"I am about to say tut! tut!" returned Milford, laughing. "It may become necessary to call in Miss Mills that she may give you, Mrs. Stevens, one of her smart little lectures of a reconciliatory nature. However, I presume that a good night's rest will serve to quiet our troubled spirits, and make us all very amiable;" and he kissed his mother and extended a good-night hand to Mrs. Stevens, which she took, smiled feebly, and then said:

"Good-night, Walter; but more than a smart little lecture from Miss Mills, or a night of rest, will be required to reconcile me." And in this she was correct.

The two women sat in silence a few minutes, and then Mrs. Stevens addressed her friend: "Flora, this matter of religion and of my Church exercises me extremely. At first I thought it would be only a gush, lasting but a few weeks. Later, we felt that we ought to introduce a counter-element of influence. This I suggested to you when I wrote for Walter to come among us. At the present, we are forced to remark that this new order of things is gathering force each week, and is enlisting members each month. The movement is progressing with system. Their plans are forming skillfully, and their schemes are far-reaching. Yet I am farther than ever from being reconciled. As I said to Walter

last Sunday afternoon, it is becoming a matter seriously personal with me; and I ask myself, Can it be possible that I am wrong? And then there follows a thought which is more agitating still, although it is purely hypothetical, and is couched in four simple words, 'If I am wrong.' Flora, you can anticipate my dilemma, should this 'if' be disposed of affirmatively. You know my antecedents. We are a strong-minded family, and the last thing we do is to yield a point which we have taken. Our natures prompt us to die rather than to surrender."

"But suppose that 'if' should be disposed of negatively?" suggested Mrs. Milford.

"My own mind does, or may, dispose of it thus; but this does not materially alter the situation. The same condition of things is still on; myself and a half dozen others, more or less, are, and will be, compelled to brook the exasperating eccentricities of a fanatically enthusiastic Church. No matter which side of it we look upon, it is a dark prospect, is it not?"

Mrs. Milford went to Mrs. Stevens's side and laid her hand caressingly upon the head of her friend as she said: "Emily, it is quite late, and you are weary. As Walter suggested, sleep will do you good. I think I 'll take you home with me when I return. You need a change, and you shall have it. The strict conformity of my dear Church to the well-established and time-honored ways will be refreshing to you; and all of your old-time religious pleasure will return." And the good-night embrace of these two matrons was a portrayal of the simple fondness of two school-girls of forty years ago, when the stream

was yet near by the fountain, when life's destinies were not yet fixed.

At about seven o'clock on Friday night, Willie Wilson came hurriedly into Dr. Dunbarr's office, approached the doctor's side, and said, in an undertone:

"Will you please come with me to help me father?"

"Is he worse again?" asked Dunbarr.

'He is not sick again," answered the boy, as he looked down toward the floor; "but—but—we need you to help us ag'in."

"I will help you, my boy," said Dunbarr, as he placed his hand on Willie's shoulder; "but tell me a little about it first, and it will help us to form our plans. Where is your father?"

"He is in Bill Graves's saloon, and he can not walk. I found him there jist a little bit ago. When I went home at six o'clock, mother told me that he had been gone since two o'clock, an' she could n't find him and could n't tell where he had gone. I went back an' jist peeped into some saloons, an' there I seen him settin' in a corner on the floor in Bill Graves's saloon. Jist then Mike Patterson come out, an' I asked him to tell father to come, an' Mike said he could not come 'cause he could not walk. I told mother, an' she said come tell you."

"Willie, you go home and tell your mother that I want her to go with me to get your father, and that I will be there in about twenty minutes after her."

The boy hastened out of the office, and Dunbarr turned to Bennett and said: "Will you please go

to Bartlett's and tell him to send me immediately a two-seated, closed carriage, with a driver to accompany it?" And Bennett bowed and left the office without remark.

The carriage was obtained promptly, and soon stood at Dunbarr's door. Bennett, who had ridden back, held the door of the vehicle open for Dunbarr, and said to him as he was about to enter, "I would be glad to accompany you, Doctor, if I could render any assistance."

"Thank you, Robert; I think that we shall not need you," replied Dunbarr, as he smiled faintly. Then turning to the driver, who knew the city well, he said to him: "Drive first to the home of Thomas Wilson, and then back over town to the saloon of Bill Graves; and please drive briskly." And as Bennett went slowly back into the office he said: "That 's Harmon Dunbarr! 'Take me to see some one whom I can help, and take me there briskly.' And no matter who that 'some one' is—whether an officer of state worth his thousands, or a drunken Irishman who is not worth the board shanty that he lives in—Dunbarr is at his service."

## CHAPTER XIII

# "Into the Pit Anoother Toime"

"They also that seek after my life lay snares for me."

WHEN the driver drew reins before Thomas Wilson's shabby home, Mrs. Wilson stood in the open door. She had arrayed herself in a red-and-white hood and a thin plaid shawl, and was ready for the rescue of her husband. But she had not anticipated a carriage-ride, and she was reluctant toward entering the vehicle. Dunbarr stepped out and assured her by saying: "Step right in here, Mrs. Wilson. I thought the carriage would be a convenient means in bringing your husband home."

"Can me Willie go along wid me, plaise sir? Fur it is soom dark already."

"Certainly, if you like. We, probably, shall not be gone very long, and the children can stay alone in safety."

"Yis, they 'll take no harrum. Coom on, Willie." And soon they were moving rapidly towards the saloon of Bill Graves.

The driver, in compliance with Dunbarr's request, stopped the carriage a few feet east of the entrance of the saloon, and their arrival was not observed.

"You will go in with us, please, Mrs. Wilson. Your husband will heed your words, and the more willingly come with us."

"Oi 'd much the rither not go in there, Dr. Dunbarr; but if ye think Oi should, Oi will."

"Yes, Mrs. Wilson, I think it quite important that you should go into the saloon and help to get your husband out. I will see that you are protected."

"Oi 'll go then, sure." And they stepped quickly to the door and entered so promptly that they were not observed till they were near the center of the room. Here they hesitated but a moment, when Dunbarr pointed to the southwest corner of the room and said in a clear voice: "Mrs. Wilson, there is your husband." But she had caught sight of Tom nearly as soon as had Dunbarr, and soon was bending over him in an effort to arouse him. Dunbarr went deliberately to the bar that he might place his pocket tablet upon it, and with his pencil quickly took the names of all present, whom he knew, beginning with Bill Graves and his burly bartender. Then he went to Mrs. Wilson, who was saying: "Wake oop, Tom, an' coom wid me. Do n't ye haer me, Tom? Coom now, quick."

Seeing Tom's deep stupor, and rallying somewhat from his mortification, Bill Graves said: "Let him alone, mom; I 'll take keer of him and git him home in good shape."

"Ye 'll do nothin' ov the koind! Ye 've had far too much to do wid him already! He 's me own poor mon, an' it 's mesilf that 'll be carin' fur him now. It 's no fault ov his 'n that he coom in haer; fur he was bound that he 'd try not to coom. It 's soom mane dade ye 've brought onto him. An' Oi 'm coomin' to a shtate where Oi kin nigh aboot tear the eyes oot ov yer head."

This furnished fun for the drunken, stupid loungers in the saloon, and they laughed and clapped their hands; but Graves grew serious. Dunbarr had stepped to the door in the hope of seeing a policeman; and, fortunately, was promptly gratified; for it happened that Bently was just then passing, on his return from the police station, where he had been engaged for the last hour. Dunbarr requested him to assist in getting Wilson out of the saloon and into the carriage. When Bently entered the saloon, it soon became quiet; and when he and Dunbarr began to lift Tom from the floor by sheer force, Mike Patterson stepped out of the rabble, and said:

"Dr. Dunbarr, ye have but one arrum to lift wid, an' Oi am one ov Tom's bist friends, an' Oi 'll aid ye to git him home wid pleasure, sure. It 's no place fur the loikes ov him to be in. It is bether far fur him to be home now."

Dunbarr frowned upon Mike, but only said: "We do not need your aid, sir; thank you."

"Do you need my assistance farther?" asked Bently, when Wilson had been rolled into the carriage and lifted upon the seat, where his wife and son supported him.

"No, I think not, thank you; we can do the rest. But the carriage will soon be driven back to your part of the city, and if you wish to go immediately to your round, your quickest and most comfortable way to get there is to ride with us. Then your presence will give official dignity to our company."

The carriage rumbled rapidly back to Wilson's home, and Bently aided in getting Tom into the house.

"You may drive where Policeman Bently may direct, and then go back to the barn. I will remain with Wilson for a time, and then walk to my office," were Dunbarr's words to the driver.

When Dunbarr was alone with the family he said to Mrs. Wilson: "There is but little that we can do for your husband just now, more than to aid nature somewhat in her effort to be rid of this despicable stuff that he has taken. It will not trouble you much to care for him through the night; but he may try to get away from you and go over town in the morning. If he does, give him some strong coffee to drink; and if you can not persuade him that he had best stay at home, give him one of these powders. The powder will make him sick. I will see him some time to-morrow forenoon. When he arouses, do not censure him for drinking. I am quite inclined to believe that he was tricked into taking liquor. I have a plan formed, and you, Mrs. Wilson, will have a part to perform in it. I will disclose my plan to-morrow when I come." Then turning to the boy, as he sat with downcast eyes and bowed head, he said: "Do not give up in despair, Willie; it sometimes takes a long while to fight a great battle. We will stand by you, and will not cease our efforts for your father. You have worked hard to-day, and must not worry so you can not rest to-night. Remember, my boy"—placing his hand on the child's head—"that it is often very dark just before day dawns. Go to your work to-morrow as if nothing had happened. We will look after your father and after this case, generally."

Willie made no reply, but his mother said: "We 've all kept hope aisy for a good number ov

wakes past; an' Tom had hope too, an' Oi disbelave that he willed to do it; but Oi fall to thinkin' that he got a smack ov it afore he sinsed it. An' it would n't be pace to the mon that led him to it, should Oi put me hand to him. 'T was bad to lade him to it whin he did n't try; but 't was an orful sin to tempt him whin he did try."

Bennett took Dunbarr's overcoat when he returned, and said as he did so: "How is your patient, Doctor? Will you turn him over to me now?"

"I would gladly give him over to you or to any other good man, if I could know that a perfect recovery would be effected. But it is a case with many serious complications."

"Tell me of them, please; you must not forget that I am a student."

"The diagnosis is briefly this: Appetite for rum. And this appetite has so often been indulged that it has almost absolute control over the poor man who has it. The complications may be concisely stated as follows: Rum. People to sell it for the cash profits that there are in such a traffic. And people to tempt men to buy it and drink it. Simply enough stated, you perceive; but it, with its dastardly complications, is the great malady of mankind."

It was about ten o'clock on the day following when Dunbar called upon Wilson. He was lying on the lounge when the doctor entered, and did not arise to greet him. Dunbarr was not disconcerted by Tom's reticence, but asked in a kindly tone of voice, "How are you this morning, Mr. Wilson?"

"Oi am not sick, but shtill Oi fale bad."

"Where is it that you feel bad?"

"Oi am wake an' shakey loike; but Oi fale the woors in me moind."

"Why do ye feel so bad in your mind? Tell me about it, Tom."

"Me hope is gone intoirely. Oi war proud an' filt hope fur a moonth, nigh aboot; an' Oi said, 'Tom Wilson is a bracin' oop, an' will be a shtrong mon ag'in afore long.' An' now tor-day Oi 'm sayin', 'Poor Tom Wilson! Where are yez coom at?' An' Oi moind to me shame that Oi 've bhroke me word to yez; fur Oi promised yez that Oi 'd coom an' sae yez afore iver Oi 'd enter a s'loon ag'in. An' now Oi 'm sayin' to mesilf, 'Tom Wilson, ye 've bhroke yer word to yer bist friend, the good mon, Dr. Dunbarr! Shame to yez, Tom Wilson, that yez could n't kape yer word to the loikes o' him!'" And Tom sobbed and covered his face with his hands.

"I have more faith in you than you may think," said Dunbarr. "I believe that you did try to keep your word; and that you fell because you were severely tempted. Will you sit up and please tell me all about it, Tom?"

"Oi will, sure, tell to yez all Oi know aboot it, if yez loike."

"Yes, I wish to know all about the affair, and shall listen with great interest while you relate the facts. I came here this morning to learn about the matter."

"Well, then, Oi 'll tell it to yez, sure. Aboot two o'clock, yisterday afthernoon, Oi sez to me woif, 'Oi 'll walk oot a bit.' An' she sez, 'An' where will yez be fur goin', Tom?' An' Oi sez, 'O, nowhere

at all; Oi 'll jist walk a bit.' An' she sez, 'Do n't be gone long, Tom, fur the aist wind blows shtrong an' cold.' An' Oi sez, 'No; Oi 'll not be fur stayin' long.' But when Oi war afore the shoe-shop o' me friend, Moike Patterson, Oi felt a little wake in me legs, an' Oi sez to mesilf, 'Oi 'll turn in an' set a bit wid Moike.' Moike war roight plaised to sae me, an' we had a foine chat aboot auld Ireland. We both moind much aboot the dear auld Mootherland. Moike set on his bench, an' Oi set on the chair an' watched him whilst he worruked. Whin a roight bit o' time had passed, Oi sez, 'Now Oi 'll go, Moike.' Then he sez, 'Wait a bit, Tom. Oi must give yez a warrum dhrink afore yez go oot; fur the aist wind blows cold and damp; an' sich winds in March are moighty bad on a mon that has but jist got aboot afther a fit o' the pneumonia. Yez nade niver faer, Tom,' sez Moike, 'fur Oi 'll jist give to yez some hot water, swatened wid a taespoonful o' the essence o' ginger put into it. That makes a foine dhrink fur a sick mon, Tom, whin he 's aboot to face a raw aist wind. An' it 's roigt good fur a well mon, too, at sich toimes.' 'Now, Moike,' sez Oi, 'tell me sure, is it only the sugar an the essence o' ginger that ye 're puttin' into the hot water?' An' he sez: 'Sure, mon. Oi would niver dissave a friend.' An' Oi think that Moike war fair to me; fur that dhrink we had together jist only warrumed us oop a bit an' made us fale chirk loike. But jist then Tim McFadden shtepped in an' sez, 'B'ys, what 's that ye 're dhrinkin'?' Moike sez, 'Jist only a warrum, soft dhrink, Tim. Will yez take a sip wid us?' An' Tim sez, 'Oi do n't moind if Oi do try it.' Tim sipped his

a bit, an' then sez he, ' 'T is good, b'ys; but Oi have soomthin' in me pocket that 'll make it much bether, if yez add a few draps.' Then Tim took a bottle from his pocket, an' turned in soom draps into the dhrink he was sippin' an' smacked his lips an' sez, 'That 's foine, b'ys; that 's jist what Moike's dhrink lacks to make it jist roight.' 'Is that so?' sez Moike. 'Then Tim, if yez do n't moind, Oi 'll try a drap or two.' And then Moike smacked his lips an' sez he, 'Indade, 't was the very wan thing that me own dhrink lacked.' Then sez Tim, 'Now, Tom, yez try a drap or two in wid yer dhrink, an' sae fur yersilf jist how much it adds.' An' he turned in a roight few draps. An' sure, Docthor, it was the bist dhrink Oi 'd had fur manny's the wake. Then we all sez, 'We 'll have our coops all filled ag'in, an' take a few draps more from Tim's bottle into it. This toime Tim let fall manny more draps than afore. Then, we sez, 'Jist wance more, we would take a coop of Moike's warrum dhrink, afore we went oot into the aist wind what was blowin' harder now. An' Tim sez, 'Yez an' me ain't sick, Moike; we 'll let Tom, poor mon, have mooch o' me bottle.' An' he impted it all into me coop. Then Oi set a bit to chat wid the b'ys, an' then sez Oi, 'Oi could go home well, now, an' take no harrum at all from the aist wind, if Oi had jist wan more dhrink o' Moike's tae wid a few draps from yer bottle, Tim.' An' so Tim sez, 'Tom, me bottle is impty; but me friend Graves, across the way, kin fix oop a warrum dhrink fur yez, Tom, mooch bither as kin Moike here. 'T is jist excellent, Tom.' Then sez Oi, 'Would yez moind to shtep over, Tim, an' git me a small coop afore Oi 'm goin' home?' 'No,' sez Tim,

'but me friend Graves niver loikes to send tae oot, an' then, Tom, it would n't be the rich, warrum tae that it is, ag'in' ye 've took it oot onto the strate into the cold aist wind. Sure, Tom,' sez he, 'jist shtep over wid me, an' we 'll git the tae soon, an' then yez kin be fur goin' home.' Then, sez Oi, 'Oi 'd the rither not go over to the s'loon wid yez, Tim, but Oi nade the tae mooch, an' it 's the only way Oi kin git it; an' so Oi thinks Oi 'll go wid yez; an' yez moind that Oi take but wan coop o' the tae.' Bill Graves samed glad to sae me, an' he sez, 'Sure, Tom, the poor, sick mon shall have the bist coop o' tae Oi kin git oop; an' it shall cost him no money at all.' An', Docthor, he fixed me oop the bist coop Oi 'd had in mannys the long and warry wake. Oi 'd give mooch fur anoother loike it jist now; so foine wor it that me mouth an' throat longs fur it jist at this present toime. Oi felt aisier afther Oi took o' Bill's tae; an' Oi keered not what Oi done. The b'ys wor glad to sae me, an' wor so glad to have me dhrink wid 'm ag'in. Sez they, 'Tom, yez oor auld friend coom back ag'in.' An' Oi felt such a paice, loike, that Oi went to slape wid the b'ys. An' when Oi wor roight sure Oi had waked oop, Oi wor home here wid me family."

"I thought that it all came about in some such a way as you have related," said Dunbarr; "and do you see clearly that it was a trick of the saloon to get you drunk again? Tim McFadden works about Graves's saloon, and, I have but little doubt, was sent over to get some liquor mixed with the warm drink you and Mike were taking. When once again you had the taste of liquor, you were an easy prey

of the saloon. You are very sure that you drank liquor with some of the men at the saloon, after Graves had given you the warm drink, are you, Tom?"

"Yis, Oi 'm roight sure o' that. The b'ys thrated me all round. And at the last sez Oi, 'B'ys, Tom Wilson will kape aven wid yez; an' now Oi 'm to thrate yez in turn.' Oi thrated so manny 's Oi 'd the mooney to buy it wid. Oi 'd soom less than a dollar wid me. Me b'y Willie put it into me hand, toother day, an' sez he, 'Hare 's a little mooney that yez Willie arned and gives it to yez.' So Oi 'm roight sure aboot the dhrinkin'."

"I am glad that you know what you did, and can tell all about where you got the liquor. I am determined to turn this knowledge of yours into practical account. How do you feel toward those men who led you to taste liquor, and then, at the saloon, gave to you and sold to you enough to make you dead drunk?"

"O, whilst Oi think they wor me friends, yit they wor not koind to me."

"Tom Wilson, those men are not your friends! From this time forth you must count them your enemies. You must count everybody your enemy who would encourage you to take even a drop of liquor."

Then, turning to Mrs. Wilson, Dunbarr said: "Mrs. Wilson, I told you yesterday that I had a plan, and that you had a part in that plan. My plan is to arrest Bill Graves for selling liquor to an habitual drunkard. Your part is to make the complaint and secure a warrant for his arrest."

"Why, Dr. Dunbarr, Oi kint do that part at all, at all! Oi do n't know how to do that part, an' Oi am afeered to do it!"

"I know how, and will tell you everything that will be required for you to do. And I am not afraid, and you need n't be."

"But ye kin go on wid yer plan widoot me, Docthor. Jist go roight on, an' niver moind me part ov the plan."

"Mrs. Wilson, do you want your husband saved from a life of shame and from a drunkard's grave?"

"Yis, sure Oi do; do n't Oi, Tom?"

"Well, I must tell you plainly that you certainly are not very anxious to save your husband from an awful future, if you are not willing to do the little that I ask of you and will help you to do. And if you will not do all that you reasonably can, how can you expect me and others to continue to put forth efforts to save your husband?"

"Dr. Dunbarr, Oi am anxious to save me poor mon. An' Oi will do as ye sez, if ye 'll stand nigh to me aid."

"You may depend upon me for aid, and also there is quite a large number of good men and women of our city who will help us in the prosecution of this case. Our first step will be to go to the office of Justice Eliott, there to make complaint against Bill Graves. Will you meet me there at one-thirty this afternoon, Mrs. Wilson?"

"An' will ye be there, sure, Docthor? If ye will, Oi 'll mate ye there; but Oi 'd the rither not."

"I will surely be there at that time, and will be looking for you; so you must not disappoint me.

You know I never disappointed you nor your family, Mrs. Wilson."

"But, Docthor, if me wife complains ag'in Bill Graves, he 'll saice to be me friend longer, Oi 'm faerin'. An' he 'll then be me enemy an' the enemy o' me family. An Bill would be a bad enemy, sure."

"Wilson, he is your enemy now, and is doing worse by you than he would should he burn your home. I tell you to count him your enemy, already, and have no fears of his hatred."

On the way to his office, Dr. Dunbarr called upon Justice Eliott and requested him to be in at one o'clock sharp, stating that he would then present an important matter of business.

When Mrs. Wilson arrived at Justice Eliott's office at one-thirty, Dunbarr had fully stated his plan to Eliott, and nearly all of the preliminary writing had been done, so that she soon secured a warrant for the arrest of saloonist Graves, charging him with selling intoxicating drink to her husband, Thomas Wilson, an habitual drunkard. Dunbarr advised that the warrant be not served until the following Monday, and that the examination be held on the following Tuesday, at ten o'clock A. M. "And in the meantime, advised Mr. Eliott, "let nothing be said about the matter. You and your husband can talk of it, but let none of your neighbors know anything of it."

On Monday when the summons was served, Graves seemed but little disconcerted; and, after some slight objections, consented that the time for his examination be fixed for ten A. M. Tuesday.

Monday night was the time for the regular monthly meeting of the Anti-saloon League of the

First Church of Warden. This League had invited the two other Church Leagues of the city to meet with them in their regular session this month, and these Leagues were well represented. Among other topics discussed by the League was the arrest of Bill Graves, on the complaint of Mrs. Wilson, for selling liquor to her husband. Dunbarr, as chairman of the Law-enforcement Department, made a statement of this case, and earnestly urged that the League aid the prosecution in every way possible. "Mrs. Wilson," said he, "is timid, and was very reluctant to begin the prosecution. She and her husband fear the saloon element. I pledged her my unwavering support, and told her that many other of the temperance people of Warden would come to her aid; meaning, especially, the people of the Anti-saloon Leagues. I was positive in the thought of your support, feeling assured by what I have seen of you in your short history. Here is another opportunity to show our colors and to make our influence felt. I ask that we may be present in large numbers at the examination to-morrow. And I would suggest that, when opportunity is afforded, we take Wilson and his wife by the hand, and tell them that we are their friends, and that we are there to encourage and support them."

Dr. Burns then addressed the League, and, in the course of his remarks, said: "I wish, if I can, to emphasize the importance of rallying to the aid of the Wilson family. Dr. Dunbarr made me aware of the condition of affairs with them, and I called there this afternoon. My call was opportune. Mike Patterson and Bill Graves were in the house when I was ad-

mitted. They immediately ceased their impassioned conversation when I entered, and soon they took their leave. It was several minutes before I could lead the family to converse freely with me, and, when I did, the mission of those two men became apparent, and it was simply this: to induce Mrs. Wilson to withdraw the suit against the saloonist, Graves. They promised, offered bribes, and threatened until Mrs. Wilson was nearly at the point to succumb. Wilson, it seems, has not been very favorable towards the enterprise from the first. He says that he is likely to lose many of his best friends, that these will become his enemies, and will never favor him again. His thirst for liquor is the father of his fear of lost favor, I presume; for he is aware that it will not be so easy for him to secure his drinks after Bill Graves is convicted. I endeavored to lead him to see what a terrible thing the drink habit is, and how wicked it is to indulge that habit. Said I: 'Mr. Wilson, it is a horrible pit of death—death which may be eternal—into which you have fallen, and from which all of your true friends are trying to rescue you.' 'Yis,' said he, with evident emotion, 'an' now Oi 've jist fallen into the pit anoother toime!' I spoke of hope, but tried to show him that his only hope lay in his sobriety. I tried to show them the importance of carrying this suit through to a successful issue. After I had prayed with them, I took Mrs. Wilson by the hand and said, 'If you wish to save your own husband and to help to save husbands of other women in our city, you must be fearless in the prosecution of this case.' She seemed determined to secure the conviction of Graves; yet, for the double

purpose of strengthening her and preventing another visit there from Graves or his friends, I asked two of the Loyal Daughters to go there this evening and make a long call upon the family. Another matter I wish to mention before I sit down," said Dr. Burns. "On the first Monday of next month will occur the annual election of our city officers. From now until the election occurs, the Legislative Department of our League should be very active. The prosperity of the cause of temperance in our city for the coming year will depend quite largely upon the character of the men who shall be chosen for municipal officers. We must be bound by no party affiliations in a matter like this. We want men of ability and integrity to whom we may intrust our temperance interests. Such men must be placed in nomination, and must be elected. I also advise that the Agitation Department of our League embrace this time to increase its activities. Let our pulpits abound in practical temperance teaching. Let the instructors in our schools be more than usually active in teaching temperance and in augmenting practical temperance sentiment. Let the editors of our city papers agitate the matter by means of wisely-chosen statistics and by spirited editorials."

At the close of the League meeting two men walked promptly out of the well-filled lecture-room and down one of the more dimly-lighted streets of the city. They were Tim McFadden and his friend. They had come into the League meeting late, and had sat in the back part of the room, where they had been noticed but by a very few. The impressions that these two had received from the meeting may

be known in part by a remark that Tim made to his friend, and by that friend's reply:

"It 's a wide-awake coompany that they are, sure. An' they are shmart, an' manny ov them talk well. An' they mane death to the s'loon. An' we nade to be watchin' oot fur them. An' Oi think we will."

"An' it 's roight that ye are in all that ye 're sayin', Tim."

## CHAPTER XIV

# "Oi 'm Comin' Back Ag'in"

"But when he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and had compassion."

IT would be more difficult to describe than to imagine Thomas Wilson's perplexing surprise when, at nine o'clock Tuesday morning, an officer came to subpœna him as a witness for the prosecution in the case of the People against Bill Graves. He thought that the matter could be settled "widoot mixin' mesilf oop into it." He urged a lack of health, saying, "Oi 'm too wake to go so fur an' to shtand the tax that 'll be onto me moind." He pleaded ignorance, declaring that he did not know all that took place at the saloon—"not aven whin me wife an' soom oothers coom fur me an' took me home." He quaked with excitement and fear when the officer informed him that none of his excuses would avail, but that a carriage would be at his door at ten o'clock to take himself and wife to the office of Justice Eliott. "It 's bad, indade, to trick a mon into a s'loon an' lade him into dhrinkin', but it 's wors, be fur, to lug him oof to shwear aboot it!" was Tom's despairing exclamation.

It was evident that Graves intended to put forth a brave fight for his release; but it was also evident

that he did not feel strong in the fight. The saloon was largely represented in the room where the examination was held, but the larger part of the assembly were temperance people, either members of the Anti-saloon League or sympathizers with aggressive temperance. These took occasion to make themselves and their sentiments known to Thomas Wilson and wife, and this effected cheer and courage in them. Wilson was an important witness for the prosecution. He testified that he had known defendant Graves a number of years. When asked where he had met him most frequently, he promptly replied, "In his s'loon, where he 's sold me dhrinks manny's the toime." He remembered distinctly of having visited Mike Patterson at his shoe-shop on the afternoon of the previous Friday; of having gone from Mike's shop, in company with Tim McFadden, to Graves's saloon, on that same afternoon; that in that same saloon he had been treated to drinks by Graves and "be oothers o' me friends," as Tom stated it, and, at last, he bought a drink for himself and as many of his friends as he had the money to pay for. He also stated that he soon went to sleep in the saloon, and did not know when his wife came to take him home.

Mrs. Wilson's testimony was a sad rehearsal of years of experience as a drunkard's wife, and was of a nature to establish in the mind of the court the fact that Thomas Wilson was an habitual drunkard. Both Wilson and his wife were subjected to a severe cross-examination, skillfully conducted, but this failed to change, in any material respect, their direct testimony. Dunbarr, as the physician of the

Wilson family, was questioned with reference to Wilson's physical condition and his habits, assuring the court that, according to his best knowledge and belief, Thomas Wilson was addicted to the use of intoxicating drinks. Mike Patterson and Policeman Bently gave testimony relating to the condition that Wilson was in when he was helped into a carriage and taken home on the Friday afternoon in question. The former was evidently offended that he was compelled to be a witness for the prosecution, and was disposed to be reticent, answering only as he was obliged to do, and then with obvious abbreviations, until the trend of the questions caused him to fear that he might be implicated in the temptation of Wilson; then he became loquacious, and was at the service of the court to fix the blame upon Bill Graves.

The defense, on the whole, was feeble. It attempted to establish as a fact that Graves did not recognize Wilson when he entered the former's saloon; that the Friday afternoon was very cloudy, and the saloon was so dark that it was difficult to recognize a man promptly, and Graves could not be sure that he did or did not deal drinks to Wilson. It was possible, he admitted, that Wilson might have, with a company of others, taken a drink at his bar. But the defense put forth the greatest effort to convince the court that Thomas Wilson was not an habitual drunkard. It stated that, prior to his late sickness, Wilson had been an industrious laborer at the Bronson Iron Works, seldom, if ever, losing a day from week's end to week's end, the whole year through; that for years he had worked for the same

firm for good wages; and that he was, by his employer, considered a faithful employee.

When the testimony for the defense was all in, Wilson was requested to take the stand again, and to make a statement to the court concerning his own habits. "You are not obliged to give any testimony that will be damaging to yourself; but if you please to make any true statement about your work, your wages, and your habits of strong drink, I shall allow such a statement, and shall be, personally, thankful for it," said the court.

Wilson took the witness stand, and happened to sit in such a position as to face Dunbarr. The defense objected to such a manner of procedure, but Justice Eliott replied: "I am to decide whether the defendant should or should not be held for trial. The principal question that this case has brought before this court is that relating to Mr. Wilson's habits in regard to strong drink. Mr. Wilson understands that he is not obliged to give any testimony that will seriously reflect upon his character or shall be in any way damaging to himself. But if he is disposed, under oath, kindly to tell us whether or not he is habitually addicted to the use of alcoholic drinks, he may be permitted to do so."

Whether it was the conscious presence of Dunbarr, quickening his memory, or whether it was the assertion of Thomas Wilson's better self, or both of these, that prompted his frank and pathetic statement, we may not know. Certain it was that this statement was a portrayal of blighted hopes, of squandered wages, and of an impoverished home—a description of a fruitless fight, prolonged for years,

to break the power of appetite and to free one's self from the poisonous fangs of alcohol. "An' now," said Wilson, as he finished his statement, "me health is bhroke, me home is destitute an' in dishpair, an' me hope is gone. Nigh aboot all is gone but me orful thirst fur shtrong drink; an' that is woors an' shtronger than iver."

As we have anticipated, Bill Graves was not released, and he gave bonds to appear for trial at the next term of Circuit Court. And if the aggressive temperance people of Warden were pleased and caused to hope, in a like degree the saloon element was angered and filled with a spirit of revenge.

Wilson sank into a state of deep melancholy when he returned to his home, and his thirst for liquor became intense. "It 's a bad shtate that we 're into; an' there 's no hope left now, sure," he remarked to his wife as they sat alone, late Tuesday afternoon.

"Why do ye say so, Tom? Ye are naerly well, an' kin soon worruk agin, an' oor Willie is a good b'y an' he is worrukin', an' we have food an' fuel. An' think ov the manny foine payples what met us to-day, an' told us that we 're doin' roight an' that they would be oor friends."

"Yis, but there 's oothers—me auld friends—what will hate me now an' shpake niver 's the koind word nor do the koind dade to me more, at all, at all!" And Tom buried his face in his hands, leaning forward in his chair before the fire.

Mrs. Wilson arose and quietly began her preparation for the evening meal. At 6.15, Willie entered the house, whistling in a mild tone a snatch of one

of the songs which he had heard at an evening concert at the First Church of Warden. His father raised his head and looked at the boy while he placed his mittens in his cap, and then hung them all upon a nail in the corner of the room at the right side of the door. Willie spoke a word of greeting to his father, and then the latter said: "It does me good to haer yez whistle a bit, Willie, aven if Oi am so sad an' oot o' hope, loike. But, me b'y, how kin yez do it when all goes so ill wid us?"

"I 'm not out of hope, but I feel some cheer, like. Besides, a good many nice folks of the Church has seen me to-day an' spoke kind words to me. But Dr. Dunbarr spoke the best to me. He said we must cheer up an' take hope ag'in, an' all might be better nor we 've seen fur a long time. An' he said, 'Willie, if you are not needed at home, will you be too tired to come to the Tuesday night meeting at the Church to-night? I 'd like to have you come. It will give you something new to think of and to tell your folks about.' So, if you do n't keer, I think I want to go. It won't last but one hour."

"Oi think yez may go, Willie, unless yer moother nades yez."

"No," answered Mrs. Wilson, who had overheard the conversation, "Oi 've nothin' to kape him home; an' Oi 'd like fur him to go, an' soomtoime afore long, Oi 'll jist shtep in there, too, ov a noight. An' afore mooch time has passed ye shall go wid Willie, too, Tom, if Oi loike what they 're a-doin' in the matin'. But coom now an' ate. Oi have soom good, shtrong tae fur ye, Tom."

At the close of the meeting of this Tuesday night,

Dunbarr spoke to Miss Bronson, who attended, accompanied by her father. Among other things, he said: "I think it best that Thomas Wilson should be set to work again soon. He needs to have his mind occupied in such a way as to take his attention from himself. He may not be sufficiently strong to do a man's work at the first, but he will soon regain his usual strength. I mention the matter to you, Miss Bronson," said Dunbarr, his eyes twinkling mirthfully, "remembering that you are the junior member of the firm of Jerome Bronson & Daughter, and knowing that you are interested in the welfare of Thomas Wilson."

"I am proud to be thus associated with my father in your thoughts, Dr. Dunbarr, and I wish I were so practical a girl as to be able, in reality, to be a junior member in a firm with him. But I am really interested in poor Mr. Wilson, and will mention the matter of his resuming work to papa."

"Such daughters as Gertrude Bronson are beautifully ignorant of their real, practical force in the business affairs of their fathers," said Dunbarr, with, for a moment, a far-away expression upon his countenance; and then, as if suddenly becoming conscious of what he had just uttered, he added, blushing: "I beg your pardon, Miss Bronson, for thus seeming to compliment you. I was thinking and speaking in quite a general way."

"Inasmuch as the compliment was only seeming and was given while you were 'thinking and speaking in quite a general way,' I can grant your pardon, Doctor, on one condition only: that you never repeat such an offense."

Dunbarr blushed more deeply, and was thoroughly perplexed as he hastened to say: "Miss Bronson, you may make sport of me; but I shall not permit myself to remain in such a ridiculous attitude. I have a genuine admiration for such intimate and true daughterly relations as you sustain to your father and his business. I only ask pardon for rudely thrusting a compliment upon you, if it seemed to you that I was rude."

"Now, Dr. Dunbarr, you possess my unconditional pardon, if pardon can be in existence when no offense has been committed;" and Gertrude's restrained mirth found expression in a merry little laugh.

At this Mr. Bronson joined them, shook hands with Dunbarr, conversed for a moment, and then, with Gertrude, bade the doctor good-night.

Wednesday forenoon, Miss Bronson called at the home of Thomas Wilson. She found him restless and nearly devoid of hope. He was disinclined to enter into conversation with her. This was due to his own conviction that he had proven untrue to the teaching he had received from her. Gertrude, understanding his reticence, engaged herself to overcome it. She began by saying, "Mr. Wilson, how soon do you wish to resume work at the factory?"

"Kin Oi iver worruk there ag'in, Miss?" asked Wilson, lifting his face out of his hands and straightening up in his chair.

"Why, certainly, as soon as you are able; what is to hinder you?"

"O, Oi thought loikely that Oi would be wanted there no more at all, Miss."

"Did you not understand that Willie was to work at the Iron Works until you were able to take your place again?"

"Yis, Miss, it was so said; but, Miss, that was soom wakes ago, when it war different wid me."

"Yes; but, Mr. Wilson, I have just come from my father's office with his word to you that you can have your old place back again at any day that you wish it; and that Willie can continue to work at the factory at the wages that he is now receiving, if you desire him to do so."

"It 's a good mon, Miss, that yer father is, sure, an' Oi send me thanks to him by yez, if yez plaise, Miss. But Oi kint jist shtate when Oi 'll coom to me worruk. Oi must consult wid Dr. Dunbarr aboot it."

"We saw your doctor last night, and he said that you are able to resume work at any time that you choose. You will be somewhat weak at first, he says, but you will soon regain your usual strength. He thought, also, that it would be best for you to begin soon."

"Did he say, Miss, that it would hilp to cure me thirst an' kape me off the strates?"

"No, not just that, but that it would take your mind from yourself to be fully occupied."

"An' did he say, Miss, that he had a bit o' hope left fur me to overcoom the wakeness fur shtrong dhrink?"

"He did not speak as to that, yet I am sure that he has never once thought of giving you up to your enemies; neither have I, Mr. Wilson."

"An' have yez not, sure? Oi faered ye 'd all let

go o' me now, sayin', 'There 's no use to thry more to hilp so wake an' bad a mon as Tom Wilson.' "

"No, sir; Mr. Wilson, we are still hoping that you will some day master your own appetite, and be able to help others."

"Indade, it 's glad Oi am to haer yez say it; fur it wakens a bit o' hope in me poor heart," replied Wilson, with deep feeling. "But, Miss, how will it be wid Him yez shpoke aboot, who called me, poor mon that Oi am, to him that he moight hilp me more than any oother mon kin hilp me. Will he shtill kape a bit o' hope fur me, Miss?"

"Mr. Wilson, he holds to you with a deeper interest and loves you with a greater love than any mortal can; and, at a time when you need him so much, he will not forsake you."

"But, Miss, Oi 've forsook him, mesilf; turned me back onto him, loike. This war bad, very bad in me; an', it sames, Oi kint look him into the face now no more, at all, at all."

"Mr. Wilson, did you ever hear the story of the prodigal son—the son who went away from his father's house and did not return until after a long time?"

"It sames, Miss, that Oi did haer o' it upon a toime; but Oi 'd mooch loike to haer yez tell it to me."

"I could tell it to you, but I have a little book here that tells it better than I can; and we will let it tell us the story;" and she took a dainty copy of the New Testament from her shopping-bag and read the story of the prodigal son. Wilson listened with increasing interest; and when she came to the words,

"But when he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him," Wilson, who with parted lips and tearful eyes was staring at Gertrude, asked, in a tone that was akin to a sob, "Would yez moind, Miss, jist to read that part ag'in to me?"

When she had finished reading, there was silence for a moment, and then Wilson asked, "Have yez a koind word, Miss, as to what the story may mane to me?"

"I could point out the application that we may make of it, Mr. Wilson; but I think you have a correct idea of its teachings, and I wish you to tell me what the story means to you."

"Well, Miss, Oi kint jist tell it well to yez, but its loike this: Oi 'm the lad what 's gone away into the fur-oof land, and have lost me all, Miss, by doin' bad, very bad. An' now Oi 'm coomin' back ag'in; or else Oi 'd die in that fur land where no wan is who keers to hilp me. An' whilst Oi 'm coomin' along, lame loike, He who keers fur me an' kin hilp me is thinkin' o' me, an' whilst he 's thinkin' he looves me an' he cooms to where Oi am, an' throws his arrums aboot me neck an' kisses me. An' afther that, Miss, how kin Oi hilp but go back home ag'in wid him? An' may the shtory mane that to me, Miss? Tell me, plaise."

"Mr. Wilson, it may and does mean just that to you; and as there were welcome and food and clothing and a pledge of love and a home, wherein was rejoicing, given to the returned prodigal, so are there welcome, and comfort, and strength, and love, and, finally, a home of eternal rejoicing given

to all who will come back to the Father's house with penitence and with humble, trustful determination never willfully to wander away again. In your coming back to Him, Mr. Wilson, I see your greatest hope. Do just as the prodigal did; tell him that you have sinned; tell him that you are sorry for your sin; tell him that you come back intending to remain. He knows what you need and he will minister to your necessities. Now, if I can know that you have come back to the Christ for the help that you need, I shall feel very hopeful for you, and shall go to my home very happy. Shall we expect you to begin work soon?"

"Yis, Miss, as soon as next wake or airlier. An' yez may go home happy; fur Oi 'm coomin' back ag'in to Him who kin, yez say, hilp me more 'n all good mons."

Gertrude tarried for a few minutes to converse with Mrs. Wilson, and she found her quite hopeful. Her hope was, in part, expressed in the following: "The s'loon mons are mad at Tom, now, an 'll not be fur coaxin' aboot him longer. An' soon he 'll be a-worrukin', too, an' he an' oor Willie kin arn mooch, an' soon we kin dress oop a bit, an' all coom oot to soom ov ye'r noight matin's."

"The future for you does seem brighter, Mrs. Wilson, and we will all take cheer and do our best and ask the Christ to help us in all our ways. A good-morning to you now."

Mrs. Stevens had invited Deacon Grimes and wife to spend Wednesday evening at her home. She had said to Mrs. Milford: "It will be so delightful to be associated with these congenial minds for a whole

long evening. The deacon and his estimable wife are people after our own hearts."

Although the clouds which thickly overspread the sky sent forth, at times, vast sheets of snow, and although the brisk northeast wind caught up this snow and flung it with angry vigor and equal force through crevices of cottage, against window-panes of mansion, and into the face of the pedestrian, yet Deacon and Mrs. Grimes went cheerfully forth to meet their evening engagement, and the home of Mrs. Stevens beamed forth a cordial and luxurious cheer.

"Your usually hospitable home, Mrs. Stevens, seems more than ever cozy and cheerful to-night, as we come in out of the storm," remarked Mrs. Grimes.

"We 'll keep the storm all outside to-night, for here our friendly hearts shall beat in perfect concord," replied Mrs. Stevens, as she smiled benignly upon her guests.

The moments passed swiftly by and the time allotted for the evening visit had fully half gone before Church matters were introduced, and then the introduction came about casually, as the following will indicate:

"I attended a lawsuit yesterday," remarked Deacon Grimes, "the first one I have attended for years. Hardly a lawsuit either; it was the examination of Bill Graves, who was charged with selling liquor to Tom Wilson, an habitual drunkard."

"What came of it, and what is likely to come of it?" asked Walter Milford.

"O, Graves was bound over to the Circuit Court, and there is likely to be a prolonged trial, resulting

in his acquittal and an enormous expense to the county. Graves is a quiet, law-abiding citizen, I think. He pays some taxes and each year puts $250 into the city treasury and a like amount into the treasury of the county. But Tom Wilson is a worthless Irishman; all he has, with himself thrown in, is not worth one quarter of the expense that this suit will bring upon the county."

"Who began the suit?" asked Mrs. Milford.

"I think that it was Wilson's wife who made the complaint; but she never would have done so had she not been prompted by other parties."

"Who encouraged her to begin the suit?" asked Mrs. Stevens.

"I do not know positively, but I think that the members of the Anti-saloon League advised her to do so, and have pledged her their support in the cause. This temperance organization is one of the auxiliaries of your Church, Mrs. Stevens."

"Of your Church as well," retorted Mrs. Stevens; "but I will not censure you, Deacon, for I remember how manfully and publicly you opposed its organization."

"By the way," continued Mr. Grimes, "I understand that this Temperance League intends to try to continue all temperance sympathizing officers in office, and to nominate and choose for municipal office none but such as shall favor the rigid enforcement of all temperance laws. This means the suppression of the saloon. Every saloon that is closed means a shortage of $500 cash in the treasuries of the city and county. Close all the saloons of our city, and you would withhold $7,500 from these

treasuries, and you discourage fifteen firms that are doing an attractive and legitimate business in our city, and you render useless thousands of dollars' worth of business property. This is one of the noble enterprises of your Church, Mrs. Stevens;" and Mr. Grimes feigned an abridged laugh that gave slight expression to his contempt.

"Please show fairness, Deacon, and say our Church; for you understand my attitude toward all these new enterprises of the Church."

"Am I to understand that you favor the saloon and liquor-traffic?" inquired Mr. Milford.

"Well, no; I would not be taken in just that light. But the saloon is here. It has an appreciable and, perhaps, on the whole, a helpful part in the industrial affairs of the city. The law provides for its existence. Those who are engaged in the saloon business are holding up their heads and trying to gain the respect of good and religious society by giving pecuniary aid to worthy and religious undertakings. I hold that we can not afford unitedly to engage ourselves to ruin the saloon and persecute those who are engaged in the business."

"That is to say, by certain ingenious circumlocutions, that you do favor the saloon and the liquor-traffic," added Walter Milford. "But how does your Anti-saloon League propose to restrict the saloon? Is it not by proving that the saloon is continuously breaking the laws, which, you say, 'provide for its existence,' and, therefore, by exposing its criminality? And is it not a noble and humane undertaking to expose crime and to bring the criminal to justice? And, again, ought not one to be proud of his Church

when she takes a positive part in the suppression of crime and in the exaltation of honor and nobility?"

"Come, come, Walter!" interrupted Mrs. Milford; "we all understand that you have championed a cause which opposes itself to your own convictions, and that you do so for the sake of argument;" and they laughingly turned to a more agreeable topic.

## CHAPTER XV

# Not Every Man His Price

"He that walketh righteously, and speaketh uprightly; he that despiseth the gain of oppressions, that shaketh his hands from holding of bribes, that stoppeth his ears from hearing of blood, and shutteth his eyes from seeing evil; he shall dwell on high: his place of defense shall be the munitions of rocks: bread shall be given him; his water shall be sure."

THE coming city election was the main topic of discussion among the citizens of Warden during the last two weeks of March, and it soon became apparent that the issue would be temperance or anti-temperance.

"You Church temperance folks have pushed us so hard and drove us so fur that we 'll have to do somethin' fur ourselves in this comin' city election. You need not think that we 'll set down with our fingers in our mouths and let you have it all your own way. You 'll find that we 've got some friends when we come up to the ballot-box."

The above few sentences were addressed to Deacon Grimes by Bill Graves, as they chanced to meet in Bryant's grocery.

"What do you hope to accomplish on election-day?" asked the deacon.

"We 'll turn out some of them officers that are so mighty keen to 'enforce the law,' as they style it."

"Well, how do you propose to go at it?"

"We know how to go at it, and how to carry it through too. We 'll be at the caucus, and we 'll know jest what we 're there fur; and that will be to nominate jest sich a ticket as we want. And when we git our ticket, we 'll all stand by it, and we 'll git enough others to stand with us to carry things all our own way. We know how to git votes, we do; and we 'll git 'm all right enough. Of course, we 'll put up clean men, sich as the good citizens of Warden can and will support; but they won't be any of your conscientious temperance fellows that we 'll put into office; no, sir. We 've had enough of sich."

"I can't blame you a bit, Graves. I, myself, like to see fair play. To be sure, I am a temperance man; but I am not in sympathy with this hair-brained temperance work that we have had of late."

"We understand you, Deacon, and we knew that we could count you on our side. I would not have been fool enough to talk to you as I have this mornin', if we fellows did not know where you stand all right. If your hull Church was made up of sich Christian gentlemen as you, we 'd all stand by the Church, and there 'd be no lack of money nor popularity."

"But if the election takes this turn, giving such an entirely new basis, the old party lines will disappear, and the tickets will likely be given new names," suggested the deacon.

"O yes; we understand that. There 's nothin' in the old parties that we 've any use fur in this election, except the men; and, of course, we do n't need the party name. We 've already got a name fur our

ticket. We shall call ours 'The Law and Order' ticket, and that, sir, is a winner."

"That does sound well, and it will look well also, and, doubtless, will prove attractive. All that our citizens can reasonably ask for is that we have a city government which will enforce our laws and maintain order. I have noticed that the ticket whose name suggests the promise of the greatest number of good things is the strong ticket. A great number of our good citizens are too busy or too careless about such things to read, thoroughly, much farther than the head-lines of the ticket that they vote. But I must bid you a good-morning now;" and the deacon left the store. But Graves followed him and spoke in a lower tone when they were upon the street.

"The notice of our caucus was posted last night, and it is to be held one week from to-morrow afternoon at two o'clock. Now, we want you to be present and aid our cause all you can. I am not sure but we shall nominate you fur the alderman to be chosen in the Second Ward."

"No; I could not consent to that, Graves. You may be sure of my quiet support, but I must decline a place on the ticket, and must not be expected to take any public part in the campaign."

"Really now, Deacon, this is disappointin'. We 've sort of set our hearts on you, and hoped that you 'd do some tellin' work fur our cause; and I 'm sure that we 'd make it pay you right well in the long run."

"Graves, you fellows do not know what it would cost me if I should openly oppose these fanatical

temperance people. I should lose my popularity with my Church and Church society, and, besides, I should lose the patronage of many who now trade with me. You know that I am one of the leading drygoods-dealers in our city, and a great per cent of my customers are the class that will oppose your ticket. I can not afford to lose favor with them."

"But, Deacon, you would be sure of the trade of the saloon men and of all our party if you 'd step right out and advocate our ticket; and this would be more than you 'd lose by them pious folks a-leavin' you."

"But, Graves, you do not see the entire situation. I now am favored with the patronage of you thrifty liquor-dealers and your friends, and by remaining neutral on all such public issues I hold the patronage of those on both sides. No; I can not afford to take an openhanded part in this matter; but I have my own way for such work, and you may depend upon me;" and the deacon bowed to his friend, and hastened on to his store.

Graves went his way also, and thought audibly as he walked: "The deacon is a shrewd fellow, sure. He intends to hold on to all of us. After all, I can not blame him much; fur he, like the rest of us fellows, is jest lookin' after his own business—has jest got his eye onto himself an' onto nobody else. But, some way, he would seem more like a man if he would stand out onto one side or the other."

At about 5.30 in the afternoon of this same day, Deacon Grimes informed the foreman of his store that he was going out and might not be back again before the establishment was closed for the day—

six o'clock. As he stepped upon the street he encountered Dr. Burns, and, as their destinations lay in the same direction, they walked several blocks together. After some general remarks and a few questions with reference to the spring trade, Dr. Burns remarked:

"Deacon Grimes, it is my opinion that our coming municipal election is to be the most important one that the city has held for many years—one that will materially affect moral conditions."

"Why do you hold such an opinion, Doctor? What is to be the real issue?"

"In my opinion, the real question to be settled is whether we are to have a temperance or a liquor municipal government; and whichever way this question is decided, the moral condition of our city will be affected accordingly. The majority of our present municipal officers favor temperance to that extent that they willingly and promptly aid in the enforcement of our liquor laws. Saloon lawlessness has been curtailed remarkably in the last six months. If we can continue such a government, the moral standard will be exalted among us; but if not, this standard must go down. The liquor men have come to know that their business demands municipal officers that are more in sympathy with the liquor-traffic, and they intend to elect such, if possible, at our coming election."

"But, Doctor, you do not think that they can accomplish this?"

"I do think, Deacon Grimes, that it will require the combined, energetic effort of the temperance people to prevent this. These liquor-men are thor-

oughly aroused, and, I am aware, are already vigorously at work. They have issued a call for a caucus to convene one week from to-morrow at two o'clock in the afternoon. 'All who favor Law and Order,' the call reads, 'are requested to be present and aid in nominating a clean ticket;' and, doubtless, they intend to see to it that enough saloon sympathizers will be present to nominate an anti-temperance ticket."

"Do you think that the temperance people are generally aware of this movement, and are they likely to bestir themselves?"

"Yes; I think that they are quite generally apprised of the intentions of the liquor-men, and they do not intend to be caught napping. A call for a caucus has been posted this afternoon. The caucus is to be held in the city hall at two o'clock, one week from Saturday afternoon."

"What name will this ticket bear?"

"I am not sure; but the 'Good Citizenship Ticket' has been suggested, and I presume the ticket will bear that name. Certainly it is a cause that should interest all good citizens, and its sole object is good citizenship. - We shall endeavor to induce a large number of our best citizens to attend this caucus to help nominate a strong ticket and to give their personal support to this ticket. I trust, Deacon Grimes, that you will give your influence and personal force to this cause."

"Doubtless, Doctor, you understand my temperance principles, and will feel assured that you have my personal sympathy in this matter."

"But, Deacon, I feel that at this time every good

man should throw the sum-total of his force on the side of temperance and good citizenship. I feel that to assume a passive attitude will be to commit a great sin."

"Doctor, you must remember that you look upon this matter from the standpoint of a moral reformer; while others, myself included, consider such matters from a business man's point of view."

"You are suggesting, Deacon, that which I sometimes have felt is too true; namely, business men, as a rule, are not engaged in moral reform. Do you mean just that?"

"No; and it seems that you go far out of your way to arrive at such a conclusion. I merely intended to suggest that as a moral reformer you see only the open field of positive conquest against what seems to you to be a flagrant evil; while we, as business men, may comprehend this same moral situation, yet we have to look also to other conditions which are vital to our business interests."

"Pardon me, Deacon, if I misunderstood you; but I think that you are saying that moral reforms and business interests sometimes clash, and that you are suggesting that the moral phase in this coming city election furnishes such an instance."

"I think that you take unwarranted liberty in your interpretation of my statement; but I am frank to admit that for me to throw the sum-total of my personal force and influence upon either side in this election would be to do that which would be incompatible with my interests as a merchant. Whereas, to assume a passive attitude—to commit that 'great sin,' as you put it—I can render a safe

yet telling service to the cause. You see, Doctor, that the course of a well-disposed business man in a matter like this is more complicated than is the course of a man of your calling; and yet we business men, in our way of working, may be depended upon."

"You assume, Deacon Grimes, that a minister has no great temptation to be a sleek-policy man; that selfish, worldly interests never prompt him to smile upon everybody and every enterprise with a good-Lord-and-good-devil sort of grace; that he is never tempted to withdraw from the conquest of right against the patent and popular iniquities of this generation, and, by so doing, add to his own popularity and to his bank account. Yet a man of your observation and penetration must know that it costs much—as the world counts cost—to be a genuine Christian man; and it matters but little whether the man be a minister or a merchant. You will pardon me if I have spoken with some emphasis this evening. I have come to feel deeply concerning this matter. It is a matter in which positive right and positive wrong are crossing swords; and there should be left no doubt in the mind of the public upon which side a professed follower of Christ is."

"I confess, Doctor, that I do not share your enthusiasm on this subject. Perhaps I should. This much is sure: we have known each other for a good number of years, and we can afford to speak frankly to each other upon this and all other subjects;" and at this they parted.

As the times for holding the caucuses drew near, the citizens of Warden became more earnest and

active for the respective sides which they had espoused, though, in the main, their efforts were quiet and of a private nature.

On Monday afternoon of the week in which the caucuses were held, a well-dressed stranger entered the office of Dr. Dunbarr, and addressed him as follows:

"This is Dr. Dunbarr, I believe."

On being assured that he was correct, he continued: "My name is Welch. I wish a private interview with you, Doctor. Are we alone?"

Dunbarr informed him that the student had gone out for an hour, and that none but they two were in or about the office, and Welch continued:

"Doctor, I have called upon you to speak in the behalf of others, as well as in behalf of my own interests. We understand that you are an influential young physician in the city, and that especially do you have great influence with a class of your citizens who are engaging themselves against the business interests of those in whose behalf I am acting."

Dunbarr eyed the stranger sharply, and at first his thin, pale face bore a puzzled expression, but later he began to surmise what cause the young man was representing.

"I will not take your valuable time," continued Welch, "to set forth the rights of the liquor-dealers in your city. I assume that they have rights—in this, doubtless we are agreed—and that these rights have been unreasonably restricted. The coming city election, I understand, will decide whether this municipal government shall or shall not be one which

will be prejudiced against saloon-keepers and liquor-dealers. We are aware that temperance sentiment has run high here for the last three months, and that many of the citizens have become fanatics on the subject; it is therefore difficult to determine just how strong these temperance enthusiasts will prove to be at the ballot-box. It is believed that the two parties are about evenly matched; and it is also thought, Doctor, that the balance of power may lie with you, should you exert yourself. Now, we appreciate the fact that you are a man of too great integrity to champion a cause that you have not full faith in. To champion a cause is one thing, and to lapse into a passive attitude or to assume a neutral state is quite another thing. I have, therefore, this offer to make you: If you will become neutral or indifferent concerning this election, I will pay you five hundred dollars in cash and will never expose you. That is not a very great amount, yet it is a fair sum just for being quiet. Were you to become an advocate of our cause and would pledge us your vote we could afford to name you a sum that would be worth your while."

"Mr. Welch," Dunbarr replied, slowly, "you overestimate my influence, and you mistake me entirely. My influence, as I understand it, is comparatively little; but such as it is, you and all your friends are not rich enough to buy it. Whatever else I may lack, I believe that I am a true man; and true manhood is never in the market. Moreover, Mr. Welch, I am a Christian; and a Christian can never take neutral ground when right and wrong are met in

vital conflict. This mistake of yours pains me; not that you have misjudged me, but that you are misled. You are acting to-day on the theory that 'every man has his price.' I fear that too many hold this theory. You seem to be a bright, well-educated young man—a lawyer, I presume. You are capable of becoming a mighty power for truth, nobility, and righteousness. But you have started out on an evil way. You have a wrong view of life's true goal. Money is not the true goal of life. Worldly popularity is not. To fear God and to work righteousness is the whole duty and beautiful mission of man. Perhaps you had or still have a Christian mother; if so, she would tell you that what I am saying is true. It is probable that you are the attorney of some brewery or distilling company in some distant city. I feel that there is nobler employment for your talent. I wish that you would seek it. I wish that you would vow, before you leave my office, never again to tempt a fellow-man to evil or to take a dishonorable course."

Welch looked annoyed as he arose and said: "Doctor, I did not call upon you for moral or religious instruction; I only came in on a mere matter of business, and I am sorry that I can not do business with you."

"I am sorry also," said Dunbarr, rising and looking kindly but searchingly into the young man's eyes, "that your business here is of such a character that it is impossible for us to agree upon it; and, unless I misjudge you, your nobler nature is ashamed of such kind of business. I hope that some

happier object may occasion our meeting again," and he offered his hand to the young man.

Welch took the proffered hand, pressed it warmly, smiled approvingly, and went out. As he walked leisurely and thoughtfully back to the place where a number of liquor-dealers were waiting his return, he spoke occasionally to himself, to relieve his perplexed mind. Among other utterances were the following: "Instead of buying my man, I feel as if I had sold out to him. An unusual piece of humanity is this Dr. Dunbarr. Not many of his sort have I ever met. He nearly caused me to hate myself. After all, I like the fellow. If I ever should desire to be a better man, he is the very man I 'd go to for help. If there is any good left in a fellow, he is the one who is sure to find it and turn it up to the light. Not much like these boozy, base-minded clients of mine, who are waiting for my return. He wished that some more worthy object might occasion our future meeting. Well, if I ever call upon him again, it will be for a worthy object. Tut, tut! Harry Welch, how much you are confessing in these few sentences!"

His clients were not much surprised at the answer Welch brought them: "He 's not in the market. One thousand dollars would have no more effect with him than one cent would."

"Well," remarked one, significantly, "he has lost his last chance to get money out of this affair. He 'll play a losing hand from this time out."

The meeting of the Anti-saloon League was well attended on this Monday night. A number of thoughtful, earnest speeches were made, and wise

plans were formed. Dunbarr spoke, but said nothing of the visit which Welch had made him. He urged the necessity of vigilance and unanimity, both at the caucus and at the polls. "Those who oppose us," said he, "will not spare their time nor their money in this election. Their effort will be united and persistent."

The caucuses were largely attended, and there was unmistakable evidence of much preliminary work. If many of the best-disposed and order-loving citizens were attracted by the misleading caption, "Law and Order," they were outnumbered two to one by those who sympathized with the liquor-trade; and it was soon apparent that this latter class would dominate the caucus. All went smoothly, however, during the preliminaries of organizing, and until nominations for mayor became the order. At this period many were astonished to hear James K. Lockwood promptly nominated, and the nomination seconded by, seemingly, two-thirds of all present. The chairman waited for a moment as if he expected others to be placed in nomination for the position, and then ordered the ballot to be taken. At this a venerable Baptist deacon arose, and deliberately addressed the meeting as follows:

"Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen,—I fear that I have been misled. I am becoming quite positive in my conviction that this is not the primary with which I wish to identify myself. The man who has been nominated, and who seems to be the choice of this caucus for mayor of our city, can never grace a 'Law and Order' ticket. I will grant that he is rich, and is talented, and is shrewd; but I can

grant but little more in his favor. You do not forget, gentlemen—it certainly can not be forgotten—that less than six years ago this same man was obliged to leave our city because of his own irregular conduct, and that this irregular conduct involved a question of business integrity, a question of morals, a question of social purity. This same party has not been returned from his exile quite two years as yet, and has made no public acknowledgment of his folly, and—to the best of my knowledge—has made no private reparation. And now you seek him to lead a 'Law and Order' ticket, as candidate for mayor of our prosperous little city! No, gentlemen; I can not countenance such a procedure, and I will not be recorded as voting in any caucus which will approve such conduct; and I shall pity our city if the time ever comes when its government shall be administered by a party which chooses to office such characters as Mr. Lockwood;" and the deacon turned upon his heel, and started for the door. But before he left the hall, a large and well-dressed man laid his hand upon his shoulder, saying, in a low tone: "Wait a minute, Deacon Johnson. Do not go out so abruptly. Stay with us and give us your support, and we will make it rich for you. We are able to do it."

"No; you are not able to do it. Your money perish with you!" replied the deacon with some emphasis, and immediately made his exit; and, to their credit be it said, more than a dozen others followed him. Mr. Lockwood found no other barriers in his way to the chief place on the "Law and Order" ticket, and those who were nominated as alderman

from the different wards were of such character as would harmonize with him.

At the "Good Citizenship" caucus, held on Saturday afternoon, there was comparative unanimity, the only discordant element being that which had come in from the "Law and Order" party to witness, as they explained, "how good citizens did business." It was the sense of this caucus that the municipal administration which was about to expire had been, in the main, commendable, and that such servants of the public should be continued in office. "I am convinced," remarked Jerome Bronson at the close of a short but effectual speech, "that I voice the sentiment of a large majority of those present when I say that our city, during the last year, has been well controlled; and I have in mind a gentleman who, if chosen to the office for which I shall nominate him, will do all that is within his power to vouchsafe to us a pure and prosperous administration. The gentleman to whom I refer, and whom I now nominate as mayor of our city for the ensuing term, is none other than the present incumbent of that office, Casper P. Cummings."

The nomination was received with applause, and when the ballot was taken Mr. Cummings was the unanimous choice. The other positions were given to men of known ability and integrity, and none could doubt that this was a ticket pledged to good citizenship.

At about 8.30, on this Saturday night, as Dunbarr was returning from a professional visit he stopped at the church. A program of songs and instrumental music and of literary selections was

nearly concluded when he entered the brilliantly-lighted lecture-room and sat down near the door. He was weary in mind and body, and he gave himself up to the charm of the music and to reflections prompted by the diversified scenery before him. Here, sitting in front of him, was a mixed company—one representing nearly all of the sets of society and phases of life of the city. Yonder to his right, and quite near the front, sat Thomas Wilson with his wife and two little girls. Willie was not with them; but his bright face, aglow with appreciation, was seen at the left, with those who had taken seats in the reception-room, or reading-room, as it was now called. His position was such that he could nearly face the orchestra, the speakers, and his parents. He had said to his parents, "I 'll set in another part of the house so 's to ketch what 's goin' on there, an' to tell you; an' then we 'll have 'most all of it."

As he looked upon that audience Dunbarr thought: "These employees of the shops and factories, and these who represent the poor and destitute classes of our city, and these restless—not to say reckless—young men, might be occupied with that which is perverting, if not ruinous, were not these pleasant rooms and this free entertainment open to them." But at this point his pleasant reflections were interrupted by a sacred duet entitled, "Man's Only Hope is Jesus," and he was sure that he had never heard Marian Mills and Gertrude Bronson sing better than they then sang. By this song the audience was hushed into an almost tearful silence, which was broken only by the mild voice

of Dr. Burns in the following benediction: "Our Father, who art in heaven, thou hast favored us with this hour, and we thank thee. Help us all to love thee. Help us to love one another. Help us to abhor all that is evil. Through Christ, save us from the power of evil. Amen."

## CHAPTER XVI

# "Inasmuch"

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

THE spiritual awakening which was being experienced by the First Church of Warden was affecting all the departments of this Church. From the first of the year until now, the Sunday-school had evinced a constant growth in interest and in numbers. In the past, this Sunday-school had numbered in its force of teachers many who were careful and capable; but never before had the Sunday-school of this Church a body of teachers so thoroughly consecrated as at this time. These teachers were coming to feel the sacredness of their office—that of teaching immortal beings the everlasting Word of God. There was conscientious and prayerful preparation of each lesson. The teachers' meeting, which had been recently revived, occasioned the gathering of inquiring minds that eagerly sought for vital truth, and devout spirits that humbly sought inspiration from the Divine Spirit. And the hour which was devoted each week to this meeting was an hour signalized by Divine approbation. These teachers, thus quickened in mind and in spirit, took a new inspiration to each of their classes, and a new life was imparted to the entire school.

Early in March, Dr. Burns, in an address to his Sabbath-school teachers, had said: "We have noticed, with thankful pleasure, the revived condition of our school. In the past months and years we have taught with a commendable punctiliousness; but we have not expected that the truths we have taught, and the general offices of the Sunday-school, should result in the speedy conversion of our boys and girls. This has not been the chief object of our endeavor. I fear that there have been times when we did not desire, with a deep soul-longing, that every member of our school should be won for Christ. But we are expectant now, believing that God's Word shall not return to him void. We are eager now to win our young people to Christ. We have something of the true evangelistic spirit, which leads us to go out into the by-places, as it were, to seek recruits for our Sunday-school; and our search is not in vain; our membership is increasing each week. We are approaching a period for which, I trust, our Master will especially prepare us. The last Sunday in March is, in our State, Sunday-school 'Decision-day.' We have never made any especial observance of the day. I advise that we never again permit this day to pass unobserved. It may be advisable to agree upon a uniform plan for observing it."

The doctor then introduced a plan which, with a few modifying suggestions, was agreed upon, and "Decision-day" was prayerfully and trustfully anticipated. The order of opening the school on this last Sunday of March varied somewhat from the usual. A number of wisely-chosen selections were sung, and then several were asked to lead the school in

prayer. These prayers were short, simple, and very earnest. Before the lesson was taken up the superintendent spoken briefly of "Decision-day," of its object, and of the wisdom and beauty of deciding just now to be a servant of Christ. Dr. Burns was then requested to address the school. This he did briefly. He spoke of the deep interest that he believed Christ had in the spiritual welfare of every member of the school. "It is not enough," said Dr. Burns, "that we learn concerning Christ, that we know some things of him, and that we understand his will concerning us. Christ can not be satisfied until we open the door of our lives, and invite him to come in and become our supreme Master and our dearest Friend. It is wisest and best for us to decide to-day to do this very thing. Some of you have thought of this, and have already made your decision. I desire that all decide, this very day, to be Christians. Your teachers are furnished with small Decision Cards, like this one which I hold before you. These cards read as follows: 'Believing in Jesus Christ, the Son of the living God, as the Redeemer of the world and as my Savior, I now decide to consecrate myself to his service, and I do hereby express my desire to be a member of his Church and to live a Christian life.' Your teachers will supply you with cards like this; they have been teaching you God's Word, and they have been praying earnestly that you may make this decision. I trust that you can intelligently and conscientiously sign these cards and present them to your teachers as your decision. If you can not make this decision to-day, will you not please keep this card one week before you re-

turn it to your teacher? And in this week will you not earnestly think of this matter and pray over it? Before going farther, I desire to ask our Master to help each one of us in our decision to-day."

After this prayer, which found an echo in every teacher's heart, the cards were distributed; and then the school proceeded quite after the usual routine until the first bell for closing. The last five minutes were spent by the teachers in personal fellowship with their classes regarding their decisions, and in gathering the cards. At three o'clock of this Sunday afternoon the superintendent and teachers met with their pastor to canvass the result of the effort for decisions. This canvass furnished true cause for humble thanksgiving; and yet a feeling of sadness was experienced by these Christian workers because of the fact that some whom they loved, and for whom they had so often prayed, had returned their cards, but had withheld their names. "We must not despair of these," advised Dr. Burns. "Our efforts must be renewed in their behalf, and we shall yet, let us trust, see them brought into the fold."

The pastor made a list of the pleasing number that had signed cards, and fixed an early date at which to meet all these, with their teachers, for Christian conversation and advice.

Dr. Burns, understanding that many of the adult members of his Church were anxiously waiting to hear the result of "Decision-day," spoke of it in the prelude of his evening discourse. "The result is encouraging indeed," said he, "and the matter has many features which are full of promise. Heaven never looks upon a more promising earth-scene than

that wherein boyhood and girlhood begin life's journey correctly; and none is absolutely correct in his choice until he has chosen Christ."

"How is the city election likely to go?" asked Deacon Holcomb of Mr. Bronson on the last Monday afternoon of March.

"I am all at sea as to even an opinion regarding the outcome of this election. It is evident that the hardest struggle will be for mayor. Of course there is no question as to the relative intellectual and moral fitness of the two candidates. Mr. Cummings has proven himself to be a very capable mayor, and he is a man of absolute integrity—just the man that our city needs at such a time in such an office. Mr. Lockwood has a very dark history. He has nothing to lose and everything to gain. He will hazard much upon this election. He understands that he can afford to do so; for let it get out to the world that James K. Lockwood has been chosen to the mayoralty of the city where but a few years ago it was said that he shamefully disgraced himself, and this same world will conclude that Mr. Lockwood was sinned against then, and that his city seeks to make amends now by placing him at the head of her municipal affairs. Only a few will take the time to gain possession of the knowledge that he got his position by virtue of the power of his own money, together with that of the liquor-dealers, to whom he pledged himself, and also by virtue of the influence of voters whose sense of morality is questionable. If we can elect Mr. Cummings, it will be a grand victory for good citizenship in our city. Otherwise the cause

of moral reform will be sadly retarded. Our cause has this encouraging feature: the best elements of our city are united in this campaign. I never saw the Church membership of our city so united on a moral issue as it is now. An organized effort, Deacon Holcomb, will be put forth by both parties to gain this election."

"Well, while I am not a voter in this election, yet what influence I have I mean to exert. I intend to come into the city frequently during next week. We will arrange to have the Anti-saloon League provide a conveyance, to and from the polls, for every aged or lame man who will vote right. If the liquor people succeed, it must be after we have done all that we can do."

Deacon Holcomb meant more than the calm utterance, "I mean to exert an influence this week," would signify to one who did not know the deacon well. Although his large farming interests demanded his immediate supervision, yet he took time to visit the city frequently, and he did exert his influence. As president of the Anti-saloon League, he called together the different committees for a consultation meeting, and his earnest spirit augmented their earnestness, and his wise counsels guided them in ways of discreet effort. Several times in the week he came upon small companies of men who were discussing the general features and the points at issue in the coming election; and he embraced these opportunities to speak wisely and with the force of convincing logic in behalf of a pure municipal government; and if he found those who were wavering in their opinions he sought private

interviews with them, endeavoring to establish them on the side of good citizenship. And thus he gave significance to his remark: "If the liquor people succeed it must be after we have done all that we can."

"Papa, how is the election going?" asked Gertrude Bronson as she met her father in the dining-room at noon on the first Monday in April.

"It is utterly impossible to foretell how it will terminate, Gertrude. The number that have voted up to this time is unusually large. It would seem that every qualified man is inclined to cast his ballot to-day. Conveyances, sent out by the Anti-saloon League, make it possible and pleasant for every infirm, good-citizen voter to come to the polls; and the liquor men are treating all the infirm of their party to a like courtesy; yet all is unusually quiet and orderly in the city. I shall not return this evening until I learn the result of the election; so, if I am not on time, you need not delay tea for me."

"I will wait for you, papa; but you will return as early as you can, for you know our anxiety about the election; or, perhaps, I will come down to your office at about five o'clock, if it does not storm."

It did storm, and the afternoon seemed unusually long to Gertrude; and when her father returned in the evening, later than usual, she met him at the door just in time to see the retiring forms of two men, one of whom saw her and lifted his hat.

"Who were those two gentlemen, papa?" asked Gertrude, nervously, when she had closed the hall door. "And did they come with you? If so, why did they?"

"They were Dr. Burns and Dr. Dunbarr. They were with me when we learned the result of the election, and they remarked that they felt like taking a good, long walk, and asked to escort me home. But why are you so excited, Gertrude?"

"O, I felt that something awful might happen to-day—you know that it does sometimes happen so, on election days—and the dim light, together with my bewilderment, prevented my prompt recognition of the gentlemen who accompanied you. But, papa," continued Gertrude after she had drawn a long, deep breath, "tell me about the election, please. This has been one of the long afternoons of my life, I have been so anxious."

"Well, we have elected our mayor, but by a small majority. The opposing party succeeded in electing several aldermen. On the whole, our party won an important victory."

"How happy and thankful we should be and are! But, papa, is it not unusual for a party to gain a mayor, yet lose several aldermen? Come into the dining-room, and, while we eat, tell me about that, and also state what you think this election signifies."

"In the first place," resumed Mr. Bronson, when they were seated at the table, "as we compare the two men, it is astonishing that Mr. Lockwood ran so strongly as he did against Mr. Cummings. But many of them, who would naturally vote with the liquor party, have no respect for Mr. Lockwood. In the case of some of the aldermen chosen to-day it is different. They maintain the respect of those with whom they affiliate, and are, by virtue of this respect and their wealth, influential with their party.

As to your other implied question, the election to-day has several significant features. In the main, it demonstrates that the voters who favor a pure municipal government are not in the minority. It gives us a reasonable hope that moral reformation may be continued in our city affairs, and it will encourage all organizations that are seeking to promote moral and spiritual growth."

"But, papa, will not the liquor-dealers be more than ever angry at the temperance workers, and seek to do them injury?"

"Possibly so; but for one to know that he has not the majority on his side, generally causes him to be less daring; and, also, our city government, in the year to come, will be able to place a greater restraint upon any who would attempt desperate lawlessness."

"Well, papa, I hope that—that—all of the aggressive temperance people will be thoroughly guarded, and that they will take no unnecessary risks. There will be no demonstration to-night to celebrate our victory, will there?"

"No, I think not. Dr. Burns remarked that had the other party been victorious, there would have been an animated demonstration to-night; but as it is, we will go quietly on our way and save our ammunition."

"I do hope that all will terminate well. I have been apprehensive of evil to-day. I think that I have not been my usual self. I am quite weary, and I will retire soon."

"You have shared the extreme anxiety that the good citizens of Warden have experienced to-day,"

replied her father, smiling. "A night of rest will bring back your wonted vigor;" and he kissed his daughter good-night.

"What especial thing can we do now to benefit, socially, these women we have lately become interested in?" was asked by one of the Loyal Daughters at a meeting held at Mrs. Sawyer's, on a Saturday afternoon early in April; and all eyes were turned toward "Auntie" Sawyer for answer.

"I would advise," she replied—as if for her to answer were a matter of course—"that you devise a means by which to get as many of them togethah as you can. You have visited them at their homes several times, and they ah quite well acquainted with you. It will benefit them to meet each othah and you in a social gathering. Invite them to meet of an afternoon in one of youah homes—my home, if you please. Prepare something to entahtain them, should the time begin to grow heavy with them; and, at neah the time to disband, serve a simple tea. This will bring them into a closah fellowship with us and with one anothah, and in this closah fellowship ouah influence will be fah greatah."

The suggestion pleased the Loyal Daughters, and the plan was acted upon promptly. The date fixed upon was the Tuesday afternoon next after Easter. "This date has the grace of appropriateness; for our tea may partake of the nature of an Easter gathering," remarked Mrs. Burton.

And so it came about. Invitations were promptly taken to every woman whom the ministrations of the Loyal Daughters had embraced; and in response to

these invitations many gathered on the afternoon of the first Tuesday after Easter; and the ample home of "Auntie" Sawyer never had contained, at any one time, so many castes of character, so many phases of human life, as on this occasion gathered there. A careful effort was made that all should be cordial and homelike. The Loyal Daughters, dressed plainly but neatly, cheerfully addressed themselves to the effort of pleasing and profiting their guests. There was genuine interest taken in exhibiting and explaining some stereoptic views of Eastern and Western scenery. There was discussion of some simple and useful crocheting and fancy needle-work. There was some cheerful instrumental music, and a few common hymns were devoutly sung. At first they were timid, and were as reserved toward one another as they were toward those who were entertaining them; but this restraint soon began to pass away, and when the time for departing came, all seemed measurably at ease, and were inclined to take part in general conversation.

Mrs. Stevens had been apprised of this social gathering, and she had been curious to know just who would compose the company and what would be the character of the meeting; whether it would partake of a religious or a purely social nature. But she was determined not to intrude upon the meeting this time, and had said to her friend, Mrs. Milford: "However curious I am, I shall not go in without a special invitation; and this I can not expect from the Loyal Daughters; for they understand too well my attitude toward all such eccentricities." And when, from the window of her drawing-room, she

saw the company gather at the home of Mrs. Sawyer, she exclaimed: "How thankful I am that I am not invited! Did you ever see such a social conglomeration! There are Mrs. George Graham, Mrs. Ned Campbell, Mrs. Tom Wilson, etc. The two extremes meet to-day, forming one social circle, from Mrs. Sawyer all the way around to Tom Wilson's wife. One of two things is certain: the millennium is near at hand, or else the lunatic asylum will need to be enlarged speedily. How can the women of our Church tolerate this low class of humanity! Their social tastes and instincts are wholly incompatible. I dare say that they do not attempt sociability. They have gathered them in, as foreign missionaries would gather in a class of heathen, for a divine service, religious instruction, and prayer. I really would like to know how they will waste their precious time."

"How did yez loike the social this afthernoon, Mary?" asked Thomas Wilson of his wife as they sat at the supper-table about six-thirty o'clock of this Saturday afternoon.

"O yes, mother, tell us about it. It has done us good already; fur I can't mind the time when you come to the table wearin' your best dress before now," said Willie, eagerly.

"Oi thought we moight all want to go to the concert to the church to-noight, an' so Oi did not take oof me bist dress."

"Indade, yez do look foine at the table wid yer bist gown on. It sort o' brightens us all oop, loike. An' Oi wish that yez would do so ofthen ag'in," said her husband. "But coom, now, an' tell us aboot the afthernoon's matin' that yez have been at."

"Well, ye asked me jist how Oi loiked it, an' Oi will tell ye. The women what invited us wor rail noice an' foine. An' the home was foine an' jist as nate. An' all that they done this afthernoon was so koind an' interestin' an' so noice a tay, sure, that Oi could not but enjoy it. An' Oi larned manny 's the thing which Oi kint tell to ye now. But there is one part that Oi did not loike, an' Oi fale to resaint [resent] it when the roight toime cooms."

"An' what was that? Tell us all aboot that sure. Yez moight nade us to aid yez in resaintin it when the toime cooms roight," urged Wilson.

"No, Oi shall nade none ov yer hilp, Oi kin resaint it mesilf, alone. Me trooble was jist this: They invited soom to coom there what was oot of char-ac'ter with mesilf. Did ye iver haer ov the loikes? They asked a lady loike mesilf to coom into a social matin' wid the loikes of Ned Campbell's wife; an' they all must know the bad name that she bears, sure."

"An' did they so bad a dade as all that?" asked Wilson. "Indade yez must resaint so great an insult onto yer pure charac'ter. They must know that the loikes of yez must not coom into a social matin' wid so bad a woman as Ned Campbell's wife."

"An' was not Miss Bronson an' Miss Mills there to the meetin'?" asked Willie, sitting well back in his chair, and looking earnestly at his mother. "An' war n't many other nice Church ladies there, too? An' war n't it held in 'Auntie' Sawyer's fine home? An' did n't she speak kind to Ned Campbell's wife an' to all the others?"

"Yis; it was all that way, sure; but why do ye ask sich, Willie?"

"I was wonderin' if them fine ladies would resent because some worse ones wor' there at the social meetin'. Do you think they will?"

"No, they won't, sure; fur it 's their own gittin' oop, an' they nade n't a had um there if they did n't want um to coom; but they did want um, sure."

"Yes, an' do n't ye know what they want um fur?" continued Willie.

"Why, yis; jist to make a social matin' wid um, sure; an' to be made acquainted loike," answered his mother.

"But it was more 'n that they had um come fur, mother, I think."

"An' what de ye think it was fur, then, if it wor' not fur what Oi told to ye?"

The boy hesitated a moment, and then continued: "Do ye mind how Dr. Dunbarr an' Miss Bronson comes to our house sometimes?"

"Yis, sure," answered both his father and mother.

"An' do ye mind what they allers do when they come here?"

Wilson answered: "Oi kint jist tell all that they do when they coom, but Oi moind that they jist hilp us, loike, ivery toime. An' Oi moind that they aich shpake o' Him who kin hilp more 'n all good payples kin hilp us. An' they same to be loike Him—wantin' to hilp."

"Yes," said Willie, "an' that 's the way with them fine ladies what give the social meetin' where ye was, mother; an' they wanted to help Ned Campbell's

wife jist as bad as they wanted to help ye. An, likely, they thought that ye might help her some; an' so they had the social meetin' to fetch ye together. Ye won't resent it when they want ye to help other peoples like Miss Bronson helps, will ye, mother?"

"No, not if the ladies want me to hilp loike they do. But coom now, we must stay to the table no longer, or we 'll not reach the concert in toime."

"Tell me frankly, Miss Mills, did you derive any pleasure—not to mention profit—at the social gathering at the home of Mrs. Sawyer this afternoon?" asked Walter Milford as he, in company with Marian Mills, was going from her home to the lecture-room of the First Church of Warden. He had been requested to sing in a quartet at the entertainment to be given by the Church this Saturday night, and had complied with this request on the condition that Miss Mills would return with him as soon as the program was ended, "so that we need not remain to see the people take coffee," as he stated it.

"Really and frankly, Mr. Milford, I did have pleasure at the social gathering to which you refer. But why do you ask?"

"I understand that those for whose benefit this party was given are, by far, your inferiors in every respect, and I can not understand how you can find pleasure in such society. Will you please explain?"

"For me to explain immediately after this, your sweeping statement of the matter, would be to acknowledge that I am, by far, the superior of these friends of mine."

"O, I perceive my blunder and your modesty. Let me put it in this way, then: Miss Mills, how could you find pleasure in the company of Mrs. Thomas Wilson, Mrs. Campbell, and the like?"

"Yes, sir; now I can answer you," said Marian, smiling. "Mr. Milford, I entertained the humble hope of helping to do these women good. Is it not a pleasure to do good? What can give us more true pleasure than to help somebody to a better life? There is a twofold pleasure in such offices as we tried to perform this afternoon—that of helping our fellow-beings and of pleasing our Master."

"But why need you ladies interest yourselves in these unfortunate beings?"

"Mr. Milford, if the Church of Christ takes no interest in the welfare of such as these, what organization will? If the servant of Christ passes by on the other side of these, where can we expect to find the Good Samaritan?"

"Do you think that such service as you rendered to these this afternoon, and such as you Loyal Daughters are rendering from time to time, can please our Divine Master?"

"Certainly I do, Mr. Milford. Did he not come to our world and suffer to save just such poor mortals? Did he not point to the unfortunate of earth—those that were hungry, and thirsty, and sick, and in prison—and then say to his followers: 'Inasmuch as ye have done service unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me?' "

They were at the door of the lecture-room now, and they were thoughtful as they went in together.

## CHAPTER XVII

# Decision

"This is the way, walk ye in it."

"WHY are you more than usually thoughtful to-night, Bennett?" asked Dunbarr on a Sunday night near the middle of April. The two had returned from church together, and had sat in Dunbarr's office in silence for nearly one-half hour. Dunbarr had seemed to be reading a magazine. Bennett sat apart, nearly ensconced in an easy-chair, the back of his head resting within his palms, while his eyes seemed fixed upon some far-away object. "Some particular portion of the doctor's sermon that has prompted your unwonted seriousness?" Dunbarr continued. "If so, talk to me about it, please. I am not able to fix my mind on a book, but it wanders here and there, defying my effort to control it."

"Well, yes; some parts of the sermon have caused me to think more intently of a matter which has been before my mind for some days. You recall the place in the sermon where Dr. Burns remarked, "God sometimes requires an abrupt change in our Christian career; and to comply with his requirements at such times may cross us decidedly. We may have chosen our vocation, have become wonted to it, have fallen in love with it, and have served well our fellow-

men and our God in the prosecution of it; but our God, in his wisdom, now sees a different engagement, in the pursuit of which we can the better serve him. And so, his gentle word of command to us is, 'This is the way, walk ye in it.' 'We are often tempted,' you remember he said, 'to disregard God's Word at such times, or to plead to be excused from engaging in the new enterprise designated. But to do so is to plead to be excused from a real duty, and is to disobey God. And no one, under any circumstances, can disobey God with impunity.' Now, this thought, that a change in our career may sometimes conduce to the utility of our service, has prompted my deeper thoughtfulness and has led me to a decision. But the thought of the crossing, the self-denying experience, has figured but little in my problem; for while I love the career that I have chosen, and have anticipated it with unmeasured pleasure, yet this new line of duty is novel and full of opportunities for valuable experiences as well as effective service. Besides, as I am young yet, if my life is spared, I shall have time left me to pursue the study and practice of medicine. We both have been deeply interested in the condition of suffering Cuba, and in the attitude of our Nation toward the cause of this stricken island and the haughty, treacherous relation of Spain to us. I am sure that our Nation understands that war is inevitable; and preparations for war are being made as rapidly as possible. My decision in this: I shall enlist at the very first call for volunteers."

"While this fact is serious in many of its phases, yet I am not surprised at your decision, Bennett. I should expect you to take the very course that you

have decided upon. Neither will you be surprised when I tell you that when the call is given, I shall go as promptly and as willingly as yourself."

"But I am surprised, Doctor, that you should arrive at this conclusion. You are deeply intrenched here. You have too much to leave. There are but few physicians in the city who have a greater practice than you. You are useful right here and now. While I am sure that you would make an excellent soldier, yet there are thousands of able men who are not so usefully employed as you; and these will go, and will make good soldiers too. It seems to me that your business and your social position in this city plainly say that your sphere of usefulness is in Warden."

"You may be right, Bennett; but I am quite positive that you are wrong. I have been a number of days arriving at this conclusion; and if war is declared, there is but one thing that will prevent my going as a volunteer."

"May I know what that one thing is?"

"Certainly. You know how very slowly my arm has recovered. This is not due to the lack of surgical skill, neither is it because I have not had an efficient nurse; but it is due to the seriousness of the fracture. I can operate the joint but a trifle now, and, of course, the whole arm is weak. This stiffened joint and weak arm may throw me out; otherwise, my dear fellow, I am with you in an armed effort to free Cuba from the fangs of Spain;" and he arose and deliberately walked twice across the room, and then resumed his chair.

"It is to be hoped," replied Bennett, smiling,

"that the accident of some weeks ago, which broke and dislocated that elbow of yours, will prove a benediction to your many friends, to your Church, and to this city, by incapacitating you for service as a volunteer."

"I assure you that my disappointment will be great if I can not go. I will need the Christian grace which Dr. Burns suggested when he said, 'It is often more trying to remain at our post of duty and faithfully serve in a monotonous routine, while a new enterprise promises a rich variety and a brilliant career, than it is to quit the old, and, obedient unto the command of our great General, to march freely forward unto new battlefields, where untried foes are waiting to try our valor and to test our strength.'"

"But, Doctor, your routine is not a dull monotony. You enjoy your profession, and your increasing popularity brings a pleasurable variety."

"Yes; I do enjoy my vocation, and I have an abiding interest in my patients. But I want a part in this effort of my country, when, in the near future, she shall prove to the world that she is the friend of suffering humanity. And, too, Bennett, I want to go with you."

The days of this historic April passed rapidly; days so potent with promise to the oppressed Cuban; days so fraught with destiny for misguided, sin-blinded Spain. On the 22d of the month, President McKinley issued a proclamation which called for 125,000 volunteers. On the 25th, Congress formally declared that war existed between the United States of America and the Kingdom of Spain. A fortnight from the Sunday night last mentioned, our two

young friends sat together once more in Dunbarr's apartments; and something of the much which had taken place within these two weeks, and which materially affected the future of both Dunbarr and Bennett, we may gather from the following conversation. It was Dunbarr who spoke:

"A few days are sufficient, often, to remove many uncertainties and to make certain our course. Two weeks ago we were positive in our decisions, but these decisions hinged upon a hypothetical future. To-night, the assumed is verified. War is declared, our President has called for volunteers, you are to go and I am to remain. Bennett, I have listened to not a few cutting words; but never did words pierce me more deeply than did those of the examining physician when he said: 'We have no use for you. That partially-stiffened elbow and that consequently enfeebled arm incapacitate you for military service.' Not that it was a surprise; but it robbed me of what little soldierly hope I had. How patriotic Dr. Burns's discourse was to-night! How his words augmented my crushed but unconquered desire! I am sure that he desires to go, even at his time in life. And there will be many a poorer soldier than he would make, even now. If so good a man as he regrets the conditions that incapacitate him, the Lord will pardon my rebellious spirit, will he not? And you are to go so soon, Robert. Tuesday evening! Well, many months may pass before we shall be permitted again to talk long together. To-morrow the public reception will be given for you and the other fortunate boys of our city, and to-morrow night the reception for you by our Church

and Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor; and so the time will be taken. Is there anything particularly especial that we should say to each other to-night?"

"Our words to each other, Dunbarr, are all particular words; and I have no complicated affairs to leave. I can couch all my 'particularly especial' words in one short request: Continue to be a true friend of mine. That is all I ask. That, with you, will mean everything. I am not ignorant of the fact that I am leaving many valuable friends, and I could be very sad if I would; but I shall return to them, and before very long, too. But, Doctor, a man seldom finds a friend to whom he becomes so attached as I am to you; and I would have nothing occur to break or lessen this friendship."

They sat in silence for a moment, and then Dunbarr resumed the conversation.

"I have the few following requests to make of you, Bennett: Be as careful of yourself, in every particular, as the duties of a true soldier will permit. Write me as often as you can. But let this be my chiefest request: If you become sick, or if you are wounded and come into any especial emergency, send for me immediately. Send any length of cablegram or telegram, at my expense, and I will prove to you and to this Government that it will require more than one disabled elbow to keep me from you. I will come to you. I shall not chafe long under my forced residence in Warden. I can not see the wisdom of the providence which keeps me here; but I shall believe in it, and shall think I hear a voice saying, 'This is the way, walk ye in it.'

And, after a few days, I shall be able cheerfully to comply."

The reception given the volunteers by the citizens of Warden was enthusiastically patriotic. But that given Bennett by his Church and Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor was peculiarly impressive to him. It was like the coming together of a large family to say a few parting words to a son and brother. He had been embraced in this membership but a few weeks; and yet the events of this short time had very closely united him to this Society and Church. Dr. Burns spoke as only a pastor, who has had experience as a soldier in our war of the sixties, can speak. His words were those of a veteran father, shut in with his own dear people. He knew of the temptations and perils of army life, and he designated many of these. He had experienced the privations, and hardships, and dangers of camp-life, and the march, and the battlefield, and he spoke of these. He knew the only Source of the soldier-boy's moral and spiritual safety, and he pointed out this Source. And then, when his address was concluded, he led his loyal people to a Throne of Grace; and, with a full heart, he sought the benediction of Heaven upon his Government, the cause that it had espoused, and upon the dear, young man who was so soon to go from them to help in a war which was to be waged for the sake of humanity.

As had been anticipated, Dunbarr and Bennett had but little opportunity for further confidential conversation. Tuesday evening came all too soon. Patriotic sentiment and military zeal prevailed among

the citizens of Warden. The extra train which was to convey the volunteers to a temporary encampment, was due at Warden at six o'clock that evening. But it was fully one-half hour late. Hundreds of people had gathered at the depot, and while they waited the time was consumed by unimportant generalities. Friends conversed. Politicians exchanged views. The bands discoursed patriotic airs.

At length the long train, loaded with "soldier-boys," pulled in; and, as the engine took water here, there was ample time for the final good-byes. Dunbarr was one of the last to take Bennett's hand, and then retired a few steps. But as he turned and looked toward the train again, he saw Miss Bronson step to the platform of the car, on the lower step of which Bennett stood, and place her hand upon his arm. Bennett bowed his head to catch her words, and for several minutes she thus spoke to him. Then she took from beneath the folds of her spring wrap a small package, secured by a bow of light-blue ribbon, and placed it within his hand. Bennett took this, and quickly placed it within the breast-pocket of his waistcoat; and then the train started, while still her hand was on his arm.

Dunbarr, seeing all of this, trembled, grew pale and felt faint; and he scarcely knew why. Then he withdrew abruptly from the crowd, and walked back into the city—at first slowly, but more rapidly as the moments passed. He walked aimlessly for many blocks, turning now to the left, and now to the right, as unwittingly as his nameless mood might actuate. At length, when he was in a new resident portion of the city—sparsely settled—he raised his

eyes towards the sky; and there, quite at his left, he saw, for the first time this month, the new moon. Then, as he walked more slowly, he gave some expression to his thought as follows:

"That 's the idea, all sure enough! Everything has gone and is going wrong with me! I knew it just as well before as now I do since this token from yonder sky appeared to confirm my convictions. It may be some solace to inventory my ill fortunes. What are they? First, by that which I am powerless to change, I am incapable of entering the service of my country as a volunteer. Second, my most intimate young friend has gone from me to-day. Third, by his going has been revealed to me the fruitless folly of my long-cherished hope,—Gertrude Bronson loves Robert Bennett! With a meaning as significant as ever accompanied a like act of any worthy lady of ancient time, she, this very evening, gave him her colors; and he, with a purpose as worthy as ever took possession of any noble knight, placed them near his heart. She has seemed to avoid me of late. I have wondered at her reticence. It is all plain to me now. She is too pure and noble even to risk the possibility of awakening within the life of any man a love which she can not reciprocate. Well, I can no more wonder that she should love so worthy a man as Robert Bennett than I can rid myself of the crushing consciousness of the irreparable loss of a long-cherished hope. Do I envy him? Yes; if to envy and to love a man at one and the same moment were possible. And I did love him—I *do* love him! I am bound to him by the sacred tie of friendship. His last and only

request of me was, 'Continue to be a true friend of mine; that is all I ask of you.' And I thought then that he was asking but a very small favor, and one so easy to grant him. It means much—supremely much! Be that as it may, I will keep my plighted faith with him!"

He had turned and was walking southward now, and he looked once more toward the calm spring sky. "Where is that new moon now?" he asked. "I will compel a favorable token from her." Just at this moment the moon appeared from behind one of the few visible clouds of the night, and, from before him, yet decidedly at his right, cast her calm light kindly upon him. "There!" he exclaimed, "Do I feel better, now that I have extorted a favorable omen? or should I be ashamed for having entertained, even for a moment, a capricious notion whose only claims upon my respect are its extreme longevity, and that it hangs upon the beautiful new moon? Ah! here, still higher than the virgin moon, and farther to my right, is the evening star. Is it a star of hope that heaven has hung out for me? If so, how cheering its rays! How welcome its voice! But the thought of heaven is a stern reproof to me. What have I done within the last half-hour—what, indeed, but to curse my lot and to complain against Providence? O, my Master!" he cried, as he clasped his hands and looked above the evening star, "how weak, how rebellious, how full of sin I am; and how ungrateful for all thou hast given me, and for all thou art to me! Canst thou pardon such a rebel as I? Wilt thou take me back into favor with heaven once more? And wilt thou help me

to be willing to labor faithfully here or anywhere that thou mayest direct? If so, then in this solicitude I renew my consecration to God and fellow-man; and, as far as I know, I make this consecration complete." He remained in that attitude, silent, a moment; and the cloud passed from his pale brow, and a sweet peace came into his troubled life, and a tear of devout gratitude stole down his cheek; and then he walked firmly yet thoughtfully homeward.

When he reached his office, he found a number of calls awaiting him. One was urgent—a serious accident in a remote suburb. His horse and carriage were promptly ordered, and soon he sped to the place of suffering. And thus we lose sight of him for the night.

Although Walter Milford had, from time to time, severely criticized Dr. Burns, yet, secretly, he held him in high regard; and, as the days of his sojourn in Warden were passing, he was possessed of a strong desire to become better acquainted with the doctor. So, prompted by this desire, and under the pretext of returning the doctor's kindly call, he visited him one afternoon the first of May. Dr. Burns greeted him with unstinted cordiality, and soon they were mutually interested in the discussion of matters of a general bearing. After a few moments, however, their conversation naturally turned to subjects of a religious character, and their animation increased perceptibly.

"Have you ever known, Dr. Burns, another Church whose young people were so devoted as the young people of Warden are to their Church and to the cause of religion?"

"I think that I have never served another Church whose young people were as happily loyal as are our young people, and the one way really to know a Church is to serve as its pastor; but I trust that there are many such instances."

"You make a fortunate use of that term 'happily loyal.' It is that term, Doctor, in which, to me, is couched the mystery of this matter. One finds many young people who are nominally religious; but they have no particular use for their religion, other than that Church membership adds somewhat to their good name. Of course, they feel it incumbent upon them to attend divine service as often as once a week; and this, with possibly the exception of a bedside prayer, comprises their religious service. You find them participating in all the pleasurable pursuits of popular and fashionable society, and you are not able to distinguish them from the so-called worldling. There are those whom we meet, however, who feel that religion and Church membership require that they should conform to certain Puritanic rules, requiring rigid self-denial. But these are the solemn and long-faced Christians. Their very countenances indicate that they are living unnatural lives, against which their youthful hearts are in continuous rebellion. But the young people of the First Church of Warden are known by the consistent practices of their daily life to be Christians; and yet they abound in real, practical life—happy in heart and cheerful in spirit. Can you explain to me, Doctor, why they are so peculiar?"

"I think that the reason is found within the fact that they have a correct conception of the religion

of Christ, and have willing minds to live consistently with their religious convictions," answered Dr. Burns, deliberately.

"Well, please, Doctor, what are these views that are held and practiced by the young people of your Church, and where did they obtain them?"

"They have obtained them, either directly or indirectly, from the Word of God. It would pain me to think that their views are not in harmony with God's thought, as this thought appears in nature and upon the pages of the sacred Scriptures. As to what they are, I may not take the time now fully to state. Some of them may be concisely stated as follows: Beginning with their view of God,—they believe that God is King Supreme, and that they are subjects of his kingdom; and, as such, they must have laws. These laws they can not transgress with impunity. They believe, that as subjects of God, they are made capable of knowing something of God and of his government, and that in wisdom and justice God is led to reveal himself and his laws unto them. They hold that the chiefest revelation of God is in Jesus Christ, and that he, as the Son of God, is the expression of the disposition of God towards his subjects; that, in Christ, they come to know that God is not only a Sovereign, but also a loving Father; that, in Christ, they see the Father's estimate of sin, and also his boundless love for the sinner. They believe that the government of God is so adjusted that they who obey its laws are, at the same time, conserving their own most vital welfare; but they who willfully break one of the least of the laws of this kingdom, pierce their own lives through

with many sorrows, and are justly condemned as rebels, and that nothing but sincere repentance can restore them to favor. Penitence, to our young people, means more than self-shame and wounded pride. It means, to them, deep sorrow; because our sin has touched the government of our King, and has wounded the heart of God. Again, they see that Christ is real, a living being—One of whom they may hear, of whom they may read, but, more than these, One with whom they may meet and come into personal, loving fellowship. They see in his life the real, the only true life for them to live; and this life commends itself to them, more and more, as they come to know it better. At their first view of it they hear a voice which may seem like the voice of a stranger, saying, 'This is the way, walk ye in it.' But afterward this voice, to them, becomes the voice of their most valuable Friend, and it meets with a glad response from their happy lives. The Christian career to them, therefore, is a beautiful activity, which, like other manifestations of God's loving thought—the vital air we breathe, the flowers, the birds of song—is peace on earth and a right good will to all mankind. In fine, Mr. Milford, I believe that our young people really love the Being whom they profess to serve; and it is a law of life that service rendered to the object which we truly love, brings joy."

"I thank you, Dr. Burns. I have more than a passing interest in this matter, although this interest has been but recently awakened. But I must go now. I have already taken too much of your valuable time."

Dr. Burns took his hand warmly at his departing, and remarked: "By many words I fear that I have blinded instruction; but pardon the following from me: The Christian religion offers the opportunity of a satisfying service which can beautifully employ your talent, and culture, and means."

"I thank you again, Doctor; and I have come to the thoughtful decision to look this practical phase of the subject fairly in the face."

## CHAPTER XVIII

# Reaching Out

"Light is sown for the righteous, and gladness for the upright in heart."

AMONG the much which had engaged the attention of the First Church of Warden in the last of April and the first of May, was the organization of a branch Sunday-school at the corner of Genesee Avenue and East Cedar Street. A building at this location had been rented, and, for the last fortnight, mechanics had been busy rearranging its interior. A large room wherein the entire school could gather, and several smaller rooms suitable for primary and intermediate classes, had been provided and sufficiently furnished.

Mrs. Stevens had said to Marian Mills: "I presume that the branch Sunday-school will be officered and wholly managed by the young people of the Church; and we will see what it will all amount to. Quite likely it will result in little more than an unwise outlay of money and a stupid waste of time. The only possible good that I can anticipate as coming from it, is that it may unite those vulgar people in whom you have so recently become interested, and satisfy them with a religious service there, so that they will confine their church-going to the little

chapel, and never come near the house of worship of the First Church of Warden."

"Well, time, and possibly eternity, can only tell what will come of it," answered Marian. "We have already had a meeting preliminary to organizing the school, and by that meeting it seems evident that the elderly portion of our Church, as well as the young people, are to engage themselves in that enterprise. And, really, Mrs. Stevens, I do not think that one of us has deliberately planned to squander money or waste time. I sincerely hope that the people for whom this school is instituted will become happily united in the services to be held in the chapel; but I hope that our Church will be sufficiently Christlike to throw our doors wide open to all of them who may wish to worship God with us."

"Marian, for months we have not agreed on the subject of religion, and I fear that we may never agree again. How did your preliminary meeting signify that the school is likely to be officered?"

"It was the sense of that meeting that Mr. Bronson should be the superintendent, Mrs. Burton secretary, and Dr. Dunbarr treasurer. Dr. Burns will have a general supervision of the school. But the organization is not to be completed until the first Sunday that we gather there, so that they for whom the school is formed may have a voice in and the benefit of witnessing the organization."

"The idea of Jerome Bronson superintending a Sunday-school where such degraded people are to be taught!" exclaimed Mrs. Stevens, and then the subject was dismissed.

And thus it came about. The school was organ-

ized quite nearly as Miss Mills had foretold. She had a class of women, some of them much older than herself, one of whom was Mrs. Campbell. This woman, at first, had objected to coming into the school. She had said in answer to Marian's entreaties: "There are a number of reasons why I decline. I am not good enough. Some may object to my presence, not wishing to be associated with me, even in a Sunday-school. And, then, the many memories that such a service will awaken; the fires of remorse that will be quickened!" But she could not withstand Marian's unyielding entreaty, and she came into her class.

Dr. Dunbarr chose to teach a class of men of near the age of Thomas Wilson, and with attainments about equal to Wilson's.

Gertrude Bronson took a class of boys of near the age of Willie Wilson. Willie was glad to be a member of this class, and became very serviceable in securing new members.

When the subject of classes and teachers was discussed in his home, Wilson had said: "Oi 'm glad to have Dr. Dunbarr fur me tacher, good mon that he is; but Oi 'd the rither have Miss Bronson, fur she kin make all things plain, loike. But it 's not mesilf that 'll be complainin' so long as Oi kin have oor own good docthor." And his wife replied:

"No; Tom, sure, ye 'll git on well, an' oor Willie kin have Miss Bronson to tache him. Ye all kin 't have her, Tom."

The school was not large at the first. The people were timid and indifferent. Much personal work was needed to secure their confidence and to awaken

their interest. Dr. Dunbarr's class increased quite rapidly in numbers. He was well known to the laboring men, and had already secured their confidence, and he proved to be an interesting and capable teacher.

The supplies were carefully selected with the view of adaptation, and were paid for promptly, for the first quarter, out of a fund that was placed in the treasury before the school was fully organized; but it was determined by the governing Board—a body comprised of all the officers, two teachers, and the pastor—that, after the first quarter, the school should nearly or quite sustain itself by regular contributions made by its patrons. Thus this branch school was begun; and the people who were attracted to the "little chapel"—as became their wont to designate it—were pleased with the novel enterprise, and the teachers and managers of the school were hopeful and happy.

It was in this month of May that another department of religious effort was introduced and adopted by the First Church of Warden. It came about naturally, as follows: At a Sunday-school teachers' meeting, which was held early in the month, one arose and made the following statement: "It has occurred to a few of us that good may be accomplished by the distribution of religious literature in the families that are not now reached by the services of our Church and Sunday-schools. A great number of tracts and other religious literature may be secured at small cost, and may be taken into these homes regularly, at but little inconvenience to our willing workers. The plan that has been suggested

is, that between the hours of four and five, each Sunday afternoon, a few of us should go from house to house in different districts of the city, deal out our literature, and do any other brief, simple, Christian deed that occasion may actuate. Our bicycles will prove efficient allies in such a mission. We may call this our Colporteur Department, if this undertaking seems to you to be feasible, and if it receives your approval."

This proposition was carefully discussed and heartily commended by all.

"This is a step in the direction of the 'Home Department' of the Sunday-school," remarked Dr. Burns; "and I had intended, to-night, to introduce this department for your consideration. It has been adopted by many Sunday-schools in our State, and is being operated with happy results. It aims to take the helpful influences of the Sunday-school to those persons who are prevented from attending it by illness, distance, family cares, or indifference. All persons who can be induced to join the 'Home Class' are requested to promise to devote one-half hour each week to the study of the Sunday-school lesson. They are furnished with various helps, such as a form for application for membership, certificate of membership and the *Home Department Quarterly*, which, in addition to the lessons, contains maps, charts, 'guiding questions,' and many valuable comments and suggestions. To institute such a department, the field should be divided into districts and thoroughly canvassed so that none whom the department should reach may be omitted. They who are to carry forward this work are called 'visitors.'

These 'visitors,' as soon as the canvass is made, and their classes are assigned to them—each 'visitor' may care for a class of from five to fifteen in number—should carry to each member of his class the lesson helps and the quarterly report envelopes, and should impart such instruction as will enable each member to begin the study of the lesson promptly. Each 'visitor' is expected to call upon each member of his class at least once every three months, and that immediately at the close of the quarter, to insure the prompt beginning of a new quarter's work. Now I think that I can see how your 'Colporteur Department' can aid a 'Home Department' of the Sunday-school. For example, each member of the 'Colporteur Department' could know where each member of the home class resides, and could stop a moment of a Sunday afternoon and offer a word of encouragement or information. I believe our Master will bless such efforts to the advancement of his kingdom and to the salvation of souls. I advise that we add to our Sunday-school the 'Home Department,' that we make a thorough canvass, get in perfect readiness, and start the enterprise at the first of the next quarter. In this work it may be well to confine ourselves to the territory that is locally ours. But in the case of the 'Colporteur Department' this may begin at any time, and, after our own territory is perfectly covered, may extend to any neglected portions of our city."

And so it came to pass. The governing board and the entire corps of teachers were eager to try these new means of usefulness. A large quantity of literature was ordered for distribution, a dozen

or more young men and women joined the 'Colporteur Department,' and began their work.

"Is not God's will often very austere and even tormenting to mankind?" asked Walter Milford of Marian Mills, one pleasant May evening. He had called upon her at her home, and they had gone down to the flower-garden to welcome the new flowers that had bloomed, and to anticipate the multitude that would greet them within a few weeks.

"No, I think not, Mr. Milford. His will may seem severe; but this is only seeming, I think. God's will is his law; and, as Henry Drummond has tersely said, 'When God puts down his great will beside me, telling me to do it, he puts down just beside it as great a thing, his love. Where God's law is, is God's love.' And I think that Mr. Drummond's teaching, at this point, is compatible with the Scripture which teaches that 'God is love.' Now, love can never be really austere, can it, Mr. Milford? And what led you to ask me about God's will?"

"No; I do not understand that real love can be really austere; and—to answer your second question—I read in the New Testament to-day an entreaty, by the mercy of God, that we should present our bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable to God; and this, it claimed, is our reasonable service."

"Yes; I recall that Scripture; but why should that lead you to conclude that God's will is severe?"

"Is it not severely exacting of God to require of us all to exist as a living sacrifice offered unto him?"

"No; not to one whose will has been surrendered to God's will, and whose perceptions have been so

quickened as to enable him to see that God's will is but another term for God's love, and that God's love ever and always means the very best for all his creatures."

"But how, Miss Mills, can one apprehend all this?"

"Mr. Milford, you are asking me difficult questions, and I may not be able to answer them correctly; but it seems to me that, first of all, one must come to feel that it is supremely important to apprehend the love of God; and this can not be while one spurns God or rebels against him. One must submissively come to God before he can have the practical knowledge that 'God is love,' and can experience, uprising from the fountain of his own life, a reciprocal to God's love. The human heart, unaided, is not equal to this experience. Therefore our Savior said, 'No man can come unto me, except the Father which sent me draw him.' Love only can interpret love. And when the Spirit quickens our lives to love God, then we begin properly to appreciate his love."

"But can not one hear of God and read of God, and know him by these means?"

"One can get some intellectual grasp of God by these means. But do we really come into possession of the true knowledge of a great man or of our friend by reading of him or hearing about him? Has not the great man or our friend an important personality that we know practically nothing of until we come unto him and sit down in his presence? It is at such a time—is it not?—that we are born into an entirely new relation with him."

It was twilight. The robins vied with one another in song, affording a vesper service inimitable. Nature was in her happiest mood. The moment was an impressive one. Our two young friends walked slowly back to the house. Soon afterward Milford bade Marian good-night, and then went thoughtfully to the home of Mrs. Stevens. He found his mother alone in the drawing-room, and, after his usual cordial greeting, remarked:

"Mother, I have decided not to go East with you and Mrs. Stevens next week."

"Why, Walter, you astonish me! What has led you to that decision?"

"I am not satisfied to leave Warden yet. I am curious to make a further study of some matters here. There are several features of Mrs. Stevens's Church which interest me. Warden is a beautiful and healthful little city, and I shall remain here until extremely sultry weather shall incline me to come East to the mountains."

"But, Walter, you understand that I am unaccustomed to travel alone; besides, I shall be very lonely without you."

"I will go with you and see you on board of a through train, and provide that you shall be met at your destination by a trustworthy person, who will see that you and your baggage are landed safely at our home. You and Mrs. Stevens will be so interested in each other and the things which are mutually pleasing to you that you will scarcely miss me till the time arrives for us to go to our summer resort. If you should become ill, or should really need me, you know that I could reach you within a few hours."

"Yet, Walter, we have never been separated long, not even when you were at college. It will be a new experience, and, to me, a sad one. It seems strange that you ever took such a notion."

When, just before retiring that night, Mrs. Milford informed Mrs. Stevens of Walter's decision to remain in Warden, this latter lady remarked:

"Can it be possible that he is becoming infatuated with Marian? Well, this would not be a great wonder. She is well educated and bright, and I have understood that her parents left her quite an amount of wealth. She has lived with her married sister since her parents died. They two were the only children."

"I suppose that there should come a time when he should be attached to some noble woman; but I dread to have that time come, and I will not entertain the thought that it is near at hand now. He said that he wished to make a further study of the religious phases of this city, and that he thinks it a healthful and pretty little town to sojourn in. He has always been studiously inclined, but matters of a purely social nature have engaged his thought heretofore. No, I will not cross him in this; but I shall miss him sadly."

"I do not see what he finds in the religion of Warden to interest him. I should think that that feature of our city would fill him with disgust and compel him to leave it. It surely affects me that way;" and Mrs. Stevens led the way to their sleeping apartments.

It had been planned by the young people of the First Church of Warden to celebrate May-day in

a pronounced manner. The Sunday-school, Junior and Senior Endeavor Societies, and all others, old and young, who wished, were to participate in the celebration. The "May Queen" was to be chosen by ballot from the Sunday-school class that had had the best average attendance during the last three months, and had passed the best quarterly examination, provided that such class contained one or more girls or young women. But in case a class of boys or young men should excel in average attendance and in the quarterly examination, that class should be honored with the choice of the "Queen of May." The exercises were to be short, the principal parts being the erecting and winding of the May-pole and the crowning of the queen. The place was to be a beautiful wood-lot, just outside the city limits, bordering upon a deep valley, through which ran Cedar Creek. The first week of May, however, was cold and rainy, and it was not until the second Saturday of the month that a suitable day could be fixed upon.

"We will not abandon the idea of our May-day celebration," the superintendent of the Sunday-school had said, "if a suitable day can not be fixed upon before the very last day of the month;" and so said they all.

When the test was taken, it was found that a class of boys averaging about fourteen years of age were entitled to the choice of the "May Queen;" and their choice was Georgia Cleveland, a beautiful child some twelve years old, and the only daughter of a poor though highly-respected family.

This chosen Saturday was a perfect spring day.

The azure sky was cloudless. The air was mild, and perfumed with the fragrance of the flowers. The foliage of the trees was bursting forth into rapid development, and thus the branches that had been stark so long were being beautifully clothed. The song-birds had nearly all returned, and were vying with each other in manifestations of abundant life and supreme delight.

The exercises were to be at three o'clock in the afternoon. When this hour came, all was in readiness, and the short program was so well carried out as to prove pleasing to all; but the interest naturally centered in the crowning of the queen and the winding of the pole. The pole stood some thirty feet high, and from its top hung many ribbons, red, white, and blue in color. The queen was crowned with a beautiful chaplet of spring flowers, and placed upon her dainty, flower-embellished throne; and then little girls dressed in white, each holding the end of one of these ribbons, which were attached to the top of the May-pole, walked around the pole, so alternating as to weave the ribbons artistically, keeping step to the time of a march played by the orchestra. The circles which they described were at first very large ones; but they gradually grew smaller as the ribbons grew shorter by winding, and at last the pole was symmetrically wound from top to bottom in red, white, and blue.

When the program was concluded, the company divided into small groups, some of whom engaged in merry games, while others wandered aimlessly about the woodland, and gave themselves up to the charms of nature.

After participating heartily in a few games, Gertrude Bronson and Marian Mills withdrew, and walked leisurely away towards the valley, each swinging a willow whip with the graceful abandon of school-girls.

"What bird is your favorite?" asked Gertrude.

"Why," answered Marian, "I have, from the earliest of my recollection, been the ardent lover of the robin. He is one of the first to come in the spring; and he really does come to us. Quite a domestic bird is robin. He is in our dooryards and upon our doorsteps. I love his matter-of-fact ways. All that we have out of doors he claims and takes possession of—our lawns, our shade-trees, our fruit-trees, and, later, our fruit. But he pays for all with his song. O, that song of robin,—so abundant, so rich, so continuous; the last song at night, if we except the whip-poor-will, and the first song in the morning, e'en in those wee, small hours, when, if we awake at all, it is to know that we are sleeping sweetly, that we are glad that we do not need to arise yet, and that robin is singing. And, then, he remains the whole season through, until all is finished, and at last so silently steals away for his Southern home that we do not know that he is departed until we look for him in vain. Yes, indeed! Robin is the bird of my choice. But which is your bird, Gertrude?"

"To answer you this, Marian, is pleasurable. I, too, have been in love since early childhood. But it is not your favorite bird, although he is a very dear friend of mine, whose presence and song add much to the charms of my spring and summer time.

But my bird is not such a rollicking, robust fellow as yours, though he is quite vigorous and decidedly energetic. He comes at about the same time in the spring, and remains nearly as late in the autumn as does robin. He is too modest to intrude; but when he visits us it is always with an air which seems to say, 'Do not be annoyed; I shall not remain long.' Pretty? Why, for me, he outvies all other birds in symmetry of form and beauty of plumage. Color? The gifted poetess, Ella Gilbert Ives, has said of it:

'Beautious bit of earth and air,
With a hint of ocean.'

Song? Perfectly inimitable! This same lady has described his song as 'fragmentary rapture.' But, alas! Marian, there are by far too few like him, and I fear that the number is growing less annually. My very feelings are expressed by the authoress referred to when she says:

'Sprite, or bird, or wingéd love,
Heaven itself were lonely,
If thy far-retreating voice
Were a memory only.'

Marian, can you tell now the name of my favorite bird?"

"Is it the bluebird, Gertrude?"

"Certainly! How well you guess! But, hark! I hear his song now. Look! yonder he is, and his mate is with him. I will venture that they are building their nest in the top of that old stump which leans out over the bank. Let 's go and see."

Though they approached cautiously, the birds saw

them and flew away while they were yet some rods off.

"I am sure that they are building in there," said Gertrude, pointing to the old stump. "It would be easy to ascertain, if it did not lean so far over the bank. But I am sure that I can peep into it; this little tree will aid me."

She stepped upon the very brink of the bank, grasped the tree with her right hand, and leaned out over the ravine, while with her left hand she reached for the stump. At this the little tree gave way with a sharp crack—for it was decayed—and Marian screamed as she saw Gertrude fall several feet into the ravine below.

Dunbarr had been detained in the city, and did not accompany the May-day party. As soon as he could leave town he drove to the woods, but did not arrive until the exercises at the May-pole had ended. Soon after his arrival he was joined by Walter Milford, and they strolled leisurely about, conversing upon congenial topics. They had, unwittingly, wandered near the bank to which Gertrude and Marian had come in pursuit of the bluebird's nest; and Dunbarr was thinking how agreeable Milford was becoming to him; how, in part, he was taking Bennett's place, and was wondering how Bennett was passing this beautiful spring afternoon,—when, attracted by Marian's cry of alarm, he saw Gertrude fall into the ravine. Instantly he rushed to the place, bounded recklessly into the ravine, and in a moment was at her side. Marian and Milford, by way of a bridle-path, soon joined him, and together they bent over Gertrude's motionless form.

## CHAPTER XIX

### Sincerity

"Arise, and go into the city, and it shall be told thee what thou must do."

"DO you think that she is fatally injured, Dr. Dunbarr?" asked Marian, while her fair face bespoke her deep solicitude. As if aroused by Marian's voice, Gertrude opened her eyes, and, in bewilderment, stared at Marian a moment. Then she perceived that Milford was near her, and she looked upon him with the peculiar expression of returning consciousness; and then, evidently perplexed at the uncertainty of who else might be there, she slowly moved her gaze, as if in search. When she beheld Dunbarr, the color came quickly to her pale face, and she attempted to assume a sitting posture. Dunbarr, anticipating her desire, assisted her. Then she passed her hand across her brow, and remarked: "How strange it all seems! Yes; it returns to me now. How stupid I have been! I must have fainted, silly girl that I am! But," turning to Milford and Dunbarr, and attempting a smile as she spoke, "you were not here when I took my awkward tumble."

"Are you seriously hurt, Gertrude dear?" asked Marian; and her usually bright eyes were dimmed with tears for the moment.

"Why, no; that is, I think that I am not. My

right wrist is painful, and I feel weak and faint. But I think that I shall be able to ride my wheel home, after a few minutes. I am thirsty. I think that a drink of cold water would revive me completely."

"You had best remain quiet for a time before attempting to go home," said Dunbarr. "Miss Mills and Mr. Milford may help you to a more comfortable place to sit or lie, while I will go for some water, and to my carriage for my medicine-case."

He hastened to his carriage, and from a spring near by filled a flask with pure water, and then drove as near to where the young people were as was possible. In the meantime Marian and Milford had improved Gertrude's situation by helping her to a sitting where her back was supported by a maple-tree, against whose trunk she leaned. This change was but just accomplished, and Marian had remarked, "There, dear, you look far more comfortable," when Dunbarr, returning, came springing down the winding, narrow path.

"There returns Dr. Dunbarr," remarked Gertrude. "How expeditious he is! We could not expect him so soon." And as Dunbarr approached them he thought, "Were I an artist, I would paint that picture; but I would not paint that central figure so pale as now she is." Then addressing Gertrude, he said, cheerily, "Miss Bronson, I can afford you no more elegant cup than this flask; but I assure you that it contains only pure water."

"O, thank you, Doctor; this cup is good enough for me." And then, after drinking, she said, "This cold water is refreshing; I am revived already."

"But I notice that you use your left hand, and

that your right wrist is becoming swollen. It must be painful," remarked Dunbarr.

"Yes it is. I must have wrenched it in falling. Nothing worse than that, I think. But you can tell best about its condition, Doctor; you are the physician of this tragic occasion," answered Gertrude, with something of her wonted cheerfulness.

"There is no fracture nor dislocation, only a sprain—probably a severe one," said Dunbarr, after examining the wrist. "But it frequently happens that a sprain is more troublesome than a dislocation. Your wrist will likely demand your care for several days; and you will realize by to-morrow how thoroughly you have been shaken by your fall. You will pardon me for suggesting that it is best for you to go to your home as soon as you feel able."

"I am equal to that undertaking now; but I may need some help to mount my wheel, for I fear that my wrist will be nearly useless in such an attempt."

"It will be better for you not to attempt wheeling home. My horse and carriage are at your service. Miss Mills can drive for you, and Mr. Milford and myself will take charge of your wheels."

"O no, Doctor," said Marian; "I would rather not drive your horse now. I do not drive well at best; and this evening I am destitute of even my usual confidence. I can take Gertrude's wheel home while you drive for her."

"Yes, certainly, Dr. Dunbarr; Marian is usually correct and always happy in her planning. I will ride with you, if you will please show me such kindness."

Dunbarr did not trust himself to answer more than, "Certainly, Miss Bronson;" for he had

thought of Bennett, and had remembered that he had pledged to him the fairness of the fullest friendship; and while he felt an inexplicable loneliness, yet he experienced a peculiar comfort in caring for Gertrude, which comfort was occasioned, as he thought, by the fact that he was showing kindness to his distant friend. "I will do all I can for her, and that for Bennett's sake," he thought.

When they had helped to make Gertrude comfortable in Dunbarr's carriage, Marian and Milford walked leisurely to the place where they had left their bicycles. Milford rode his own wheel, and conducted Miss Bronson's by his side, as they were leaving the wood lot. But Marian, riding behind him, said: "When we are out in the highway, I will share that honor with you; for I intend to have my part in getting Gertrude home safely." And so she did. As soon as they reached a road of sufficient width, she ran up to Milford's right; and with her left hand helped to guide Gertrude's wheel. And thus together they slowly rode after Dunbarr's carriage, unwittingly, by their mutual effort, betokening in what direction the lines of their future might possibly run.

When they arrived at the Bronson home, Dunbarr remarked, as he assisted Gertrude from the carriage, "If the domestic remedies which, doubtless, your parents will administer, do not relieve your pain, it may be best for you to consult your family physician." As they were about to part, Gertrude presented her right hand. Dunbarr received it, but permitted it to lie in his open palm, as he remarked, "Miss Bronson, this is your lame wrist."

"I know it," answered Gertrude, quickly. "I have played a ridiculous rôle all this afternoon, and seem destined to continue it this evening. But, Dr. Dunbarr, I wish to thank you for all the kindness you have shown me, and to assure you that I appreciate it; and in our parting this evening, I do not wish to leave with you a continued impression of my impracticability, but, if you will indulge me thus, I wish to give you my left hand and prove to you that I have some nerve and vigor in it, if not in my right hand." And the rich color came again to her face, and her voice betrayed a hidden emotion. Dunbarr took her left hand, and felt an evidence of that of which he had needed no proof, namely, that Gertrude Bronson was a strong and noble woman.

At this, Milford and Marian arrived, and the latter called out cheerfully, 'Here we are, landed safely at last."

Gertrude earnestly thanked Milford for his friendly efforts in her behalf, and bade him a cordial good-night. Marian also took leave of the young men, and went in with Gertrude, saying, "I will go in and tell the story, and make all needed explanations."

She remained but a short time, and, as she was about to go, Gertrude asked:

"Marian, will you come in to-morrow afternoon? I wish one of your quiet little visits."

"Certainly, Gertrude. I am sure that this afternoon's experiences will become, in a peculiar sense, more real to us when we have talked them over."

"I am not dead sure where matters and things, myself included, are drifting just now," Milford re-

marked to himself at the close of a prolonged meditation. "It occurs to me that my social interests are not so general as formerly, but, rather, they are tending towards focalization. However, I am quite sure that I am still master of the situation, and have not drifted so far, but that I can speedily row to shore. I am an expert with oars, and shall not worry so long as I am in sight of land."

"Well," thought Dunbarr, when, much later in the evening, he sat alone in his office, "the experiences of this afternoon have been peculiar. I understand myself perfectly, and while I think that I understand Miss Bronson, yet I feel an annoying sense of uncertainty. Why did the color come so quickly to her face when she saw me in the ravine where she had fallen? And then, again, at the door of her home to-night, why was she so eager to impress me with the fact that she has force and strength of character? Is it because she understands that Bennett and I are intimate? Likely this is the true explanation. Well, dear fellow, I have acted the part of the true friend to him this afternoon; and I have been able to hide my real feelings so completely that even her keen eye could not detect them. To act in such disguise is unpleasant—not to say painful."

Marian kept her engagement with her friend, and we may not know just all their mutual confidences as these were expressed in the seclusion of Gertrude's room that afternoon. A few thoughts of that trustful interview we may claim our right to.

"But why did your pallor pass away and your energies assert themselves so quickly when you realized that Dr. Dunbarr was near you?" asked Marian.

"Why, I was just coming out of my ridiculous faint, and—and—but did I blush and arouse myself at seeing him?"

"Certainly," answered Marian, smiling at Gertrude's artful evasion.

"Marian, I believe that your intuition has already given you a satisfactory answer. But do you think that I, in the least, betrayed myself to him?"

"Likely not; for he seemed almost as much confused as you were—probably in the very state of mind to misunderstand everything, even the instantaneous change in the expression of your pretty face."

"How do you explain his agitation? He is usually so composed, even in ordeals that are very trying, like that one."

"I really can not understand him, Gertrude. When he saw you fall, he bounded to your side with a recklessness which regarded neither barrier, bowlder, distance, nor the safety of his own neck or limb."

"But," returned Gertrude, after a moment's silence, "of late he has been more than ever distant. He seldom seeks my company, and when he is in my presence, he is not at ease, and embraces the first opportunity to go elsewhere."

They sat in silence a moment, each busy with her own thoughts, and then Gertrude resumed the conversation.

"You and Mr. Milford are becoming great friends. You evidently have an increasing pleasure in each other's society."

"Well, yes; but only friends, I presume. Cir-

cumstances have brought us into each other's company often of late."

"You know, Marian, that at first his haughty attitude was generally disgusting to the young people of our Church; but has he not changed somewhat?"

"I really think that he has, Gertrude. He seems to be occupied with subjects of a more serious and practical bearing."

"And yet, Marian, he does not approximate your ideal of a man?"

"No. While he is an educated gentleman, yet he lacks a depth of character which is obtained only by toil and trial and sacrifice; and while he is religious in a sense, yet he lacks the vital knowledge that 'God is Love,' and that the love of God, enthroned within the life of man, will lead that man to a willing, consecrated, self-sacrificing service. No, Gertrude, if by my ideal you mean the man to whom I could one day give my heart and hand, Mr. Milford is not now that ideal. You may know when that is the test, my ideal is a high one. And too, Gertrude, a time-honored name one would not barter for a mess of pottage. I am the only one who, by the right of blood, bears my father's name. The man that I wed I must hold with as true a respect as is the honor in which I hold my father's name."

"You are a dear, good, noble girl, Marian; and I never could help loving you;" and Gertrude threw her arms about her neck and kissed her fondly. But Marian, not to be diverted from her subject, continued:

"Yet he may change, Gertrude. He certainly is capable, and I think he has never been a bad man,

as moral people call bad." And then, with a smile, she added: "We will wait. I am sure that we all shall be pleased to see him evolve from a much-humored, almost spoiled boy into one of the most magnanimous of men."

"Yes, we will wait," echoed Gertrude, abstractedly, and her eyes were once more fixed upon the landscape painting which hung upon the wall of her room.

Mrs. Bronson invited Mrs. Stevens and Mrs. Milford to take tea with her before they went East. This visit had something of the pensive in it. Mrs. Bronson was sad to have her most congenial friends leave the city. Mrs. Milford was pained to bid Mrs. Bronson farewell, and also to go from the city without her son. The condition of Mrs. Stevens's mind may be, in part, determined by the following:

"Mrs. Bronson, you and I have not realized what we hoped one afternoon last February, when we planned to invite Mrs. Milford and her son to visit our city. While we have enjoyed both of them more than we can tell, and they are in every respect our own dear friends, yet Walter has effected no change in the mad career of the young people of our Church; neither has there anything come about relative to him and your daughter, more than a mutual friendship. We are forced to recognize these facts. I can see that we expected too much from Walter. While he is truly cultured and a very capable young man, yet I can see now that several such as he could not accomplish what we desired him to do, unaided. Such is the blind persistency of bigoted fanaticism. Well, I am thankful that I am

to be away for a time from all such religious irregularity. Yet I shall be anxious to know just how Church matters are moving, and I shall expect you to write me of them regularly."

"Are you to drive into the country to-day?" inquired Milford of Dunbarr early one June forenoon.

"I have a patient five miles in the country to visit early this afternoon. But why do you ask?"

"I really wish to ride out with you. I am a bachelor now indeed, and I am lonely. Then, too, I wish the pleasure of your company. I feel that a few hours with you will do me good."

It was a perfect June afternoon. Every part of nature seemed to vie with every other part to excel in the portrayal of beauty and in the expression of the Creator's maturing thought. Dunbarr, for once, drove leisurely. There was not much sickness, and his restless spirit was somewhat calmed by the charms of early summertime; and he evidently enjoyed Milford, who remarked the varied phases of the rural scenery, and asked concerning the history of the farm-houses which they passed, some of which history Dunbarr was conversant with.

"Will you go in with me?" Dunbarr asked, when they had reached the home of his patient.

"No, thanks. I will remain outside, and will stroll down the hill to the creek yonder," pointing to the south.

He had returned to the carriage, and was waiting when Dunbarr rejoined him.

"Who and how is your patient, may I ask?" was his first question on their way back to the city.

"Certainly. He is a Mr. Waugh—James Waugh —a man about fifty. He is so completely broken that he can not survive long. He has been an invalid for years. He understands that he can not recover, and is resigned; for he is a hopeful Christian."

"Did you tell him that he could not recover?"

"Yes; while I seldom express my fears, and always evince the utmost hope and cheer with my patients, yet I am candid with them, and tell them frankly of their condition when I am convinced that they can not recover."

"But do you not often witness resignation on the part of those who are not Christians, when they must face death?"

"Yes; a sort of stolid resignation. They have been strong and self-righteous in their conduct while in health, and they seem to take pride and some sort of comfort in maintaining the same attitude of mind when they must face death. But I assure you, Milford, that there is a wide difference between the resignation of a Christian and a non-Christian."

"But, Doctor, people do not agree as to what constitutes a Christian. Will you tell me what it is by virtue of which a man is a Christian? I do not ask, prompted by a spirit of controversy or of idle speculation, but by an honest desire to know. And it was a desire to have you speak with me on such subjects that, more than any other one thing, led me to seek your company this afternoon."

"You must know, Mr. Milford, that I am not a theologian. My research has been along different lines. Neither have I been a professed Christian

long; and all that I can say to you, by way of instruction in this matter, will be but the expression of my own vague views, and these may mislead you."

"I am aware of your calling, Doctor, and am willing to take my chances. A man's practical life operates, usually, from some fundamental ideas, although this same man may not have reduced these ideas to a tongue's-end system. I have studied your conduct, together with the conduct of the young people of your Church, but I have never conversed with you upon religious subjects. I have been led to feel that my religion is of a different sort from that of the great majority of the members of the First Church of Warden. I feel that, while they would admit that I am religious, they would hesitate to call me a Christian. It occurs to me that the difference may be accounted for, primarily, from the fact that we differ in our opinions as to what constitutes a Christian."

"I understand, Mr. Milford, that you are a member of a Church of Christ, that you believe in Christ as the world's Savior, and that you acknowledge your alliance with all who hold such a belief. Because of these facts you, I think, would be considered a Christian by the nations and religions of the world. But there is in Christian lands and communities a further discrimination. It is held that a real Christian is one who has helpful, happy fellowship with Christ—one who, from a heart of love, does with gladness all things that Christ commands. And I think, Mr. Milford, that this last stated view is warranted by the practical teachings of the sacred Scriptures."

"But is it reasonable, Doctor, to believe that one can come into such a personal fellowship with Christ?"

"Yes, it occurs to me so. God speaks to us—to our very selves—in various ways. He speaks to our physical selves this very afternoon. This healthful air, this invigorating sunlight, the cooling water that we may drink, the wholesome food that we may eat,—all are God's words to our physical life. And then God speaks, addressing our æsthetical nature. Look upon yonder farm-home scene—the flower-garden, the meadow, the pasture sloping from the declining sun, the tall shade-trees, casting shadows which, at this time of the day, so gradually grow longer; and over all is cast the canopy of this calm, azure sky. By these God speaks, addressing our sense of the beautiful. But man has a higher nature still—his chiefest, his spiritual nature. This nature stands aloof, in calm enjoyment, when man's physical nature and æsthetical tastes are ministered unto, but is not satisfied by these ministrations. It seems to say, 'I, too, have necessities, have desires and longings, which are not met. Is there no voice for me?' Is it not reasonable to believe that God will address himself in a satisfactory manner to this nature of man, which is in the image of God's own nature? John, the revelator, as he gives us what he believes to be the words of our Savior, gives an answer to this inquiry: 'Behold, I stand at the door and knock. If any man hear my voice and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me.' You remember, Mr. Milford, that Saul of Tarsus held Christ as one holds an abstract, historical

fact, until he met him and heard his voice, and in turn spoke to him. After this, when Saul had become the Christian Paul, he was able to say, 'I have been crucified with Christ, yet I live, and yet no longer I, but Christ liveth in me.' For years, Mr. Milford, if you will pardon a personal reference, I willfully refused the friendly fellowship which Christ offered me. But five months ago I complied with his just demands, and thus unbolted the door and admitted him to my life. He is now to me a verity—a helpful, blessed Friend."

"I thank you, Dr. Dunbarr, for your considerate utterances. You may be assured that I shall not soon forget them. I remember that Saul's implied word of answer to the Christ was, 'Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?' "

"And remember, also," returned Dunbarr, "that Christ's word of answer was, 'Rise and enter into the city, and it shall be told thee what thou must do.' "

## CHAPTER XX

# Light

"The light shall shine upon thy way."

"WHY do ye kape from the Sunday-school two days already, Tom? It 's graved that Oi am, saein' ye there not at all these two toimes."

"Why, 't is coomin' hot weather, an' mon must have a vacation; do n't yez moind, Mary?"

"But, Tom, ye ha' been to the school but nigh aboot one month; an' ye kint be wary already. An', too, Tom, 't is not sooltry hot yit; an' Church paples do n't go to vacations afore 't is sooltry hot."

"But then, Mary, yez must moind that Oi 've been a-worrukin' since Oi got oop from me sick toime, an' me shtrength would not allow me to call noights on me auld friends; an' Oi 'v jest coom to that shtate where a mon must sae his auld friends once more soon. An' what 's left fur a busy mon to do, save to sae his friends on a Sunday afthernoon? An' yez must know, Mary, that yer mon, Tom, kint be at no two places to wunst."

"Sure, Tom, an' who are the friends that ye go to sae on the Sundays?"

"O, me thrue friends, Moike Patterson, moostly; but Moike an' me visit a bit wid Tim McFadden. We 're all auld friends, yez moind; an' it 's good, Mary, for auld friends to visit on Sundays."

"But, Tom, 't is yer auld friends that lade ye bad. An' the first Oi know Oi 'll be fur haerin' that ye 've took a sip ov shtrong dhrink, jest fur friendship. An', Tom Wilson, oor Willie an' me will fale so shamed at the haerin' ov that, we kint lift oor faces oop any more at all, at all!" and Mrs. Wilson stopped and clinched her hands together in evident discomfort.

"Och, Mary! why will yez shake hands wid trooble, half-road? An' it 's graved now that Oi am, to think that yez will shtill belave me to be oop to me auld ways. When Oi 've braced oop so long, kint yez thrust me fur more toime?"

"Yis, but ye loike the shtrong dhrink, at toimes, do n't ye, Tom?"

"Yis, at toimes, yit Oi have that sevare thirst fur it; but Oi kint git no more at all, aven if Oi 'd go sake it."

"Yis, ye could foind it, Tom; an' if ye could n't by yersilf, yer thrue friend, Moike could foind it fur ye. An' jist ye moind what Oi 'm sayin' to ye, ye 'll git soom afore very long, if ye do n't kape well to yer worruk, an' well wid yer family noights, an' well to yer school o' Sundays. Moind what Oi 'm sayin' to ye, Tom. An' afther that, how could ye look yer tacher in the face? An' what could ye fale loike, whin the foine girl, Miss Bronson, would coom' an', puttin' oot her hand to yez, say, 'Good-mornin', Mr. Wilson; Oi 'm glad that yer gittin' on so well?' Oi say, Tom, what could ye fale loike, afther that?"

"But it 's not coom to that yit, Mary, an' yez nade n't worry aboot it."

"An' will ye go to the school on the next Sun-

day, Tom? An' will ye thry to hade all that they 're sayin' to ye?"

"Yis, Mary, Oi 'll go along wid yez to the school on the next Sunday, unless it is so orful hot; but yez nade not to think Oi kin go all the hot soomer through; fur, as Oi told to yez, Oi must take me vacation, loike the oother matin' paples do."

"Och, Tom, an' where did ye git yer notion aboot vacation, any way? Ye 've not been wid the Church long enough to larn sich?"

"Now, Mary, an' do yez think that Oi 'm simple afther livin' hare by the matin' all me born days? An' if Oi wor, did n't Tim McFadden tell it all plain to me? Coom on, me b'y, we must git away to oor worruk now."

And after Wilson and Willie had gone to the factory that fine June morning, Mrs. Wilson was evidently as busy with her thoughts as with her hands; for at one time she stopped while in the act of wiping a dish, and spoke audibly: "Oi kint fale sure aboot Tom. He says he wants to brace oop complately, an' he 'd fale so orful bad should he dhrink ag'in. An' yit he 's longin' to be wid the mons what 'll lade him to it, sure. Why kint he long to be wid the matin' folks, an' to stay wid 'em? Oi 'm a-faerin' fur him an' what will coom to us all, shtill."

The trial of Saloonist Graves for the violation of the law which prohibits the sale of alcoholic beverage to an habitual drunkard was long and tedious. His attorneys hotly contested every step of the procedure, and the trial ended in a disagreement on the part of the jury. The saloon sympathizers rejoiced in this result, claiming a victory. The temperance

people were disappointed, yet were in no sense discouraged. They felt that their case was a just and a clear one, and they believed that another trial of it would secure the conviction of Graves.

"The failure to convict Saloonist Graves will encourage the liquor-men of our city to other deeds of lawlessness," remarked Deacon Holcomb, in a short address before the Anti-saloon League one Monday night in June; "and as temperance workers we need to be more than ever wise, brave, and vigilant. I advise that the different departments of our League carefully review their respective duties, as these are stated by our Constitution and By-laws, and then renewedly address themselves to the faithful discharge of these duties. The right is on our side; the law is, in great measure, on our side, and we also have some good officers of the law; and if Warden is not, more than in former years, a law-abiding city, much of the blame will lie with us. The chairman of our Law-enforcement Department is with us to-night, and a word from him will be appreciated."

Dunbarr addressed the meeting, briefly stating, with other items of interest, some facts relative to the hours of opening and closing saloons. "The law of our State provides," said he, "that all saloons shall be closed at nine o'clock at night, and remain closed until seven o'clock of the morning of the succeeding day, each week-day night. The term 'closed' is interpreted to apply to all back doors or other entrance, the same as to the front door. A proviso to this law, however, leaves the hours of opening and closing of the saloons in cities and incorporated villages optional with the Common Council or Board of Trus-

tees of such cities or villages; but this option is restricted to a specified limit. For example, no Common Council or Board of Trustees of any city or incorporated village may provide for a later hour than eleven o'clock at night for closing, nor earlier than six o'clock in the forenoon for opening, a saloon or other place for the purpose of selling intoxicating beverage. The Common Council of our city has fixed the times for opening and closing of saloons at seven o'clock in the morning and at ten o'clock at night, respectively. The Law-enforcement Department of our League some weeks ago became aware that this law was being violated in our city. The attention of some of our policemen was called to this fact, but no desirable change was effected. Later we sought an interview with our mayor, and he acted promptly, instructing the chief of police to require strict conformity to the provisions of our city ordinance relating to the hours of opening and closing saloons. 'If any man on your force,' said Mr. Cummings to the chief of police, 'neglects his duty in this matter, such man must be reported promptly.' Accordingly, the saloons are being held to time; and they are none the more kindly disposed toward the Anti-saloon League, for they rightly trace this new action back to us. I am informed, also, that several officers have been reproved, and are liable to be impeached for neglect of their duty in reference to this and other matters."

Dr. Burns, as a member of the Agitation Department, suggested the advisability of a temperance mass-meeting, and he thought it should occur no

later than on the last Sunday night of June. "Let the meeting assume the nature of a temperance entertainment in the best sense of that term. That is, while our principal object shall be to instruct and to influence the people toward temperance, yet let us provide that which shall merit their respect and compel their attention. Let the best musical talent of our city be secured for that occasion. Let the program contain one or two choice recitations, a summary of current temperance events, a terse statement of the object, effort, and achievements of the Anti-saloon League in our city, three addresses (not to exceed fifteen minutes in length) by the most forcible speakers that can be obtained, and an abundance of music. Such an effort, occurring immediately prior to our National anniversary, I believe, will be worthy of the Anti-saloon League and the Churches of our city."

The doctor's suggestions were favorably received and immediately acted upon. The Agitation Department was instructed to carry out this plan and to use all diligence and wisdom to make the undertaking a success. "The time is short," remarked Deacon Holcomb, "and you will need to be prompt and energetic in your efforts. Feel at liberty, please, to call upon any member of the League for aid."

Walter Milford understood that he was fond of his mother, and never attempted to disguise his love for her; but he was more lonely without her than he had anticipated. He wrote her frequently, and awaited her missives to him with the impatience of a lover. One of his letters to her will be of decided

interest to us, and we may indulge ourselves in its perusal. It ran substantially as follows:

"DEAR MOTHER,—You remember that one of the reasons that I gave to you for remaining in this city was that I wished to make a more comprehensive study of the aggressive religious efforts of the First Church of Warden. I also remember that you, and Mrs. Stevens especially, were interested in the activities of this Church. So I am sure that each of you will read with special attention my letters which contain Church news. This Church, as you will recall, has various departments, some of which are quite unique. That you may know something of what is being done in these departments, I will mention them in the order in which they were instituted, and will state some facts relating to the work being done in each. The first originated was the society of Loyal Daughters. The efforts of this society are in behalf of the homes that are socially and religiously destitute—efforts to brighten these homes by taking to them some of the refinement of the more cultured society, and to bless them with the knowledge and wholesome cheer of the gospel of Christ. This society has been operative about five months, and has not yet reached the zenith of its zeal and usefulness. I called upon Mrs. Sawyer the other day to obtain some facts regarding this society—for the Loyal Daughters continue to meet at her home—and she gave me their monthly report. From this report it appears that new homes are being added to their list each week, that the wives, sisters, and daughters whom they are seeking to help

are evincing a strong desire for better ways of living, are, in large proportion, attending regularly some religious meeting, and are adding appreciably to their own appearance and to the attractiveness of their homes by their neater and wiser ways. Mrs. Sawyer, in her way of putting things, stated what seems to be the truth in the matter, 'It is a glorious investment of time, and energy, and love.'

"Next in the order of organizing is the Anti-saloon League, and this, at present, is the only organized temperance effort in the city, if we except the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. It is proving itself to be an effectual organization. The liquor-dealers fear it and hate it. Unifying all temperance sentiment and forces in the community, adjusting itself to existing circumstances, and arming itself with the many provisions of the law, it is a power before which the saloon and lawlessness in general must tremble. Give to any city our present laws, a municipal administration that is true to its oath of office, and a properly-officered and zealously operative Anti-saloon League, and three-fourths of the saloons must go out of business in that city. There are two questions in this matter which are of primary importance: First, officers that will obey and enforce the law; and, second, an organized body with a proper comprehension of the law, and with courage and will to demand compliance to and the enforcement of the law. It is evident that desirable officers can be obtained only by virtue of an enlightened and pure-minded force at the ballot-box; and the people, also, must unite to make a reform movement effectual. So, in the last analysis, the matter

lies with the people. Everything, therefore, that is done to enlighten the people is an effort toward good and desirable citizenship.

"Well, after this temperance organization came the 'Open-church Movement,' as it is called; and I am compelled to admit that the Church is accomplishing much good by this departure from its former staid ways. The reading-room and the free entertainments attract many who would otherwise waste their time or give themselves to associations that would be perverting.

"Then, there is the branch Sunday-school, held in the little chapel situated near the corner of Genesee Avenue and East Cedar Street. Each Sunday afternoon the brightest and best of the First Church of Warden meet the poor and ignorant and otherwise neglected people of that part of the city, and, with evident pleasure and intense earnestness, teach them the Bible. This is a new thing under the sun to many of these poor people; and any inspector must be obdurate indeed who would not be moved to admiration at witnessing a session of this school. I feel that it is impossible to predict what this effort will grow unto. The talent, zeal, and consecration that are now operative in that school will, I believe, accomplish something which shall remain in after years as a living reward for righteous service.

"The last device of Mrs. Stevens's Church is twofold—a home department Sunday-school class and a colporteur service. The former makes it possible for any one who can not attend a Sunday-school to study the same lesson that is pursued by the Sunday-schools through the land in a manner which is de-

cidedly pleasing and thoroughly systematized. The latter is an organized effort to visit many homes of a Sunday afternoon, taking religious literature to them, and seeking to awaken in the people an interest in the subject of religion. The Church had this under consideration about the time that you left the city, you may remember. Well, I have been curious to witness the beginning of this enterprise. So last Sunday afternoon I wheeled out with one of the band as he made his visits. I was surprised to know that there are so many shabby and really-degraded homes in Warden; and I was pleased to note how kindly the young man with whom I went was received by the people. Many of them were expecting him. He asked them if they had read the tract he had left on the previous Sunday, and, if so, how they liked it. Quite a number of them had read it, and two or three manifested an awakened interest. He staid but a moment with any one of them, but in each instance he spoke some sort of religious word. When I returned to my room, I addressed myself something like the following: 'Well, Walter Milford, rather a strange way to pass a Sunday afternoon, is it not? What do you think of it, any way?' But, mother, I did not fully answer the latter inquiry; for I had not concluded my thinking of it; neither have I yet. However, there are some features of it which are plain enough. For example, it did that young man no great harm to visit those people. He might have spent that time in a far more questionable engagement. And again, his ministry may do those people great good; and this is the declared object of the effort.

"In all these religious efforts of the members of the First Church of Warden there is one feature that impresses me deeply: it is the fact that all of their service is characterized by the spirit of positive relish—of right royal good cheer. None of your long, solemn, sanctimonious faces and deep-heaved sighs—no, ma'am—but just the opposite adorns their conduct, and their very mien seems to say, 'We are about our Father's business, and this is very pleasant employment.'

"And now, mother, in closing, I will speak to you more directly of myself; and what I shall say I have not yet confided to any one else. It is of the unsettled condition of my mind that I wish to speak. The Christian religion is addressing itself to me differently from what it did in former years. For two or three months I have been making a candid study of it, but have not permitted you to become aware of this fact. I am frank to confess that this study was prompted by the life and practical zeal of the First Church of Warden. I began a logical consideration of the subject with this proposition: The Church exists by virtue of, and we derive our name as Christians from Christ. Therefore Christ, his character, career, and teachings, are matters to be most carefully considered by us. Now Christ, in character, was humble, earnest, unselfish, self-sacrificing, and loving. In his career he was constant, impartial in his treatment of mankind, devoted to the alleviation of suffering humanity, no matter what form that suffering took, no matter what cause produced it. His teachings are such that, when they

were willingly received and faithfully followed, produced a body of men and women who were as nearly like him in character and career as it is possible for the human to be like the Divine; and of this body the primitive Church of Christ was constituted. These teachings are so fundamental that they are really couched in principle, and are, in a sense, eternal. When they were introduced, they immediately opposed the wickedness of the world; and they are opposed to all wickedness in this same world to-day. At first these teachings were revolutionary; and they are revolutionary to-day.

"Of late, the lives of the early followers of Christ have afforded me a pleasant and profitable study; but none has more truly interested me than has the life of St. Paul. As Saul of Tarsus, he was brilliant, scholarly, and popular; but he was misguided in his religion, and proud and self-righteous in his heart and conduct. If Jesus Christ stood for the ultimate and eternal good of mankind, Saul of Tarsus stood for the woe of his race; for his character was the opposite of the character of Christ; and the revolutionary nature of the life and teachings of Christ were witnessed upon the life of Saul on that memorable day in which he journeyed from Jerusalem to Damascus. Saul need look upon Christ but one moment to know that his own life was all wrong, and that, if he would follow Christ, he must enter upon an entirely new career; and that Saul did enter upon this new career is apparent to even the casual reader of history. I am convinced, also, that this changed life is not a thing put on as one dons a garment,

but, rather, it is originated by means of a something that enters the very heart of man, and from that heart, as its throne, operates outwardly. I admire Saul's culture and popularity, but I love Paul's humble, loving, useful life. And, mother, is it surprising that I have come to feel that I would by far rather be the trustful, devoted, serviceable Paul than to have all the popularity and worldly promise of Saul of Tarsus?

"On meeting Jesus, Saul felt the necessity of doing something. This fact has led me to ask myself, What have *I* done? And in searching for an answer, it seems that I have never rendered one service that Christ could accept. My religion has been a matter of form, prompted, in great measure, by selfish motives. To what part of my life can I turn and find an effort concerning which I can truthfully say, That deed is Christlike? Where have I sacrificed? Where have I gone out of my way to help a fellow-man to a better life? To live as I have, and at the same time to profess Christianity, is to practice mockery; and, mother, I have wearied of such a career. It seems childish, insipid, wicked; and I long for something far more worthy.

"I fancy that I can see your troubled face now, and can hear you ask, 'What do you intend to do?' I can not answer definitely now; yet I am determined to do some humble service, and that this service shall cost me something. If my Master—yes, I will phrase it just that way, *my* Master—can use me and my surplus means to help to save the creatures for whom he died, I am willing and ready. These convictions and this decision bring no gloom nor morbid fore-

bodings to my mind, but rather the opposite. While the dawning has been tardy and gradual, yet now I believe that I am in the light; and light is conducive of true life, you know."

This letter was a sad surprise to Mrs. Milford and her friend, Mrs. Stevens. The former wept, silently, for a moment. The latter was silent only while her friend wept, and then exclaimed: "The absurdity of the idea! The ridiculousness of the entire situation! That such a noble man as your son should be roped in by that crazy Church is a circumstance which is intolerable. Telegraph him to come here immediately. Or, if this might be, to him, too exciting, write him by the first mail West, and tell him, as he values the love of his mother, to abandon those revolutionizing, religious ideas, and to join us here immediately.

Mrs. Milford was silent for several minutes, and then replied in a more composed spirit:

"No, Emily, we must remember that Walter is not a child. He is quite capable of thinking for himself, and he has deliberately arrived at his conclusion. We must respect his candid opinions, await the results, and abide the consequences."

## CHAPTER XXI

# Perverted

"The foolishness of man perverteth his way."

"THEM very pious and temperate folks won't make any great sum by that big meetin' that they had last night. We 'll warm up a dish for 'em on the Fourth that will be too hot for 'em to relish."

"You are jest right about that, Job; I 'll lose my guess if we do n't make it the liveliest time that this old town has known for the last quarter of a century. Warden will be mighty patriotic this year, now that the war is on, and will try to outdo herself; and while she is at it, we must come in for our share of the profits. They 've cut off our revenue, watchin' us so close for these last six months, and we 'll have to git even some way."

"Did n't they brag last night, though, over what they have done so fur this year? And did n't they crow over what they 're a-goin' to do? I 've heerd tell of birds crowin' too early. But that entertainment was a good one, even if they did put it to us saloonists hard. The music, and all that, was first-class fur the kind. I do n't often go to temperance meetin's, you know, Bill; but I jest took it into my head to attend that one because I knew that it would be a big one, and that in it they would jest lay themselves right out, tellin' what they intend

to do with us fellows; and I jest thought that I could n't afford to take such a meetin' second-handed. And I am not sorry that I went to it; for, aside from hearin' what they think of us fellows and what they propose to do with us if we do n't keep the law, I heerd the good advice that they give to the fellows who spend their money over our bars. And I tell you, Bill, if the poor fools that heerd it won't mind that advice and stay away from our places of business, then there 's no harm in our sellin' to 'em; for they come to us with their eyes wide open. And if they will have it any way, we might as well git their money as to let somebody else git it fur beer and whisky."

"Yes; you 're right, Job; and we will go in fur a big day on the Fourth. If we had got our man fur mayor last 'lection, instid of that man Cummings, we could help the town out right smart in its celebration, and have it all right fur ourselves. But it would be worse than a fool caper fur us to go to Cummings and say to him, 'If you 'll let us keep wide open all day, we 'll each come down with a handsome fifty to help the town to celebrate;' fur he would say: 'No sir. My oath of office binds me, as mayor, to require strict conformity to the law; and I shall keep my oath.' And then, his eyes would be wider open than ever, and he would hound us fellows all day long. No. But it was shrewd in us each to give a little to help to celebrate and never to mention our business. Now the thing fur us to do is to open up and sell early and late, but to do it as sly as ever we can. I intend to. They will likely ketch us at it before night; and if they do, we can jest cash up

fur our fine and will then have some profit left, I reckon. But if I do n't make a cent, I 'll feel well paid, jest fur the spite I 'll git onto the Anti-saloon folks."

"But if we all have to pay a fine, where will the spite come in, Bill?"

"Why, when we see that they have got a clear case ag'in' us, we will jest walk up and pay our fine without a whimper, as much as to say, 'Certainly, your honor, we can afford to do it.' They 'll not put on the fine very heavy. They 'll likely let us off with about twenty-five dollars and costs; and the cost will be only a trifle. But I have an idear that we can work it so sharp that it will not be easy fur 'em to ketch us at it. We need not use our bars, but can rig up our side or back rooms, and stock them with 'soft drinks,' you know. Then we can git holt of an old buildin' or two on a back street, and there we can supply all the old boys that might be called, by them temperance cranks, habitual drunkards, with bottles. For my part, Job, I 'm mighty glad the idear ever entered the head of Warden to celebrate on this comin' Fourth. I 'm in fur it, and with all of my might."

The above conversation occurred on the next Monday morning after the temperance mass-meeting which was held under the auspices of the Anti-saloon League and Churches of Warden. From it the attitude of the saloons of Warden towards this recent temperance entertainment is apparent; and we also learn something of the plan which they are deciding upon for the coming Fourth of July.

Warden, usually demonstrative in her patriotism,

was more than ever patriotic at this time, sharing, in decided measure, the enthusiasm which was so general with the American people—an enthusiasm kindled by the fact that our great Nation had espoused the cause of a weak and oppressed people, and was now, by force of arms, seeking to free this people from the oppression of tyrants.

"Oi 've had a thing oopon me moind fur a long toime, b'ys, an' to-noight Oi 'll tell it to ye; but, moind, ye must kape whist aboot it, fur it 's not mesilf that will be thinkin' long oopon any wan thing unless there 's soomthing in it that 's worth the while, b'ys."

The above was addressed by Tim McFadden to his two friends, Mike Patterson and Tom Wilson. They had met, on the last Monday night of June, in a lumber-yard which was located on the north side of East Cedar Street, several blocks west from Wilson's home. They were sitting on a pile of lumber in a secluded corner at the time.

"That 's roight, Tim; aise your moind shpadily to us. Ye kin be sure that ye kin trust us wid yer most hidden sacret. Tom an' me are the friends that will niver desave ye or skwale onto ye."

"Yis, Tim; it 's the truth that Moike is tellin' to yez aboot oor friendship," echoed Tom Wilson.

"Faix, b'ys, Oi know, sure, that Oi kin trust ye, else Oi 'd not begin to tell it to ye. Oi 've thought ov ye all the toime along wid me plan. Oi 've said, 'There 's me true friends Tom and Moike, what 's worrukin' hard aich day ov their wary loife; an' what kin Oi do to aise them oop a bit?' An' then Oi thought ov me plan, oot ov kindness to ye."

"An' what is your plan, Tim?" interrupted Wilson. "We re ager to haer it."

"Well, then," continued McFadden, "ye know that the Fourth is coomin' roight soon now, an' that a moighty big crowd ov payples will be in the town, wid mooch a-goin' on all the day an' noight."

"Yis, we know oboot that, Tim; but niver ye moind oboot the Fourth, jist now, but shpake ov the koindness to us which yer plan has into it," urged Mike.

"Well, but, Moike, me plan has the Fourth in it as well as me koindness to ye; an' how then kin Oi shpake farther ov me plan an' mention the Fourth no more at all?"

"Ah, Moike! Let him shpake on his own way; niver moind if he mentions the Fourth a bit as he passes," remarked Tom.

"Yis; an' that is the sinsable way to look at it, Tom, an' now Oi 'll shtate me plan shlow, loike, as quick as iver Oi kin. As Oi war sayin', the Fourth will soon be hare wid the crowd ov payples an' goin's on be the day an' be the noight. Well, then, ye know that manny ov the payples will have an orful thirst on the hot Fourth, what cold water nor sich loike kint satisfy; an' they 'll be lookin' aboot fur soom whisky or soom noice, cool baer. An' we kint blame them a bit, fur we 've longed fur it oorsilves afore now, whin the day war dhry an' hot. Well, now, the thirsty payples kint git, handy, the dhrink they want, else they would n't be a-lookin' around fur it. Now, Tom hare, has got a roight few dollars saved oop what he has worruked hard fur—enough to buy manny's the bottle ov baer an'

a bit ov whisky to sell on the hot Fourth. An' he kin make it back to himsilf the dooble. Why, b'ys, he kin make more on that wan Fourth than he kin by worrukin' hard a long wary wake at the Iron Worruks."

"But where could we sell it, Tim?"

"Oi 'll look to that part, sure. Oi 'll fix a shtand on soom corner shtrate. Not a roight public place, but soom corner jist back a bit, where the b'ys an' the thirsty payples kin foind us. Oi kint put mooch mooney into it—wish Oi could, fur it will pay big—but Oi 'll fix oop the shtand, an' kin take a bit ov the profits fur me pay. But Tom will git the lump ov the profits, because he furnishes the capital. An', Moike, ye kin hilp aboot at differunt toimes, an' we kin pay ye more 'n ye kin arn on yer shoe-bench."

"But Oi 've got a roight bit ov mooney mesilf, Tim; an' if ye kin use it to make the dooble ov it, Oi 've the moind to put it in wid Tom's."

"Well now, Moike, it 's fur bether than Oi could ha' hoped! What ye kin put in wid Tom's will make a foine shtand, well supplied wid dhrinks. An' if ye will, Moike, ye may share the same as Tom, an' ye kin pay me the twiced as mooch as afore fur doin' so large a business fur ye. Oi told to ye that Oi thought ov ye both in me koind plans," was Tim's animated response.

"But that would not be kapin' the law, would it, Tim? An' if they should ketch us a-breakin' the law, they 'd make it sorry fur us."

"Och now, Tom! do n't fale tender towards the masily law that won't let a poor man sell again what he buys wid his own mooney. An' niver ye faer

bein' ketched at it. They 'll all be too busy a-hurrahin' fur Dewey an' Manilly aven to think that poor Tom Wilson an' his two friends could iver be able to sell anything so shtrong as baer an' whisky. Jist ye lave that all wid me; an' whin any ov the parlice coom around or any ov the temperance folks, Oi 'll jist have nothin' at all but soft dhrinks to sell."

"Ah, yis, Tom, it will be safe, sure, to lave that part all to Tim; an' ye naid n't to worry aboot it," added Mike.

"Well then, b'ys, Oi 'll do as yez say. Whativer mooney Moike puts down, Oi 'll put down as mooch beside it, if Oi kin; an' Tim may do the oother parts o' it. But moind, Tim, yez must be as whist as a cat aboot it. Oi 'll be fur goin' home, now; fur Oi 've shtaid oot too long already."

"Faix, now, Tom, ye 're takin' the roight view ov it. An' haer is me good-noight hand to ye, an' to shtand by ye in the Fourth-ov-July business. An' do ye give us yer hand on it, Tom?"

"Yis, Moike, I do, sure; an' Tom Wilson will shtand to what he gives yez his hand on. But, b'ys, Oi do n't fale jist claer aboot it, soom way. Oi jist fale as if Oi haerd soomthin' a-sayin', 'Tom Wilson, yez ought n't niver to do it.' But Oi 've said Oi would, an' Oi will; or else Oi 'd bhrake me word to yez." And the three shook hands and separated for the night.

To the truly American patriot—the one who reveres our National history, which has been written by the spirit of devotion and self-sacrifice in lines of sweat and honest toil and of tears and blood, the one who is fully in sympathy with our American in-

stitutions and principles and policy—the National anniversary, which is celebrated upon the fourth day of July, is a period which is observed in the spirit of veneration and cheerful thankfulness. The day to him is of a character too significant of the sacred to be prostituted to that which is sensual and groveling. This day, which, for nearly one and a fourth centuries, has annually afforded the American people an opportunity to make a public and formal demonstration of patriotism, was, in the year 1898, robed in a unique garment and furnished with an argument whose logic was as unanswerable as it was gratifying to the American patriot. America had, for generations, declared a belief in the equal and inalienable rights of mankind and in the brotherhood of the race; but she had, early in that year of grace, with her invincible ships of war and armed forces, gone out from her domain, not prompted by greed or the spirit of revenge, but for the sake of suffering humanity, had made practical her confession of faith by an unselfish effort—an effort which involved untold sufferings and an immeasurable burden—to alleviate the sufferings of brother-man. This humane uprising of our Nation consummated the reuniting of the American people. If there had remained a well-defined North and a distinct South; if there had remained a semblance of that line whose sad office was to divide this great Nation politically, these sections were entirely merged and this line was forever obliterated, when, by the wisdom of the National Administration, men from the South shared equally with men from the North the positions of honor and responsibility which were created by the Spanish-Amer-

ican war; and when he and the sons of him who had worn the gray walked shoulder to shoulder with him and the sons of him who had worn the blue in a warfare which was being waged, not between brother and brother, and that on homeland soil, as in the '60's, but to deliver an ignorant and helpless people from the galling yoke of tyranny.

Warden had apprehended the significance of this particular "Fourth," and her citizens, with commendable unanimity, had made ample preparations for a creditable celebration. Mayor Cummings had instructed the chief of police to use more than ordinary diligence to preserve order in the city. The Committee on Street Parade and the marshal of the day had been advised to discountenance all proposed features which pandered to vulgarity. Much discretion had been used in selecting for the occasion an orator who was honorable and profound, as well as brilliant and eloquent. The oration was to be given early in the afternoon. But at one o'clock a message from the National Capital was bulletined in Warden, conveying the thrilling intelligence that on the third of July Admiral Sampson, off Santiago, had met and destroyed the entire Spanish fleet, commanded by Cervera, killing many Spaniards, and securing about thirteen hundred prisoners, Admiral Cervera included.

This news spread rapidly, and soon the city was wild with patriotic enthusiasm; and it was much later than the appointed time before the crowd could be quieted at the speaker's stand to listen to the orator. His effort was a masterly one; his teaching was in accord with a truly American spirit; the occasion

did not lack inspiration; but the effect of the oration may not have been so deep nor lasting as it would have been had not the victorious echo of Admiral Sampson's awful guns from far-off Santiago sounded so loudly in their ears.

The city was thronged, and it was nearly sunset before the crowd began to disperse. Those who would have gone to their homes earlier, lingered as if vaguely expectant. There truly was much that focalized the attention and interests of the better class of citizens; and the policemen were somewhat diverted from their natural routine. But late in the afternoon it became evident that there were many drunken people in the city; and in the early evening the officers were kept busy to maintain an endurable degree of order. Many arrests were made, and, at one time, quite a police force was required to disperse a drunken and disorderly crowd. A prompt effort was ordered by the mayor to detect the places where liquor was being obtained; but a large number of the police did not act promptly in executing the mayor's orders. This may have been due to selfish reasons. Those who were faithful to orders found reasons for believing that not a few of the "stands" were selling strong drinks, and many of the saloons of the city were "wide open" and liberally patronized. It also became evident that third-rate drugstores were taking advantage of the occasion, and were selling liquor unlawfully. These places were carefully noted, and on the following morning complaints were filed against their proprietors.

During the forepart of the day and up to two o'clock in the afternoon, Tim McFadden and his two

silent partners had been very discreet at their stand. But when the wave of extra enthusiasm swept over the city, and the attention of the better class of citizens centered at those places where they could learn the most concerning our great naval victory, the firm of Tim McFadden & Co. seemed to lose all caution; and several times Mike Patterson and Tom Wilson were obliged to smuggle in supplies from the rear of a neighboring saloon to replenish their stock. The fact that their stand was considerably secluded enabled them to escape detection. At one time a policeman was passing near just as several intoxicated men became disorderly before their counter; and Tim called to him: "It 's glad that Oi am that ye have coom this way! Why do n't ye coom ofthener? Me quiet is sore disturbed whilst Oi 'm pacefully sellin' soom candies an' oringes an' lemonade an' pop-baer. If ye 'll make these drunken fools to move on oot ov me way, Oi 'll thrate ye wid a big glass of cold lemonade."

The drunken parties had "moved on" before Tim had finished speaking, and the policeman, evidently intent upon some matter of a graver import, gave but little heed to Tim's words.

Mike Patterson, having his appetite somewhat under control, seldom drank himself thoroughly intoxicated. A few drinks usually brought his mind into a tranquil condition; and when this state was reached he was content to go his way to perform his set tasks in a perfunctory manner. And so was it to-day with him.

Tom Wilson fought bravely his growing thirst until the early afternoon; and then, somewhat weary

and much excited, he yielded to the temptation to "take one shmall glass, jist to chirk oop me laggin' shpirits," as he phrased it to Tim. Tim did not object seriously, only urging, "It 's too airly in the day, Tom, fur ye to begin. We must kape oor heads claer fur the big bulk ov business that 'll be coomin' to us soon." And then he muttered to himself, "It 's roight willin' that Oi am to have him sound dhrunk at the toime we 're to quit an to count oop the profits; but if he begins now, Oi faer he 'll coom to be a hafty burden onto me hands afore the noight has full coom."

Therefore he watched Tom and controlled him fairly well for an hour or two. But he had had a taste now, and the demon awoke within him, and ere very long had once more the complete mastery of Tom Wilson. In the late afternoon he became worse than useless at the "stand;" and McFadden instructed Patterson to go with him a block or two, and order him to go directly home to escape arrest for drunkenness. As we would expect, Tom did not go directly home; but walked about aimlessly, or skulked here and there amid the crowds on different streets. Once he met one of his old friends, as he termed him, who, from his bottle, gave him another drink.

At a little before eight o'clock, just as the fireworks were beginning, a strong team, attached to a heavy wagon, became frightened and unmanageable, and came running at full speed down Main Street. They had run several blocks, and were now approaching Genesee Street just at the time that Tom Wilson was attempting to cross from the south to the north side of Main Street. In his intoxicated condition he

moved but slowly. He heard the approaching team, but was too bewildered to put forth an effort to save himself, and was struck by the breast of one of the powerful horses, was knocked senseless to the ground, and the heavy wagon passed over his prostrate form. They thought him dead at first, but, later, perceived that he was alive. The strangers who carried his limp body from the street were about to send him to a physician's office, when some one recognized him, gave the direction of his home, and advised that he be taken there. An ambulance was not available, and an expressman kindly offered to convey him home.

When her husband was brought to her door, Mrs. Wilson was at first overcome with fear and grief. When she could speak she asked, "Is me poor mon dead, entoirely?"

On being assured that he was alive she exclaimed: "Ah, but he 's nare aboot dead, by the look ov him, an' may be it would be bether if he war; but Oi 'm glad that he 's not! Oi 've been a faerin' fur him all the day long; an' Oi war sure that soomthin' orful war agoin' to happen."

Willie, who had been employed this afternoon by a proprietor of a feed-barn to run errands for him and to aid about the barn, came in just as the men were placing his father upon the lounge. He looked upon him but an instant, and then rushed out of the house exclaiming as he went, "I 'm goin' fur Dr. Dunbarr."

"He is very badly bruised and I am sure one leg is broken," remarked one of the men as he bent over

Wilson at the lounge. Mrs. Wilson was kneeling at her husband's side, seemingly speechless. But the words of the man aroused her, and she exclaimed: "Me poor Tom! It 's a hard lot that he 's a havin' all of his loife. An' it 's no aisy lot that he 's a-bringin' to me an' the childern, all ov their born days."

At this, Wilson groaned and opened his eyes, staring wildly. He was given a few spoonfuls of water, and this helped to revive him.

"Kin ye shpake a word or two to me, Tom, jist to tell us aboot it?" pleaded Mrs. Wilson.

"Oi do n't keer to shpake," replied Tom, after a few moments.

Willie did not find Dunbarr at his office. He had been busy all the day and until eight o'clock at night, alternating between his office and the crowded streets. The day had been long and excessively warm. He was weary, and he felt that to walk in the night-air, alone, on some less populous street, would be a delightful change. He had not walked far, however, when he met Walter Milford, Marian Mills, and Gertrude Bronson.

"Well, Doctor, is this a business or a pleasure trip that you are taking?" asked Milford, extending his hand in greeting as he continued, "I am very glad to meet you, whatever may be the object of your coming forth."

Dunbarr lifted his hat in greeting to the young ladies, and took Milford's proffered hand warmly, as he replied: "I have chosen no definite destination, Mr. Milford, my chief object being to get away from

business for a little time, and to enjoy this cooler air. I am happy to have met you and our friends," bowing to Marian and Gertrude.

"I have heard that he who walks at random brings up at nowhere," remarked Marian, with one of her roguish smiles; "and it may not be safe for even Dr. Dunbarr to be so aimless. You had better go with us. We are going up to Gertrude's home to witness the fireworks from a distance. I like them better so."

"Yes; please do, Dr. Dunbarr," requested Miss Bronson. "You will be quite free from the noise of the streets, and it will be cool at our home."

They had sat but a few minutes on the lawn at the Bronson home, when Willie Wilson, almost out of breath, came up the walk and asked for Mr. Bronson. He had sought in vain for Dunbarr, and he naturally turned next to his employer for help. Dunbarr recognized the boy, and asked, "Can I be of any aid to you, Willie?"

Hearing his voice, the boy almost flew to Dunbarr and exclaimed: "O, Dr. Dunbarr, I did not know that you was there! We want you at our home to see me father. He is hurt very bad, an' may die."

Dunbarr bade his friends a hasty good-night, saying: "I am sorry to leave you, as I must now, for a definite destination which is all too sad."

The young people were busy with their own thoughts a moment, and then Gertrude remarked: "Evil still lives, and, asserting itself positively in our city, has perverted this day of National rejoicing.

Poor Mr. Wilson! I wonder if he has taken liquor to-day. Many have. I have seen several under the influence of liquor this afternoon. While we rejoice because the yoke of tyranny is broken from off the necks of slaves on a distant island, the power of tyrants is felt and the clanking of captives' chains is heard right here in our own dear city."

## CHAPTER XXII

# "I Must Do Something"

"I have heard of thee by the hearing of the ear; but now mine eye seeth thee."

DUNBARR found Wilson in a pitiable condition. His body was severely bruised in several places, and both bones of his right leg were broken, about midway between the knee and ankle-joint. He was sufficiently sober to sense his pain and to comprehend, in part, his sad situation. He had no word of greeting for his physician, but looked upon him with a sullen stolidness. Dunbarr made the examination in silence, while his face bore a stern expression, with here and there a suggestion of hopelessness. Early in the year, when he was beginning to experience the reforming and rectifying power of the Christ within his own life, he had set his heart on the reformation of this man, and, in the beautiful inexperience of an effort that has yet to sustain defeat, hope had been strong within him. But now, after several weeks of abstinence, Wilson had yielded to temptation, and the result was disastrous; and the feeling which now possessed the young doctor was that of mingled sorrow, and pity, and disappointment, and semi-despair. But he gave himself to a skillful reduction of the fractures, and, after an hour had passed, had made Wilson comparatively comfortable. He then gave Mrs. Wilson and her neighbor, who

had kindly offered to spend the night with the family, what directions were necessary for the care of the injured man, promised to come in early the next morning, and bade the family good-night.

Willie, who had helped in moving his father from the lounge to the bed, and then had aided the doctor while he placed the bandages, left the room a few minutes in advance of Dr. Dunbarr; and the doctor had taken but a step or two from the door when the boy addressed him:

"Dr. Dunbarr, you have n't much hope left fur me father, have you?"

"I am quite sure your father will recover from his recent injuries. I have seen many recover who were injured worse than he. But it will be a trial for him to lie in bed so long as he must, now that the weather is so hot; and very likely he can not resume work again before the latter part of next September."

"But I did n't think jest about that alone when I asked you. You 've hoped so strong fur me father all the while back; but to-night you did n't speak a word of hope, an' I could n't see a bit of it on your face while you was doin' up his leg an' doctorin' the bruised places on him; an' I felt that I could n't let you go home till you spoke some little word of hope to me."

"I understand you now, my boy," and Dunbarr stepped nearer him, and put his hand upon his shoulder. "However hopeless I may have looked and acted, I have no intention to cease my efforts to bring about your father's reformation. When such a habit becomes so firmly fixed as it is with your father, it is very difficult to overcome. But such habits have

been broken, and what has been may be again; so we will rally our hope and renew our efforts to free him from the power of this great curse. We will have your father quite within our power for a number of weeks to come, and this fact may turn to our advantage. We will shake hands now, and will feel more cheerful as we say good-night."

"But, Doctor, there is one more thing that I want to speak of to you," replied the boy as he slowly extended his hand to meet the one proffered by Dunbarr. "Me father had quite a bit of money yisterday; but to-night, when we took off his clothes, I could n't find any in his pockets, an' I fear he 's lost it all."

"How much money do you think that he had?" asked Dunbarr.

"Some more 'n twenty-five dollars. Me an' mother has said to him that we would use what money we earned to take care of the family, an' that father could save his money to see what a nice bit he was earnin'; we thought that it might encourage him, like. An' I think it did; fur when he paid you some mor 'n a month ago, he was so proud and happy, like. An' then he saved ag'in an' felt so strong, like. But now I fear it is all gone, only the pay fur last week, what Mr. Bronson is to pay the hands to-morrow mornin', 'cause to-day was a holiday, an' so he did n't pay this Monday night."

"Well, when you are sure that his money is lost, we will endeavor to find it; but it is more than likely that we shall fail, for much has been worse than thrown away to-day, and an intoxicated man seldom knows how fast or where his money is going. Question your father and learn from him all you can con-

cerning his money. I will see you to-morrow noon when you are home from the Iron Works. A good-night now, and do not worry."

The night was cooler now, and Dunbarr walked leisurely, and it must be admitted, pensively, homeward. And just before he reached his office he spoke audibly: "A man must be weak indeed when his conduct is such that a child can detect his hopelessness; but the fact is, I have set my heart on the reformation of that man, Thomas Wilson; and while I feel that I can not abandon this object as a hopeless one, yet I am almost compelled to feel that I must. Yet, under the canopy of this starlit sky, I once more vow that if there is power in the combined effort of man and God to save Wilson, he shall be saved;" and he uncovered his head, looked reverently toward heaven for a moment, and then went deliberately into his office.

At noon on the following day Willie informed Dunbarr that about all the answer that he could get from his father concerning the money was that he wished to see Tim McFadden. "He won't talk to me about his money," said the boy. "He 'll jest look at me an' say, 'If you see Tim McFadden, jest tell him that Tom Wilson must see him soon now.' An' I said, 'What fur, father?' An' he said that I need never to mind what fur, but jest tell him that he must come to see him soon."

"That is but a slight clew, if one at all," answered Dunbarr; "but it may aid us. I will see McFadden if I can find him."

He did not find him, but he did obtain an interview with Mike Patterson. He was led to do so by one

who had informed him that Patterson had been associated with McFadden on the Fourth. By virtue of a series of skillfully put questions and by taking advantage of Mike's cowardice, he learned something of their mutual enterprise of the day before, and that McFadden had used Wilson's money.

"Now, sir," said Dunbarr, as he was about to leave Patterson, "it will be best for you to see your friend McFadden and tell him that if he does not see Wilson and make this money matter right before tomorrow evening, you and he will be arrested promptly. You have confessed to me that you were a partner in that enterprise, and we shall seek to hold you as one of the responsible parties; and I surmise that if this matter comes into court, there will be some developments that will be damaging to you."

As a result of this meeting with Patterson, McFadden visited Wilson late that very night. To rehearse their entire interview would be more amusing than profitable. It will be sufficient for us to know the conclusion:

"What Oi pay back to ye must fall soom foive dollars short ov the mooney Oi took from ye, Tom; an' Oi 'll tell ye fur why. Oor shtand did not turn oot as well as what we hoped, an' then ye went an' got drunk an' left all the hool worruk fur me to attend to mesilf."

"But yez said to me, Tim, that me mooney would arn me the dooble," was Wilson's feeble reply.

"Yis, but, Tom, that was the place where me own judgment was lackin' to me; an' ye would n't take the advantage of a friend what is lackin' in judgment, would ye, Tom?"

"Oi 'm too wake an' sick to blarney long wid yez, Tim. Kape back the foive dollars if yez will; but Oi shtill think that yez are not fair to me."

"But, Tom, ye must give your word to me that ye 'll be so well satisfied wid what Oi gives ye that ye 'll say no more about the mooney to any parson at all, but jist kape the mather all to yersilf. Kin ye give me yer word to that, Tom?"

"Yis, Tim, fur if Oi moost, Oi moost; but Oi 'll have me own mind aboot the mather, an' whin Oi 'm well ag'in, Oi may jist shpake oot to yez aboot it."

"Och, Tom! shtop takin' the mather so to yer heart. Haer is the mooney short the foive dollars; an' sae that ye make a good use ov it. It 's glad that ye may be that ye 're gittin' back so mooch; fur if yer friend, Tim McFadden, had n't kept it fur ye, ye moight ha' lost the hool ov it. An' now a good-noight to ye, Tom;" and he paid him the money and left the house.

The lawlessness of the liquor-dealers on the Fourth of July thoroughly aroused the temperance people of Warden. Mayor Cummings and the chief of police were positive in their efforts to bring all offenders to justice. Two or three policemen were arraigned for insubordination, and a number of saloonists and two druggists were arrested—the former for selling liquor on a legal holiday, and the latter for selling liquor to be used as a beverage. The experience of the last six months had taught the people of Warden that the liquor laws of the State were enacted for a purpose, and that they can be enforced.

"The fact that evil has so recently broken forth

anew, and that our statutes have been so utterly disregarded, affords us no reason for folding our hands and sitting down in mute despair," said Dr. Burns in a spirited address which he gave in the Tuesday night meeting, July the fifth; "but, rather, reasons now abound for the renewal of our vigilance. The temperance citizens of Warden now have the opportunity to show of what fiber they are made. Civil law never has enforced itself, and never will; but that our laws can be enforced has been demonstrated times without number; and what has been done in this respect can be done and must be done again, and much better and more extensively."

The saloonists who were arrested did, without exception, waive examination in the justice court, and promptly furnished bonds to appear for trial at the September term of the Circuit Court. But one of the druggists, to test the strength of the prosecution, stood for examination in the justice court. On the day of the examination, however, it soon became apparent that the prosecution had ample evidence against the defendant to hold him for trial as charged. The second druggist waived examination, and bound himself to appear for trial in the fall term of the court. And so the violations of the liquor laws occurring in Warden on the Fourth of July were temporarily settled.

There was a new voice heard in the Thursday night meeting held by the First Church of Warden on the seventh of July; and while it spoke in the language of culture, its tone was that of humility and its manner that of modest hesitancy. It was the

voice of Walter Milford, and he spoke substantially as follows:

"I take the liberty, which your kindly and oft-repeated invitation affords me, to bear a humble part in this your beautiful service. And I do this, not with the hope of adding interest to the occasion, but to be true to myself and to the Heavenly Father by placing myself on record as one who has determined to be a humble servant of the Christ. For years I have ignorantly worshiped God, if such may be called worship; for I have been self-righteous and proud, and in many, many ways so unlike our Savior. But for the few months just passed I have made a careful and, of late, prayerful study of the Christian religion. I am now convinced that I have followed a mistaken theory. My mistaken views and my proud life have held Christ, with the countless charms of his blessed life, far from me. As I have come to realize this, I have longed for a change in my religious experience, and have felt a willingness to pay the price for this change, whatever this price may be. And while I have waited trustfully for light to come, light has come. An indescribable agency has been operative within the center of my life, and I have felt humbly to will the will of God; and I have then remembered the Scripture which says, 'It is God which worketh in you, both to will and to work for his good pleasure.' And so it seems to me that my part in the matter is not a 'price' I have to pay; but what is required of me becomes my pleasure, and may become my permanent joy. All this has been a wonderful revelation to me; and I have given some

expression to my glad surprise in the words of a prince of olden time, 'I have heard of thee by the hearing of the ear; but now mine eye seeth thee.' While I am strongly convinced that I have something to do, I have a correspondingly strong desire to do that something; in fact, my new-found life exclaims, I must do something! And while I feel my inefficiency, yet I do not doubt that He who has led me to will, is also able to help me to work for his good pleasure. Let me gratefully acknowledge my indebtedness to the Scriptural teaching of the pulpit, and to the consistent practices of the young people of the First Church of Warden; for these have been a means to awaken my interest toward my new-found religious knowledge and joy."

It may be said that Walter Milford had grown much in the favor of the young people of Warden in the last two months. They had noticed, with silent and grateful pleasure, the change that he was undergoing; and they were not, therefore, greatly surprised at the position taken by him on this Thursday night. Neither was Dr. Burns. His quick spiritual discernment had noticed all with joy; and he had said to himself, "Let young Milford alone for a time, and he 'll come out a star of the first magnitude." And when he greeted Milford after the meeting was dismissed, his eye and his handclasp conveyed to the young man the deep pleasure and satisfaction of the doctor's heart.

"Will you be at leisure, Dr. Burns, after six o'clock to-morrow evening; and if so, may I have an hour of your valuable time?" asked Milford as they were leaving the lecture-room.

"Yes, sir; for aught of any engagement that I have now; and I shall be very pleased to share an hour or more with you."

At a few minutes after six on Friday evening, Milford called upon Dr. Burns and suggested a walk. "The wind is coming coolly from the northwest, and the evening is so calm that it will be decidedly pleasant out of doors," suggested Milford. The idea was pleasing to Dr. Burns, and they walked leisurely in the direction of the intersection of Genesee Avenue and East Cedar Street—a direction proposed by Milford.

"Let us sit on the steps of the chapel a few minutes, Dr. Burns," remarked Milford, when they had arrived at that place. "There are a few things in particular of which I wish now to speak."

"Certainly," returned Dr. Burns; "the 'little chapel' is becoming a center of attraction in this part of our city; and I shall be pleased to look out upon life with you from this point of observation."

"It is from this very point that I wish to view life this evening, Doctor; and permit me to begin by asking you a few questions. Do you think that the work begun here by the people of your Church promises permanency?"

"Facts warrant that view of the matter, Mr. Milford. Many people of this locality have become interested in the enterprise, and of the number are some of the well-to-do, worldly class, who have never before shown an interest in matters of religion. The mass of the laboring people are delighted to have such a service in their neighborhood, and we are put to straits for room already. Then, again, this is the

only enterprise of the kind in the eastern part of our city. The field for religious activities has been the central portion of the city. I find also, in this locality, quite a number who have had, in other days and places, a Church membership, or some active connection with Christian work. These would make useful members, if we should organize a Church here; and I feel that such an organization must be effected in the near future. This district has been sadly neglected, and that too long."

"I have been apprised of some of these facts which you have mentioned, Dr. Burns. I believe that this will be a permanent enterprise. I have noticed that the chapel is too small fittingly to accommodate the people who have already been attracted to your services; and when cold weather comes—the time when religious endeavors are usually most flourishing—this house will be unfit for a meeting-place, unless it is thoroughly repaired. I have a plan which I will submit for your approval or disapproval. The lot on this opposite corner can be purchased cheaply, and, facing the south and west as it does, it would be a suitable site for a church edifice, would it not?"

"Yes, sir; Mr. Milford, a beautiful location."

"Well, then, Doctor, if the project wins your approval, and if I am favored with life and my usual health, I will be ready on the fifteenth day of October to deed a modest, modern, and sufficiently ample church edifice to a Board of Trustees of an incorporated religious society that you may have organized on or before that time."

"Mr. Milford, your project certainly has my ap-

proval, and shall have my co-operation; but this matter is a perfect surprise to me."

"Very well, let it become such a surprise to others. It will be our secret as long as we can keep it so. I will seek an architect as soon as I get a deed for the lot. You will counsel with me, please, from time to time, with reference to the general form and features of the building and its particular apartments. I shall not take a vacation this summer; in fact, I have had, it seems, nothing but a prolonged vacation since I left college three years ago. I will remain right here and superintend this work, if one can superintend a work of which he has no practical knowledge."

They were walking homeward now, and it would have been difficult to determine which face was handsomer—that of Dr. Burns, expressive of deep and varied experiences, a thoroughly-disciplined spirit, a mature religious character, and a profound admiration for his young companion, or that of Walter Milford, portraying the happy condition of a life whose energies are bent on the execution of a noble and newly-formed purpose. At their parting, Dr. Burns remarked:

"Many features of this project are very pleasing to me; and not the least among them is that we shall be brought more frequently into each other's company."

"Gertrude, as I was passing Dr. Dunbarr's office a moment ago, he stepped out and hastily informed me that he had just received a message from Robert Bennett's chaplain, stating that Bennett had been

wounded and was also sick of fever, and that, while they hoped for the best, he might not recover; and Dunbarr stated that he intended to take the eleven o'clock express for the South. He also said that he regretted that he could not find time to call upon you to get what message you might desire to send to Bennett."

The above remark was made in Mr. Bronson's office at the Iron Works. Gertrude had become, indeed, a partner of her father, an associate in his labor. Since the hot weather began she had spent a portion of each forenoon in the office, inspecting the books and attending to business detail; thus affording her father considerable respite from business routine, which, at this period of the year, amounts to enervating drudgery. She was standing at the office-desk when her father informed her of Bennett's sickness and Dunbarr's intention to go to him immediately. Her reply was the following series of exclamations and questions:

"O papa! Why need Dr. Dunbarr go so soon? Why may he not wait till the evening express? Can it not be so managed that I can meet him before his departure? I feel that I must do something, and there is so little time! Would it be unpardonably rude for me to see him at the depot? I would request Marian to accompany me; but she is out of the city to-day."

Then she bethought herself, and half regretted that she had betrayed her feelings, even to her father.

He stood at her side, placed his hand caressingly on her arm, and said in a calm tone, while a smile

of sympathy and truest love played upon his kindly face:

"Be composed, daughter. It will not be rude for you to meet him at the depot, inasmuch as he, through me, expressed a desire to see you before he leaves our city. Shall I order a carriage? It is now ten-forty."

"No, thank you, papa. I can wheel there in a few minutes. I will start now, if you will permit."

She stepped to the mirror, rearranged the bright red flowers which she wore in her hair, donned her hat and gloves, kissed her father, and was away. She reached the depot just as the carriages were arriving from the hotels, and saw Dunbarr alight from one. He also saw Gertrude, stepped to her side, and said: "Excuse me until I secure my ticket and check my baggage; and then, please, I must see you a moment."

When he returned he led the way to a seat near the door and asked: "What word can I take to Mr. Bennett for you, Miss Bronson?"

"There are many things which I would like to say, but there is too little time. Tell him that he must get well and come home. Tell him that all our young people and our pastor will pray for him. Tell him that we trust him to your care and the care of our common Lord and Master. There! your train is coming! I wish that I had had time to write something. But, Dr. Dunbarr, take the best of care of yourself. Venture nothing that duty does not require. I—we fear that you may take the fever. Write us, please. Take this; it has been toyed with, but it is

all I have with me;" and she handed him a plain card with a knot of blue ribbon attached to one corner; the card bore the words, "GERTRUDE I. BRONSON, WARDEN."

"Is this all you have to send to Robert?" asked Dunbarr.

"Yes. This card is for you. Do not say 'good-bye;' that seems to mean so long. We 'll say 'good-morning.' You will return soon. May our Master keep you and give you strength to bring Mr. Bennett home in safety!"

And as they took each other by the hand in parting, their eyes betrayed, each to the other, something which would not have been intrusted to their lips; and yet that something was so clothed in mystery to them that, in after days, they longed to know with certainty its full import.

## CHAPTER XXIII

# "I Can Wait"

"But thou shalt understand hereafter."

GERTRUDE tarried a moment to receive Dunbarr's farewell courtesy from the platform of one of the coaches of the swiftly departing express, and then turned away thinking, "I will not gaze after him while he is passing completely out of sight;" and then she mounted her wheel and rode toward the central part of the city—at first rapidly, but later more slowly. When she reached a street which led down to the park, she took that direction, thinking, "I wish to be alone a few minutes and question myself, before I go back to papa." Then she rode very slowly, and she thought: "It all came so suddenly upon me. I wonder if I have acted inconsistently. While he must have perceived that I did not possess my wonted composure, yet I do not think that I betrayed my real feeling. Should he never return, I may wish that I had been even more frank with him. Strange, is it not? This beautiful city, teeming with human life, the place of my birth, the home of my many friends and of my dear parents, is now, to me, a very lonely place. It seems that the affairs of life are strangely, if not unfairly, adjusted. It certainly is no deadly sin for a woman to love a noble man

more than she loves all the world beside, and yet the usages of society and her own instincts lead her to hide her love as if it were a crime—doom her to a silence which may be long, which may be eternal. Ah! what is that I hear?" and she dismounted and stood beside her wheel in silence. "Yes, I see him on the outer end of that dead limb in that maple yonder. That shrill, yet sweet, trilling, inimitable song! It is quite unusual for Mr. Bluebird even to visit our park. He must have grown weary in his journey, this warm morning, and stopped to rest a bit; and while he rests, he sings—sings that song which says a thousand things, and all for me for me! A good omen, this—if omens there are.

'Ah, sweet bird! I know not why,
But my heart seems turning
Heavenward, when thou art nigh,
With a fonder yearning.'

There, he flies! He resumes his journey now, after this little rest, and he sings as he departs. I am better now. I will go back to papa—hoping as well as loving. Harmon—I mean Dr. Dunbarr—will return before very long, and, I believe, will bring Mr. Bennett with him. I can wait."

Her way led her to pass Dr. Dunbarr's office. The window-shades were drawn, and a placard on the closed door read, "Call at the office of Dr. Beach."

"Yes, I see," she thought, "this was a part of his hurried preparation, to leave the care of his patients to our dear old doctor. I hope that it will not prove too much for his failing strength."

As she entered the office of her father, he, looking up from his work, remarked with a smile: "Here you are, returned in safety, having been gone a little less than one hour. I presumed that you would go home rather than return to the office this forenoon; but I perceive that I am to have the pleasure of your company home; and it is nearly time to go now."

"Yes, papa," replied Gertrude, as she looked searchingly, but in vain, into her father's kindly eyes for even the merest suggestion of disapproval; "I wanted to come back to you. Your partner has played you truant this forenoon; but, in time, she may redeem herself."

"My partner has been a busy little girl this forenoon, and I have not a word of fault to find with her."

"Thank you, papa. You are very lenient with your partner. There go the whistles! It is high noon."

The afternoon which followed was a long one to Gertrude. She rested for an hour or more; then read aloud to her mother from one of that lady's favorite authors; then spent some little time in the flower-garden. While in this latter place she thought: "It is becoming cooler now, and I wish to go out somewhere. I do wish that Marian were here! I know what I will do: I will take a choice bouquet to 'Auntie' Sawyer. She has an abundance of flowers, I know; but she is not able to get out often, and she always appreciates so highly a bouquet from me."

Mrs. Sawyer's general and motherly interest led her to speak of many of the young people of Warden, including Robert Bennett and Dr. Dunbarr. She

had not heard of the former's sickness, and did not know that Dunbarr had left the city; therefore she was much interested in the little that Gertrude could tell her of them.

"They ah two noble young men. We need them heah in Wahden. I think that ouah Mastah can use them to his glory in this world. We will trust them to his loving care. It will be pleasant to speak of them to the Lord when we pray,"—were some of her many remarks concerning them.

It was early yet, when Gertrude ended her call upon Mrs. Sawyer, and she thought: "I do not wish to go home now. I will call upon Mr. and Mrs. Wilson. I have not seen him since he was hurt, and more than a week has passed since then."

Mrs. Wilson greeted her with undisguised pleasure. After a few minutes of conversation with Gertrude, she went to her husband's bed and asked him if he wished to see Miss Bronson; but he did not.

"Tell her that it was koind in her to call to larn aboot me shtate, but Oi kint sae no such a body as her fur a roight long toime yit. Tell her that Oi moight at a wake from this toime look onto her face, if she would call then. But Oi kint now, no how."

"Would ye keer, Miss, if ye do n't sae Tom torday? He says as how he kint sae ye now. An' it 's not oot ov any disloike that he 's took ov ye, but because ov the dape sinse of respect that he has to ye. He 's all overcoom wid his shame an' sorrow fur his past sinful doin's; an' that, afther ye 've been so koind in yer good tachin' ov him. Jist plaze let it worruk onto him, Miss, fur it moight do him good so. An' when ye cooms in a wake from now—jist

as he fixes the toime—then he 'll expect to sae ye, an' he will; an' then a word from ye will do him good. Then he fales so oot ov heart, loike, now, because he 's heerd that oor own koind Dr. Dunbarr has gone clane to the South of the war to hilp his true friend, Mr. Bennett, who is sick; an' that a new docthor must tend on him now. 'T is a sad day fur Tom, Miss."

"I will come at the time he has appointed. Tell your husband that I have as great an interest in him as I ever had;" and after a few words of encouragement she left Mrs. Wilson, and reached her father's office in time to accompany him home.

On the following Wednesday afternoon, Walter Milford called upon Dr. Burns to inform him that he had secured a deed for the land where the new church property was to be located, and to submit several designs for a building. "I have spent some time with an architect since last Friday, and have secured these plans; and now I wish your opinion of them."

"My first question is," remarked Dr. Burns, after he had carefully inspected the designs, "which one is most pleasing to you, Mr. Milford? You were the first to move in this matter of erecting a building to accommodate our branch work, and your pleasure should be consulted."

"My pleasure, Dr. Burns, shall be in that which shall conduce to the greatest good of the cause; but I have a choice, and I am frank to state it. I prefer this design which will afford us seven apartments above the ground, including the vestibule,—the largest one for the audience-room proper; three smaller rooms to aid us to accommodate our Sun-

day-school, with two of them so situated as to be conveniently thrown in the audience-room, should it ever become necessary to enlarge that room; and two other apartments, adjoining each other, with one much the larger, to be used for purposes which we will disclose later in the history of the building."

"But the cost of such a building, Mr. Milford, will be so much greater than any other one of the designs."

"Certainly, Dr. Burns; but we should not be deprived of such a building as we need and can make a good use of, simply because it is to cost us a few more hundred dollars, when these few hundred dollars are available."

"Your course in this matter, Mr. Milford, has led me to infer that you intend to donate a church edifice to this part of our city. Am I right in my conclusion?"

"That is my intention. And why not? Others have been giving to me all of my life, while I have expended thousands of dollars for luxuries for myself. It is late for me to begin to give to the Lord's poor; but nothing now can afford me so much pleasure as to put into the treasury of the Lord my surplus means."

"This is a delightful generosity," answered the doctor; "but I have been thinking about this matter since you introduced it last Friday evening, and I will suggest my conclusion by asking a question: Do you think that it will be best for the religious welfare of the people, who are to share the pleasure and profit of this new edifice, to receive it wholly as a gift?"

"Really, this question has never occurred to me," answered Milford. "I shall be pleased to listen to your views of the matter."

"As a rule, Mr. Milford, people prize more highly that object which costs them something. People feel a deeper interest in that enterprise where they have invested their money. Man feels a sort of genuine nobility when he can say, 'I have a purchased part in that matter.'"

"I see the principle. It is reasonable. What will you suggest?" replied Milford.

"This course has occurred to me: When the work has begun so as to attract the attention of the people, we can display a carefully drawn design of the building and tell them, approximately, what its cost will be, when we wish to dedicate it, and that we want and intend to have all bills provided for on the day of dedication, and that we wish every one, who is interested in the enterprise, to invest in it as many dollars as he is able to do. Then we can suggest that, in order to do this, each one should begin to save his money now, for that purpose; and we can, in instances where it seems fitting, furnish substantial receptacles to contain their savings until we dedicate. With many of the people of this locality, who have not formed the habit of saving their earnings, this device will aid our purpose."

"Dr. Burns, this way of managing, as well as the principle involved, receive my approval; and I wish you to conduct this feature of the enterprise as your judgment may dictate. You will understand that I will promptly meet all deficits."

"Very well, Mr. Milford. I think that many, if

not all, of the people of this part of the city will be pleased to aid in constructing this building. Another matter I wish to speak of. Dr. Dunbarr is out of town, and may be absent for several weeks. This leaves his Sunday-school class without a teacher, and I had wondered if you would not supply it for a time. It may not be a very inspiring class, only as one sees their great need of religious instruction and their eagerness to secure such instruction."

"This class and the beautiful adaptation of its teacher to it, have awakened my interest, as I have visited the school from time to time. But, Dr. Burns, I never taught a class in Sunday-school; and, if I had, I could not fill Dr. Dunbarr's place, however willing I might be to do so."

"One does not know what he can do until he has tried. If you feel an interest in these needy people, and if you have a desire to help them, I shall not doubt your success in acting as the teacher of that class. Do not try to fill Dunbarr's place, but feel that you have a place there, and just endeavor to fill your own place. In other words, go at it naturally and in a way that you may adapt yourself to them. You have a knowledge of the Scriptures, and, of late, you have entertained some very practical views of religion. These facts will aid you in teaching. Dr. Dunbarr, in a note which he sent me the morning that he left the city, wished me to secure you to supply his class."

"Did Dunbarr do that? Well, then, I will give the matter a careful consideration, and will report my conclusion; and if I conclude negatively, it will not be because I am too proud to teach those people.

Not long ago, however, I was too proud to associate with such people; but now, Doctor, that fact is in my past career—a weak, if not a shameful past."

In the twilight of this charming Wednesday evening, Milford gave himself to an aimless stroll. He said to himself: "This is an evening too beautiful to remain within doors, and I 'll walk awhile, just nowhere. And while I ramble, I 'll submit to any wholesome mood which may address me."

After a half hour, he began to weary of solitude, and concluded to call upon Marian Mills. She sat at her piano, and was singing as he approached the house. And he thought, "I will not disturb her now, but will sit in this rustic chair on the lawn, and wait until she has finished." She was singing, "I like to sing the old songs," a simple song that she loved to sing sometimes, when she was half pensive and felt quite sure that she had no audience. She never considered herself a success as a solo singer, and yet it is just to say of her that people loved to hear her sing; for they were convinced that Marian Mills thought and felt while she sang; and she did so with such intensity that she compelled others to think and feel also. Milford, this evening, yielded quickly to the control of her thoughtful spirit as she sang:

"I like to sing the old songs of happy days long past,
They seem to lift the darkness that time o'er them had cast;
They bring to memory brightly the loved ones we regret,
I like to sing their old songs, and fancy they live yet."

She played a prolonged interlude before singing the last verse, and as she did so, Milford noticed that she was looking away from her piano, upon two

large portraits, one at her right and one at her left, hanging upon the wall before her. Then she sang:

"I like to sing the old songs, in fancy they restore
The dear, familiar faces, now gone for evermore;
And though a gushing tear may start in thinking of the past,
I still will sing the old songs as long as life may last."

She sat in silence and with bowed head a moment. Then she arose and came toward the door. Milford arose and said, as he approached, "Good evening, Miss Mills; are you alone?"

"Not now, Mr. Milford; but I was a moment ago."

"I thought so," answered Milford, rather abstractedly.

"And why did you think so, Mr. Milford?"

"You sang as if you were alone, and yet not alone."

"I am not sure that I understand you. And how do you know about the way I sang? Were you listening? Will you come in, or do you prefer to sit out here on the veranda?"

"Let 's sit out here, please. Yes, I was listening; not intending to get your song unfairly, but I was unwilling to spoil your song by an ill-timed intrusion. These were my alternatives—disturb your song, retreat out of the sound of your voice, or remain to listen and enjoy. I chose the last. Am I pardonable?"

"You are so frank and innocent that it would be unpardonably cruel to punish you. But let us hope that you may never again be guilty of such petty thieving," answered Marian, playfully.

"As to the remark which you are in doubt about,"

continued Milford, "you sang as if memory had the power to bring into your very presence some departed friends or kindred. Are those portraits the likenesses of the faces of your parents?" and he referred to the two pictures upon which Marian had looked while at the piano.

"Yes, sir."

"I think that I have heard that they died years ago?"

"Yes, sir; mother died when I was but a child—I have only a faint remembrance of her. Father died about five years ago."

"And it seemed a literal truth that you gave expression to when you sang 'I like to sing the old songs, and fancy they live yet.'"

"Yes, sir; that part of the song is literally true with me. And I would state it more positively still. My parents are not dead to me, only in so far as death may mean separation. No, sir; I believe that my parents live, and that they know immeasurably more of real life than we do here and now. And I believe that this is true with all the dear, loving, trustful ones who have gone from earth."

"Yet, Miss Mills, you are aware that there are many devout Christians who do not hold this view, but believe that their departed friends are sleeping in their tombs, and shall continue there until the time of general resurrection."

"Yes, sir; but I can not hold such a view as that. To me it is repulsive, unreasonable, and unlike any phase of the character of God that has ever been revealed to me. I feel sure that the fact of death never entered the original plan of God, as that plan

related to man; and, however much or little God's original plan was frustrated by the willful conduct of man, our Savior destroyed what power death may have gathered, robbed the grave of all its victory, and demonstrated that a being who is in full sympathy with the mind and purpose of God has no lot nor part in the tomb. What use can God have for a Saint Paul slumbering in the tomb for centuries? Every part of the character of Saint Paul rises to refute the tomb-sleeping theory. I can never think that he entertained, for a moment, the thought that he was going into the grave. Could practical, energetic Saint Paul look down into the doom of dismal inactivity, to be prolonged for a score of centuries, and exultantly exclaim, 'I am going somewhere; the time of my departure is come?' And in what direction could he have been looking—into the tomb of prolonged inactivity, or up and out into God's newer and vaster unfoldings of life—when he exclaimed, as he did when he wrote to his Church at Corinth, 'For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens?' What part in common with the grave had my loving, active, trustful father? No, sir! He never entered the grave; neither did dear mother. The grave caught the earthly house of their tabernacles, which were being dissolved; but they went on, out into a nobler realm of life replete. Why, Mr. Milford, you can not imprison the spirit of love—none but God has power to do that; and he never will, because he loves too well. I sometimes think that the theorists confine our loved ones in the tomb

because they find that the most convenient way to dispose of them or control them. But our Heavenly Father is not thus limited. He has a place and employment for every one of his loving sons and daughters; and it does n't matter anything with me, if I do not know where the place is nor just what they are doing. Of course, I sometimes wonder much as to how it is, tracing the beautiful thought of the poet:

"'I sometimes wonder if our teeming earth
Is set so far away
From that vast country, whose unmeasured fields
Bask in perpetual day,
That not a being of that mystic clime
Can penetrate to know
E'en but a little of the complex whole
That intervolves us so;
Save those crowned spirits, whose strange mission is
The ethereal route to trace,
To come to us with matchless revelations
Of love's unequaled grace.

I sometimes wonder if a precious part
Of spirit-life employ
Is supervision of this primal school,
Noting the fear, the joy,
The very motive prompting every deed,
Each trending consequent,
And giving credit to each struggling soul
As every full intent
Would designate; taking the very teardrops
Of penitential woe
To set as pearls within the victor's crown,
Made ready ere we go.'

"Yes, Mr. Milford, I do wonder, but I can wait; and while I am waiting, though at times I am a little pensive, I have peace, and usually am very happy.

God is love, and his love is operative everywhere. My parents loved, and still love him. I also love him, and have a happy consciousness of his love; and though I can not know now all that is within the economy of his love, yet he has caused it to be written, 'Thou shalt know hereafter.' My faith answers, Yes; and I can wait. But, Mr. Milford, here I am talking away off from you and this beautiful evening. Yet I must impress you with the fact that you are largely in the fault. You led me to talk on such a subject. In fact, I was only answering your inquiries."

"I think I am to be complimented upon the art of putting questions, if you charge me correctly; and I certainly may be congratulated in that you have spoken so thoughtfully, and for me only."

"Thank you," replied Marian, "but it is for you to entertain now; and that we may vary the program, I request a song from you."

"I will comply with your request, if you will please be my accompanist," was Milford's reply; and together they entered the house, and Marian sat down at the piano.

"Bennett made a good soldier—eager for service, willing to undertake any hardship, courage to go anywhere—but he was a man of too fine a composition to do service in this climate and at this season of the year. The same may be said of many of the Northern boys who have come down here. The climate of Cuba at this season, and the hardships that our soldiers have undergone for the last fortnight, have proved fatal to hundreds of our boys.

He was wounded early in the engagement on July the first. It was a deep flesh-wound in the thigh. He would not receive any special attention from a surgeon until the close of the day and our army had captured El Caney. He persisted in saying, 'No, Doctor, there are many who are worse off than I; I 'll get along.' His wound was doing quite well until he was taken with the fever. Since then he has been a very sick man. This is the first bit of good sleep that he has had for many weary days."

The above were the words of Chaplain Carrier. He was addressing Dr. Dunbarr as they two sat in a large but poorly-constructed tent, situated several miles east of Santiago and used for a hospital. It was late in the afternoon, and Dunbarr had but recently arrived.

## CHAPTER XXIV

# Hope

"We are saved by hope."

DUNBARR was introduced to the nurses having charge of the ward wherein Bennett was lying. These nurses, being overworked at the time, and understanding that Dunbarr was a personal friend of Bennett, and a skillful physician withal, were pleased to leave the sick soldier to his care for a time; and it may be added that Dunbarr was much gratified to assume the care of his suffering friend. He began as his skill and his years of practice would dictate; he took his temperature, noted the action of his heart, sounded his lungs, and examined his wound as well as he could without thoroughly arousing him. Then he gave himself to a careful examination of the medicine which was being administered, and to his treatment in general, as far as he was able to determine it. Then he moistened the sick man's lips in a way to awaken him partially out of his too heavy sleep. And then he sat and thought, silently, a few minutes; his eyes, the meantime, resting upon his friend: "Dear Robert! Your friends in Warden would not recognize you—so brown and so emaciated! How you must have suffered! The marks of pain are traceable upon your

once fair face. And yet more visible than these are the evidences of your noble purpose. It would be a miracle if you should recover in this vitiated atmosphere, under this wretched tent, in this enervating climate. Ah well! this canopy was the best that they could afford you; and it is a protection from this monotonous alternation of scorching sun and drenching rain. But if I can have my way, as soon as my baggage is brought up your circumstances shall be improved. I have set my heart on taking you back to Warden; and that not to die, soon, but to fulfill all the promise which I have seen budding within you in your brighter days."

His reverie was here interrupted by an effort which Bennett made to turn upon his cot. He was lying with his face turned from Dunbarr, and when the latter stepped to his side to assist him, the sick man opened his eyes and beheld the face of his friend. Then he closed his eyes and lay quietly while a very perplexed expression, which had instantly possessed his countenance, gradually gave place to an expression less puzzled, and, later, to a smile.

Dunbarr waited in almost breathless suspense. He wondered if Bennett's mind was sufficiently clear to recognize him, and, if so, what effect the revelation that he was present would have upon his sick friend; and when that smile, which was so indicative of recognition, and of composure, and of gratification, lighted Bennett's face, tears of pleasure and of gratitude filled Dunbarr's eyes. And yet as he waited, he thought, with some anxiety: "While I am sure that Robert recognized me, it may have been but for a moment, and he may never rally

sufficiently to convince me that he comprehended the circumstance. But, see! he continues to smile as if his mind restfully retains a pleasing fact."

At this Bennett slowly opened his eyes and held them upon Dunbarr—not with a stare of confusion, but with a look of loving recognition—and his lips parted, and he feebly whispered: "Dr. Dunbarr! You did come as you said you would."

Dunbarr, with difficulty, controlled his feelings as he took Bennett's hand in his, and said with the reassurance and pleasing authority of a physician, "Yes, Bennett, my dear fellow, I have come to help you to get well and to accompany you back to your many friends in dear old Warden."

"Dear old Warden," echoed Bennett, in a feeble whisper.

"But you must be very composed and quiet; and you must obey orders perfectly. It will not be difficult for a soldier to obey orders," continued Dunbarr.

"Not if issued by you, Doctor," whispered Bennett, while the same smile lighted up his face more brightly.

"Well, then, here is order number one: Take this nourishment, speak not another sentence for a half hour, shut your eyes, think just as little as you can, and, when you must think, just remember that we are reunited, and thank our Master for it, and also for the fact that you are to get well and go home with me."

"Long, is n't it, and much of it?" was Bennett's whispered reply. Then he took the nourishment and tried to sleep.

At this a ward physician entered, accompanied by the head surgeon. These hesitated when they beheld a stranger at Bennett's cot. But in a moment the surgeon approached Dunbarr, extended his hand, and remarked in a low tone:

"Excuse me, sir, but I have met you somewhere and in other years. Wait a minute, please, to see if I can recollect. Did you finish a full medical course at a Western American university in the year 1890, and is your name Harmon Dunbarr?"

"Yes, sir, to both of your questions. And you are Dr. Egbert Cutter, a teacher of surgery in that same university at the time you mention, unless I mistake you," was Dunbarr's reply.

"You are right, Dunbarr, and I am pleased to meet you. I have heard from you only occasionally since your graduation. But every time the word that has come has substantiated the faith I had in you. I hope to have a few minutes' leisure sometime to-morrow, and I wish to see you then. In the meantime be as much at home as possible among us;" and the surgeon passed on to the cot of a sufferer to whom his particular attention had been called by the ward physician.

The surgeon took occasion to speak words of commendation of Dunbarr to the nurses and ward physicians, and these treated him with courtesy and deference. "He was the best man in his class," remarked Surgeon Cutter; "and since graduation he has had a brilliant career. He is here to look after that man Bennett, I presume. Friendship, with Dunbarr, is only second to duty."

Recovery from a wound too long neglected, and

from a malignant fever, is slow, under the most propitious conditions; but here in Cuba, with mercury at near the one hundred mark a great portion of the time; with the every-day drenching rains; with the offensive fumes caused by rapid and continuously-repeated evaporation; with the vitiating miasma, rising from half-decayed vegetable and animal matter; with improvised hospitals, poorly furnished and having an inadequate number of nurses,—to become severely sick was, in many, many cases, to die. But Dunbarr had staked his own knowledge, and skill, and means, and strength, and life if need be, for the recovery of Robert Bennett; and as the days and nights wore wearily on, he was gratified with a reasonable assurance that his efforts would succeed.

His being favored with a previous acquaintance with the head surgeon was decidedly advantageous. Before leaving the continent, he had purchased a large and firm tent, two cots with other conveniences, a supply of drugs, and some carefully-assorted food in packages. He soon selected a plat of ground, considerably elevated above its surroundings, whereon to place his tent; but several days, at least, must pass before Bennett would be able to be moved.

"Make the best of things here until your friend is able to be moved out to where you wish to place your tent, and then we will permit you to take him there," Surgeon Cutter had said. "And, in the meantime, take the best of care of yourself. You are not inured to these climatic conditions, and may succumb to fever any day. Make what use of the

ward nurses you can, and give yourself all the rest that you need."

Bennett was eager to converse, but was permitted, at first, to do so only a few minutes at a time. "Well, then, if I may not speak to you, you can talk to me, telling me what has taken place in Warden since I left," said he in a whisper to Dunbarr. "You know that I left there the last week in April, and now it is July."

"Yes; it is past the middle of July, now. You have been from Warden nearly three months. I will talk to you of home from time to time as you have strength to endure. Just keep your patience and continue to recover. In a few days I wish to move you to better quarters. I am only waiting until your strength is equal to it. Our Warden friends are waiting to give you a royal welcome home."

Bennett's condition was such that, after a few days, Dunbarr felt justifiable in leaving him with a nurse, for short intervals, while he visited other places. As he was passing through the wards of another hospital one afternoon, he came to the cot whereon lay a fever patient whose face attracted Dunbarr, and he remarked to the attending nurse:

"That face attracts me. I have met it before, I think. Let me recall. Is his name Welch?"

"It is; and he is a very sick man. His fever will have run fourteen days to-morrow; and he has been delirious the greater part of the time. He has mentioned several names, during this time, that I have never met; and I think that one of these names is yours. Were you not introduced to me as Dr. Dunbarr?"

"Yes, sir. That is my name. In what connection did he mention it?"

"It is difficult to state. He has spoken so incoherently. I recall that he said at one time, 'He 's a man, a man, is Dr. Dunbarr. May some happier object occasion our future meeting. Yes, indeed, indeed!' He is a bright and well-educated fellow. It seems a pity that he should die here; but death seems almost certain."

"I was sure that I had met him, and I recall the circumstances now. I have a deep interest in the poor fellow, and if you will permit, I will examine him a little more closely."

"Feel perfectly at liberty to do so, Doctor," replied the nurse. "I think that his fever is no higher than it was yesterday at this time."

"I may come in and see him occasionally," remarked Dunbarr, after a superficial examination of Welch. "The matter will change with him before many hours, likely, and we will hope for the better; but the case looks doubtful. Could these hundreds of brave fellows be instantly placed within the comfortable homes from which they came, there to be afforded the conveniences which are impossible here, many valuable lives could be saved. It seems awful to me that so many noble fellows must lie here in their uniform—some without a cot or even a pillow—while their vital forces are being consumed of fever. A bed and a night-shirt would be a God-send, would mean life, to hundreds in this camp. I will return presently, and, with your aid, will try to make Welch's condition more favorable."

Dunbarr had been advised by members of the

Woman's Christian Temperance Union and of the Army Christian Commission to purchase, among other hospital supplies, a number of night-shirts, before he sailed for Santiago. A few minutes after his first visit he returned to Welch, and, aided by the nurse, removed the clothing in which the sick man had lain so long, bathed his fevered body and robed it in a clean night-shirt.

"He appears more comfortable now, and I shall see him often for the next week. I wish that we could do as much for all of these sufferers," remarked Dunbarr; and then he left the ward.

It was feared that Welch would sink so low when his fever left him, that he could not be rallied; and this might have been had not Dunbarr given him that particular attention which he could not otherwise have received. But, favored as he was, his fever gradually abated, his mind slowly became clear, and his recovery seemed quite sure.

Bennett's condition was slowly improving also, and he was permitted to converse a little at frequent intervals during the day.

"I have a bit of good news to tell you," remarked Dunbarr one afternoon. "To-morrow I intend to move you to a more advantageous location. I have placed my private tent upon a little knoll some twenty rods away, and I have obtained permission to take you there. The location will afford a little better air, the surroundings will be a little more cheerful, and we will seek to make our new quarters as homelike as we can. But we will try not to become closely attached to it, because we are soon to move again, I believe."

"I shall be glad to do anything that will improve my condition and hasten my recovery, Doctor; but I shall feel a little sad at leaving this hospital, for they have been so kind to me here; and, then, right here I experienced that which I had almost despaired of, and yet the hope of it kept me up for many a weary hour,—it was right here that I was privileged to look upon your familiar face once more, and had sufficient strength of mind to recognize it. I did not permit myself to become homesick before I was wounded; in fact, I had not time to entertain such feelings. But the forced leisure of hospital life, with the sufferings incident to my wound and the fever, afforded ample opportunity to think of my old friends, and awakened an unspeakable longing to see them once more. At last, as I continued to grow worse, I yielded to my intense longing, and requested Chaplain Carrier to send you a message. Then I held to the hope that you would come; and this did nearly as much for me as the medicine which they gave me. There is much truth in the statement that 'we are saved by hope.' But I see by your face that it is time for me to lapse into silence once more; yet I am not so very weary, and you may talk to me while I close my eyes and listen."

"You will please excuse me for a little time. In another hospital I found a man whom, by chance, I met once in Warden. He has been very sick for a fortnight, and it is a critical time with the poor fellow just now. You are comfortable, and may sleep while I am gone," and Dunbarr arose to leave the ward.

"Up to your same old ways, are n't you? Seek-

ing to help the fellow who needs you most. Yes, I 'll give you up a little time for such a mission;" and Bennett smiled and closed his eyes.

Up to this time Dunbarr had succeeded in escaping the eyes of Welch, and he had requested that no one should mention his name in Welch's hearing. But now that he was beginning to realize what was going on about him, Dunbarr found it more difficult to hide from him. Upon leaving Bennett, at the time just mentioned, Dunbarr went directly to Welch's ward, intending still to keep himself concealed; but, on entering, he perceived that Welch required immediate attention, and that all the nurses were too busy to attend upon him. He, therefore, went promptly to his cot, assisted him to change his position slightly, gave him a little cold water and a spoonful of nourishment, and, as he was about to turn away, he saw that Welch had fixed his eyes upon him inquiringly.

"Is there something more that you would like?" Dunbarr asked, calmly.

"Yes," feebly whispered the sick soldier. "Am I in my right mind?"

"I think that you are."

"Well, then, am I in the same hospital where I have been sick so long?"

"You are, and we are doing all we can to bring you back to health and strength."

"Undoubtedly. But how long have you been here?"

"Quite a time. I became interested in your condition several days ago."

"Then may be I am mistaking you. I thought

that you were the Dr. Dunbarr whom I met in Warden at one time; but I am so weak that I have mistaken you for him. I must rest now. Come here again soon, and I will tell you about him."

"That is right. Remain quiet, and rest all that you can. I will come often, and you may tell me about your friend. Your first duty, however, is to get well."

"Get well!" echoed Welch. "Have you a hope that I can get well?"

"Certainly I have, a reasonable hope. And you must entertain that hope, for you are surely better."

"Hope! A vital word, that! I would rather not die now. I want to live and redeem my past."

"Well, then, take another spoonful of gruel, and then just rest; for the fever has nearly worn you out."

"You are not the one who attended me the other day and spoke to me about hope," remarked Welch to a nurse the day after he had spoken to Dunbarr.

"No, I 'm not the one," answered the nurse.

"Who and where is he now, and may I see him again?"

"He is a physician who frequently visits this hospital; and he is in our ward now, and you may see him; but remember that you are too weak to be permitted to talk much to any one."

Dunbarr, who had been standing so near that he had overheard their conversation, stepped around so that he might approach from the foot of the cot, and, addressing the nurse, said: "This patient of yours is steadily recovering. I can see an improvement from yesterday." And then, addressing the

sick man, he said: "You are to be congratulated, Mr. Welch, that you are so well to-day. But you must realize that you are not beyond the possibility of a relapse."

"Will you please sit a moment by my side?" asked Welch, feebly.

"Certainly; but you will not be permitted to talk much, remember."

"I will leave you two together, for I am needed elsewhere now," remarked the nurse.

"Yesterday I thought I knew you, but soon concluded that I was mistaken, for I was so weak. But I was not quite satisfied, and I could not put it out of my mind. And to-day I am more positive than yesterday that you are Dr. Harmon Dunbarr. Am I not correct?"

"Yes, sir, Mr. Welch, you are correct. Compose yourself, and I will talk to you a little. I came here to attend my sick friend, Robert Bennett, of Warden. After a week or ten days, as I was passing through this ward, I found and recognized you, and, naturally enough, I have taken more than a general interest in you."

"Was I delirious when you found me?"

"Yes; but your mind was not wandering so much as it had done, they said."

"When I came to myself, I found this pillow, and that I was in possession of a comfortable night-shirt; did you furnish these?"

"Yes, I secured a few such articles before sailing for this place. I was instructed that they could not be readily obtained here."

"And what do you intend to do now, Doctor?"

"As soon as you are able, if you desire it, I have secured permission to move you to my private tent, where we hope to hasten your recovery. In the meantime I intend to visit you often here, just to see that you are obeying orders regularly. But we have visited enough for this time. Your mind is relieved of the uncertainty as to my identity, and nothing remains for you but to keep quiet and recover."

"Doctor, I thank you. But you are aware that I do not merit the kindness that you have shown and still intend?"

"As to that, my dear fellow, the best of us would fare poorly if we only received just that which we strictly merit. Take some nourishment, and then I shall leave you for a time. Good-bye, now."

"Good-bye! But how is Bennett?"

"Improving nicely. I will tell him that you have inquired after him."

Each passing day, now, marked to Bennett and to Welch returning health and strength—not in rapid measure, but by dull degrees, yet surely; and with increase of strength came corresponding hopefulness; and so it came to pass that the last of July, Dunbarr and his two friends were quite cheerfully located in his private tent. It was evident, however, that Bennett would not, for many months at least, be able to resume a soldier's duty. The bullet wound in his thigh had seriously weakened that leg. "It will be a year, at best, before that limb has regained its normal strength. I will secure his discharge as soon as he is able to go home," had said the head surgeon of Bennett's hospital.

"What course will you pursue?" asked Dunbarr of Welch, one Sunday evening as they, with Bennett, sat facing westward, where the sun, which had been hidden by rain-clouds the greater part of the day, had just set clearly, crowned with gorgeous glory.

"Well," answered Welch, thoughtfully, "first of all I propose to be a man in the deepest and truest significance of that term. I had a vision last spring in your office in Warden; and that vision has frequently disturbed me since that day; not that there was anything repulsive in it, but because, by the law of contrast, I saw my own utter unworthiness. In my delirium of fever, your conduct and words of that spring day were frequently before my eyes and in my mind; and when I would partially arouse myself, I sincerely wished that you were near to influence me. But I could not even hope for that to be. How strange it is that you came and found me! I said to myself, last spring, when I left your office, that if I ever should desire to be a better man, you were the very person to whom I should go for help. Dunbarr, ever since that day I have desired to be a better man. Speak, please, for my benefit, a few words about the better way."

"Mr. Welch, it would afford me great pleasure to help you, but I know so little about the better way. First of all, you need to take your eyes from me and to look upon the Christ. I am too imperfect in thought and life for any one to imitate. He is infinite perfection; yet he is so simple in character that we may appreciate him and learn of him and love him. The western sky and a broad expanse of water, yonder, reflect the beauty of the set-

ting sun; so the real goodness of mankind is a reflection of the all-glorious Christ. The work of the sun to-day has been that of tranformation. The seed-life has been changed to plant-life. The vital forces of the plant have been changed to flowers; the flowers to fruit; the imperfectly developed fruit to that which is perfectly developed; and the sun has been a powerful agent, to-day, to dissipate and destroy germs of disease and death. It is the blessed mission of the Christ to transform our very beings, and to destroy the elements of spiritual death. You have reason, Mr. Welch, to entertain a lively hope of a noble life and a noble career when you embrace Christ as your Savior and your personal Friend. What he says is truth. The new life he begets within us is a true and blessed life. The career that he leads us to is noble and truly glorious. Himself is the hope of our sinful race."

They sat in silence a moment, and then Welch spoke: "I believe that your words are true, Doctor, and I thank you for them. They are as a sweet echo of a voice that has been silent for years—the teaching of my mother. I would fix my hope in Christ."

## CHAPTER XXV

# "Treat It Fairly"

"The entrance of thy Word giveth light."

ONE week after reaching Cuba, Dunbarr had written briefly to his pastor, informing him of Bennett's condition and of the hope which he entertained concerning the result of his sickness. The contents of this letter were made known to the Christian Endeavor Society of Warden, and the corresponding secretary was authorized to write to these, their two absent members, expressing gratification that Dunbarr could be with Bennett when he was in such need of a skillful friend, informing them that their absence was keenly felt, that the society regularly remembered them at the Throne of Grace, and that they, by the mercy of God, hoped to welcome them, before many weeks, to their accustomed places and work in the First Church of Warden. "Please write to us," ended the letter.

On receiving this communication, Dunbarr remarked to Bennett: "A letter from Warden is a word from home, is it not? I can appreciate, in part, what your loneliness was when, without an old-time friend for a companion, you were disabled by a wound and very sick of fever. I am in full strength and health and have you for company, but I am so lonesome

here that this letter from our Warden friends is a message possessing unique charms. No, I am not homesick; but I am within the neighborhood of such a condition, and shall hail with delight that day whereon we shall turn our faces homeward."

When Welch and Bennett were convalescent, and Dunbarr had leisure, he wrote at some length to his Christian Endeavor Society. He first described quite minutely the country and the villages situated within the vicinity of Santiago, and then spoke of the city itself as he saw it ten days after General Toral surrendered it to General Shafter, of the United States army. "But," wrote he, "I should fail of the principal object that I have intended should this letter not convey to you some account of the humanitarian and religious efforts which one witnesses here on this unfortunate island in this time of war. I wish that I could impress you, as I have been impressed, with the fact that the Christian religion is far-reaching and supremely practical. One believes this, and sees proof of it in his own homeland city; but when one sees organized religious effort marching forth with our armies—nay, in some instances, preceding our armies—into a land of direst destitution, into the very jaws of death, for no other object than to relieve suffering and to present to sinful humanity the mighty yet loving Savior of the world; when one witnesses the consecration of noble life, of the brightest of talent, and of the hundreds of thousands of dollars that this object may be obtained; and when one perceives that this object is beautifully reached and gloriously realized,—one has a truer appreciation of humanity,

a broader perception of duty, a deeper and truer admiration of the Christian religion, and a love for the world's Savior which transcends every other attribute of the soul. I remember that our Christian Endeavor Society has, from time to time, been requested to contribute to the Army Christian Commission, and that the Society responded with less than its usual promptness, because it was not fully apprised of the importance of the work. I have had some opportunity to witness the work of this organization. At the first landing of our soldiers upon this island, it was not perceptible; but now that there are established camps and a more stable condition of the army, the offices of the Commission are apparent; and to the soldier, away from the wholesome restraint of home and of well-organized society, the ministrations of this Commission are of immeasurable good. It provides for the soldier a home, a place of pure amusement, and a sanctuary into which he may turn from the open gambling-dens, from the temptation of the 'strange woman,' and from the curse of strong drink. This organization is beautiful in its history. 'To the Christian Commission,' said General U. S. Grant, 'the army felt the same gratitude that the loyal people felt for the service rendered by the army.' And our Secretaries of War and of the Navy and our General-in-Chief, at the breaking out of the war with Spain, unhesitatingly approved of the Christian Commission, granting it valuable and peculiar privileges. It is a fact to be regretted that a large per cent of the young men of our Nation are not reached by the Church or brought within the direct influence of any re-

ligious service; but, yielding to the call of pleasure or to the temptation of vice, they remain unchurched and untaught concerning the things of God. But this branch of the work of the Young Men's Christian Association, recognizing the fact that the army brings the young men together in great congregations, comes to these multitudes, spreads its tents for divine worship, and conducts evangelistic services in which thousands are brought under the influence of the gospel, and hundreds are converted from a life of sin. This work of the Young Men's Christian Association will not end with the conquest of Cuba or at the close of this war; but wherever our standing army and our navy shall be located, at home or abroad, there will the Army Christian Commission be, and there will it continue its Christlike service.

"Another instrument of immeasurable good, born of Christian philanthropy, is the service of the Red Cross Society with our army and navy. As is the knowledge of the name and character of its illustrious founder, Clara Barton, world-wide, so are the mission and offices of the Red Cross. It is recorded of Clara Barton that her influence was potent on every battlefield of our Civil War; that her soothing hand lifted the dying head on both sides of the Franco-German War; that she organized and conducted the relief of the suffering Armenians in 1896; and that she came speedily to the aid of the starving reconcentrados in this island. To trace the history of this wonderful woman is to follow the line of march of the Red Cross, at first in its incipiency, but later in its gloriously symmetrical development;

for the history of Clara Barton and the Red Cross are one and inseparable.

"Spain's hostility to our country compelled Miss Barton and her associates to leave Cuba early in this year; but they remained away but a little while, and in that little while they enlarged their plans, recruited and reorganized their forces, and enriched their storehouses by hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of supplies; and, thus strengthened, they returned to Eastern Cuba, following in the path of Sampson to Siboney, to San Juan, and to Santiago, with scores of physicians and skilled nurses, with Bible-readers, with reading matter and with a vast amount of hospital supplies. Thus, on an enlarged scale, is the Red Cross doing a work of love similar to that done by the Woman's Christian Temperance Union on the continent, at Camp Thomas, and elsewhere. Does the nineteenth century afford a picture more richly set in love than that of this more than one thousand volunteers, who, during this war, serve their country in this peaceful Red Cross army?

"But the entire force of these humane organizations can not be directed to the alleviation of suffering incident to the tragedy of the battlefield and to the scourge of an unhealthful climate, because there is here a deadly enemy against which they must engage; one which, if not encouraged by our national authorities, is permitted to pitch its tent alongside that of our soldier boys, there to effect a death more ignoble than that effected by the Spaniard's bullet. I refer to the 'Army Canteen.' I am convinced that facts prove the falsity of the argument that for the soldier to be afforded a limited supply of liquor—as

is the nominal rule of the 'Canteen'—is to prevent his thirst from leading him away to the open saloon, there to drink to excess. Facts and figures show that the soldier's thirst is whetted by the liquor which he obtains at the 'Army Canteen.' It is as sad as it is strange that our Nation, while marching on to conquer an armed foe, will cherish a deadlier foe within its own bosom; that the efforts of love must be thwarted by a counter-effort on the part of him whom love seeks to save; yet this strange, sad fact is a part of the history of human nature."

Dunbarr closed his letter with the following sentence: "We, with you, cherish the glad thought that, by the mercies of our God, we shall soon be permitted to return to Warden."

"And so we are to break up this, our little camp, next Tuesday afternoon?" remarked Robert Bennett on the evening of the first Sunday of August. He had been discharged because his wound incapacitated him for further service, and they were only waiting for a suitable opportunity to return to the continent.

"I wish that I were able to return to my regiment and report for duty at the time of your departure," replied Welch; "but the surgeon says that I must wait a week yet. I shall not permit myself to become lonesome, however, when you are gone. I shall go back to the hospital, and make myself useful while I am regaining strength."

"I had thought to make you a present of our tent and outfit here. You may christen it Camp Bennett, if you like. It will mitigate Bennett's disappointment to leave his name in Cuba, now that a

Spanish bullet-wound sends him back to his native land."

"Thank you, Dr. Dunbarr; you are a generous fellow; but I must decline the responsibility of maintaining Bennett's good name here. It will tax me, I fear, to maintain for myself a good reputation. This, by the help of Heaven, I mean to do, however. I think that it will be better to take 'Camp Bennett' home with you to serve as a war souvenir. On some future, happy day, we three may meet again in the land of peace. It would be pleasant then to pitch this tent on some secluded hillock, and there to recount our Cuban experiences. Moreover, Uncle Sam is thoroughly established now in this part of the island, and he has an abundance of tents."

"We will do as you wish, Mr. Welch; and in the meantime Bennett and myself will be looking forward to the reunion which your thought has anticipated."

"There is one comrade whom I wish to visit before I leave Cuba," remarked Bennett, thoughtfully. "His name was Luce—James Luce. He was a warm-hearted but reckless fellow. He was born and bred in the city, but, as he stated it, 'came through scot-free from all the restrictions of the Sunday-school and all those other pious institutions.' He was a true and brave soldier, but the hardships of army life sobered him somewhat, and, too, he became a trifle homesick. I prevailed upon him to attend religious services with me a few times, and he became more thoughtful. One night, after attending a religious meeting, he said to me, 'Bennett, that Bible is a queer book, is n't it? But I think I like it a bit, and I half feel as if I 'd like to have one myself.

Do you know I never owned a Bible? I never would. I always said to them: "No; I don't care for one; thanks, I have no use for it." But here, so far away from home, and expecting soon to go into battle, someway I liked those Bible words that Chaplain Carrier read to-night. They make one think that maybe there is another world into which we fellows may be ushered any day; and one sort of feels that there is love back of those words; and, as I said, I more than half wish that I had a Bible of my own.'

"I told him that I had a small Bible which had a snatch of interesting history, and, if he really wished a Bible for its own worth, I would give him this one. I referred to a Bible which Miss Bronson gave me on the day that I left Warden. She came to where I was standing on the steps of the car, waiting for the train to start, and said to me: 'Mr. Bennett, here is a dear little Bible, a book of my childhood, which I wish to be of some special, further service to mankind. So I have thought that I would like to send it to the war with you, requesting that you shall place it in the hands of some one who is really destitute of such a book, and who may be led by it to love and serve our Master.' I took the book—it was a beautiful little thing, tied with a dainty ribbon—promising her that I would endeavor to use it effectually. Well, I told Luce this, adding that Miss Bronson was a refined and beautiful woman. He was much interested, and said thoughtfully, 'Bennett, if you will give me that Bible, I will take it as my own, treat it fairly, and let it influence me all that it has power to do; yes, and I will prom-

ise to read it candidly.' I gave it to him, and a few days afterward I was wounded, and have not heard from him since. To-morrow I shall try to learn of his whereabouts."

Dunbarr listened to this recital of Bennett's with twofold interest; and when Bennett had concluded, Dunbarr went out into the twilight, that he might be alone with his thoughts. He did not remain long, however, but soon turned and walked toward the hospital, where, at the first, he had found Bennett, thinking, meantime, "I have learned a few important facts to-night, not the least of which is that I can not trust my impressions nor afford to be controlled by my moods."

He had not advanced far down one of the wards of the hospital when he observed, several yards before him, two nurses and a physician bending over a soldier's cot. He approached noiselessly, and a nurse turned to him and whispered: "Poor boy! he has gone. Death is no uncommon event with us here—many are dying of this relentless fever daily—but this was a case of more than usual interest."

"Will you please briefly state the facts relating to this case?" asked Dunbarr.

"Certainly. Do you see that little book lying in his hand? Well, it seems that a friend of his gave it to him. He was brought in here, slightly disabled by an accident, and was made fairly comfortable until he was attacked by fever. Much of the time, until the fever made it impossible for him to do so, he read this Bible. He asked me to come to his bedside just before his mind became confused, and said to me: 'If I do not recover, tell Robert Ben-

nett, if you can find him, that I kept my word to him, and read the book each day. Tell him that I came to love it; but, better still, tell him that I came to love the Christ that this dear book speaks of, and have taken him as my Savior. Though my sins were many, yet this little book pointed them all out to me and then revealed to me the fact that the great, loving Savior stood by my side, waiting to take all my sins away and to give peace and rest to my poor life. If I die, tell Bennett to take this book and use it again, to do some poor sinner good. But if he does not live to take it, then would it be wrong to bury it within the clasped hands of a dead soldier boy?" His mind became uncertain soon after this, and did not become clear until a few minutes before his death. Then he opened his eyes and looked around as if in search of something, and he tried to raise his hand. We anticipated him, placed the book in his hand and held it where he could see it plainly, and he whispered: 'That is it. Blessed book! God forgive my long and willful disregard of it! Bennett must take it and use it again, as he did with me. I shall soon have no use for it. It speaks of the Father's house and the many mansions. I am going there soon now.' Then he closed his eyes and smiled, but did not speak again. We left the Bible in his hand, for the end came quickly."

Dunbarr could not speak for a moment; but when he could control his voice, he said: "Please place the Bible on this stand, and let it remain there until to-morrow morning; we will then help Mr. Bennett to visit the form of his dead friend. I would like,

please, to have you present when he comes in, and relate to him the facts which you have related to me. Good-night, now;" and Dunbarr went out of the hospital pensively.

He made no mention of the discovery of Luce until the morning, and then he related none of the particulars.

At about seven o'clock in the morning, a nurse came to assist in conveying Bennett to the hospital. He was still weak, and his wounded leg was practically useless. Welch accompanied them. He said to Dunbarr and Bennett, "Every soldier I hold as a friend, but your friends I hold as mine in particular."

Bennett was deeply moved as he sat by the lifeless form of his comrade, and listened to the brief history given by the nurse. Then, after a moment's silence, he spoke as to his departed friend: "Well, dear boy, you did as you said you would; you treated the book fairly, and it brought light to your soul; and in this has been fulfilled that which is recorded, 'The entrance of thy words giveth light.' But how we wish that you could have remained to live forth the life of that new-found light! But 't is better so; yes, quite likely, 't is better so, although we may not see why."

Chaplain Carrier was present at this time, and was much moved by the incident. In the evening he conducted a large religious service, and spoke of the wholesome influence of the Bible upon the lives of men. In his address he spoke of Luce and the power that the Bible had had to make his life

better and his death hopeful. "Here is the book that our dead comrade cherished in the last few weeks of life and at the moment of his death," remarked the chaplain, holding up the little Bible to the gaze of his congregation; "and all that any of its friends asks in its behalf is just that which our dead friend promised to do, and did. 'I will treat it fairly,' was the promise he made and kept. Only this we ask, 'Treat it fairly;' give it a candid hearing and an honest test, and as sure as God exists, so sure will this Word bring light, and lead the life of man into purity and peace. Valuable was the Bible to our comrade at his death; and precious, indeed, would it have become to him could he have lived to practice continually its precepts."

Mr. Carrier called upon Bennett the following morning to say good-bye to him. "I return the little book," he said, "that you may take it home with you. It was the dying request of comrade Luce that it should be placed within your care. It will be a souvenir of peculiar worth to you, one that you will turn to practical account."

Gertrude Bronson kept her engagement with Thomas Wilson, calling upon him at the time which he had designated. She found him restless and very unhappy. While he could not disguise his pleasure at her kindly remembrance of him, yet he was not inclined to converse freely. In answer to her inquiry he said: "Oi 'm roight miserable, Miss. To shtay in this same wan shpot aich wary day o' this orful hot toime, an' meanwhilst to suffer the torments o' a pain, is very savare on a poor mon, Miss."

Gertrude suggested that before long he might be permitted to change his position slightly, and each little change would make the days of his recovery to pass more rapidly. To this he replied, "Wall, yis; but when Oi 'm oot wid this, soom oother great ill will be soon a-waitin' fur me, Miss."

"But can we not be more hopeful, Mr. Wilson?" urged Gertrude.

"That 's the word, Miss, that Oi 've nigh aboot lost the sight o'; an' Oi 've said to mesilf, 'No, Tom; yez ha' no more use fur the word hope.' "

"When you did hope, Mr. Wilson, you succeeded better; do you not remember? And why will you not hope again?"

"Now, Miss, Oi belave yez are thinkin' o' the toime when Oi had a hope in the Christ that yez shpoke aboot to hilp me. An' if so, Miss, that hope is no more good to me at all."

"I was thinking of that hope, Mr. Wilson; and why is it of no more good to you now?"

"It 's no fault o' His, Miss; it 's jist me own. Oi 'm loike the sick mon that will not take the medicine that the wise an' good docthor puts oot fur him. Oi haer the roight way that He tells to me, an' then Oi jist walks away an' hades it niver at all. An' soomtoimes, Miss, that word is plain to me aer, as it was on the last toime sayin' to me, 'Tom Wilson, yez ought n't to niver do it.' An' so Oi coom to be loike the manny oothers who go to the matins, but will not let him be a hilp to 'em."

"But, Mr. Wilson, you can see that such people are practicing a great wrong; and you do not intend to continue in such an evil course, do you?"

"Well, Oi kint jist tell to yez. Oi 'd the rither not do the great evil more at all. Oi 'd rither jist thrate Him fair, Miss; jist take the way that he tells to me, an' kape roight into it. But Oi sae, Oi kint jist tell what Oi 'll be fur doin'. If Oi could jist sae me good Dr. Dunbarr an' haer him shpake a koind word wanst more, Oi moight git a bit o' a hope. Jist wait soomtoime yit, an' then Oi may be able to tell soom sure word to yez."

"Do you intend to take a vacation this season, Dr. Burns?"

"I usually do in the extreme hot weather, and doubtless I need a little rest; but our work here is so interesting that I can not bear the thought of leaving it, even for a few weeks," was the doctor's reply. He was riding one Saturday evening, the last of July, with his young friend, Walter Milford. Milford had driven to the parsonage for Dr. Burns, and they were riding leisurely here and there in the city. At this particular moment they were approaching the corner of Genesee Avenue and East Cedar Street—a locality which they of late frequently visited together.

"How rapidly the work on the foundation of the new church is progressing," continued Dr. Burns, "and what a genuine interest the people of this part of the city are taking in the matter! And, Mr. Milford, you can not appreciate the change for the better that has taken place in the people of this neighborhood within the last three months; no stranger can appreciate it. The change is perceptible in their personal appearance, and in and about their homes,

and in the community generally. And there is but one fact which can adequately explain this: these people have heard the gospel of Christ and have seen that it was meant for them. God's Word has been taught them, and the entrance of his words giveth light."

## CHAPTER XXVI

# Resuming Work

"Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it."

THE last night of his sojourn upon the island of Cuba, Dunbarr was restless. Having tried in vain to sleep, he arose from his cot about midnight, and went aimlessly out into the night. The sky was clear now, and richly set with stars; and the moon, just at her last quarter, cast a calm but uncertain light upon the island; and the sea-breeze, now landward, was cool and invigorating; and Dunbarr felt that nature could impose her charms upon him, even in Cuba. But he did not yield so completely to the natural beauty of the hour as was his wont to do. He was too preoccupied; yet nature's charm was upon him. He had walked but a few rods from his tent when he began audibly to disclose his thoughts:

"This is my last night on this island, eh? Well, I hope so, until many months have gone, at least. But I shall long remember my sojourn here, and the calm beauty of this night. Nature seems to aid Cuba to make a favorable impression upon me at the last. To-morrow we are to sail for my own country, my own city, my home. Is it a complete home, or simply my bachelor apartments, made permanent, to which I go? In this lies the uncertainty. Ah, but it is an uncertainty in which a hope reposes! This

bit of cardboard," he continued, holding a white card up in the moonlight, "is to me of a price above the rubies of the Orient, because it bears the name of her who gave it to me at our hasty parting, these weeks, which seem so many months, ago. 'It is all I have here to send,' she said, 'and it is for you.' Circumstances have led me to conclude that I mistook the attitude of her mind toward our friend Bennett. And how ignorant I am concerning her real consideration of me! But, as I come to think of it, I know all that I deserve to know about it. I have kept so far from committing myself to her that I have been zealous to conceal my feelings from her. This manner of procedure, or lack of procedure, is a thing of the past. Gertrude Bronson shall know from me the regard in which I hold her. I will tell her the story of my love, if I am permitted to rejoin her in her native city. The cautious notions which I have held shall not prevent me longer. I suppose that I should anticipate with rapture the time when I may see again my former patients, and have the privilege of entering into religious service with my own Church and Sunday-school and Christian Endeavor Society; and I do anticipate all this with almost boundless pleasure; but I must, in candor, acknowledge that I have an anticipation greater than this; yet I feel that I hold all this inspiring hope subject to my Master's will. I am going back to Warden to take up my work among my people and in my Church, and to prosecute it with all the strength and zeal of my body and soul. I will be open-hearted with Miss Bronson and her parents, and I will trust all issues with my Lord and Master."

Having thus resolved, he went slowly back and entered his tent.

There was nothing unusually noteworthy in the breaking-up of their tent-home, nor in their voyage to the Continent, nor in their journey to Warden. Mr. Welch was naturally sad at their departure; but his heart was light from the assurance which his surgeon had given him, that he would be able, on the following Monday, to report at his regiment for duty.

"I shall miss you more than I can tell," he said to Dunbarr and Bennett, as he was aiding them to break camp and pack their belongings; "but I am to resume duty so soon now, and time will not drag. And, then, I am so thankful that I have formed your acquaintance. It is worth all that it has cost me, and much more besides. I 'm a better man than I was when you first met me," he said to Dunbarr, as he took his hand at parting, "and while I thank you for all you have done for me and been unto me, and should not presume to ask still more of you, yet I have the following request to make: When you are returned to Warden, do not, even in your thought, associate me with those whisky and beer-bloated fellows who were once my clients; but think of me, rather, as one of 'Uncle Sam's' boys, ready and willing to do duty over here in Cuba; and am I asking too much when I add, think of me as a very humble servant of the Christ? I very much desire to be his faithful follower."

"If you remember, Mr. Welch, when we first met, it was difficult for me to class you with the clients that you then represented. You are not of their class, although you were engaged in their behalf.

I recognized your talent then, and longed to see you more worthily employed. I recognize your natural and acquired ability now, and, in that you have committed your ways to our Divine Master, I predict for you one of the brightest and most useful careers. You will not be satisfied with a military life; neither will you relish the life of a partisan politician. But the career of a Christian lawyer is one in which you may become pre-eminently useful; and, Mr. Welch, this is one of the few commodities which is not overproduced in America. Why, I call to mind a certain city in my native land in which, if a Christian lawyer would not be a novelty, yet he would be an individual to whom a unique sphere of usefulness is now open. There will come a time when you will quit military service, and when life on this island will become distasteful to you; and then—unless your former location is strongly attractive—this question may arise with you, 'Where shall I locate?' Permit me to anticipate an answer to this possible question: Warden has need of you. Come to our city. Sit down with Robert and me under tent Bennett, for a few hours' comfort and counsel; and then go out, establish your office, and join your strength with the good people for municipal and moral reform."

"Thank you, Doctor; this suggestion may occur in practical form to me at some future time," was the young lawyer-soldier's reply; and then he was alone, for his two friends had departed.

Upon reaching Warden, and after a few moments' rest in his office with Bennett, Dunbarr went first to the home of his stanch friend, Dr. Beach. He found the dear old doctor quite indisposed.

"Your return is a pleasure and a great relief to me, Doctor," said Dr. Beach, as he arose from the couch on which he was reclining, and extended his hand to Dunbarr. "The fact is that I have carried this burden just as long as I can. If I were in my usual health and had my normal strength, I should be taxed to the limit of endurance, now that there is so much sickness in the city, to look after our patients. But I am out of health, Dunbarr, and I never needed a man more than I need you. You may take off your coat, and make broad your shoulders, and go at it. I can make no visits until I am better."

"It pains me that you have been almost compelled to overtax yourself, Dr. Beach, and especially so because the care of my patients has added appreciably to your burden. I will gladly relieve you as completely as I am able to do. And I will begin now; so direct me, please, while I make an outline of the work."

"How is Bennett?" interrupted the doctor, while Dunbarr was making a list of the patients.

"He is recovering his general health rapidly; but his wound has not healed, and he has but little use of his leg."

"Can he visit me? I am eager to see the fellow once more. I did not intend that you should keep him so long, when you took him from me last February. But I can not complain; for you have done better by him than I could have done. I could not have followed him to Cuba as you did. Undoubtedly you saved his life. It would have been an outrageous shame for him to die there. He is worth

a whole regiment of those Cubans, eh? Of course he is, and you think so, too, without doubt; but you do not like to put it just that way, I see."

"No one prizes Bennett more highly than I do, Dr. Beach, but any and every Cuban is an immortal being of untold destiny, and one hesitates at making comparisons in such a matter."

"Yes, certainly, each Cuban is a human being; but there is a difference in human beings—a very practical difference—and it is this difference which I have under consideration; and I reaffirm that such a fellow as Bennett is worth a whole regiment of those benighted Cubans; and it is intolerable prodigality to give life that is in every way valuable for the worthless life of such a people."

Dunbarr smiled at the severe earnestness of the old doctor. He understood him well, knew that he was far more liberal-minded than his present utterances would indicate, and he put his reply aptly:

"But, Doctor, had real, practical, relative worth been the only requisite for gracious favor, you and I would never have had a Divine Savior, would we?"

He eyed Dunbarr keenly for a moment, then looked away as if to some remote object, and answered:

"You 're right, young man; yes, you are right. Heaven did not act upon the basis of relative worth when it sent forth the Prince of Light to be our Savior."

He hesitated a moment as if in deep thought, and then continued: "Life most noble, given for life most ignoble; that is the rule that has gauged the conduct of our God. But we will complete the list

of patients now; for, no doubt, you are becoming impatient to go. Call in when you can snatch a little leisure, and relate to me your recent observations and experiences. Bear in mind that you are to attend to my ride; for I shall try to throw off all care and professional responsibility until I regain my normal condition."

Dunbarr resumed his professional duties in Warden with zest, although he would have preferred a day or two of leisure to have "gathered himself up," as Bennett put it. His former patients received him with undisguised pleasure, and none felt more joy at meeting him than did Thomas Wilson. He buried his face in his hands, and wept for joy when Dunbarr entered his home. When he could control his feelings sufficiently to speak, he exclaimed:

"Kin Oi belave me vary oies? Is it me own docthor coom back to me from the far south Cuba?"

Then he passed his hand over his eyes as if to make sure that he was not looking through mists, stared at the doctor's face for a moment, and then reached forth his hand to greet him, exclaiming: "It is him, sure! Oi had give' oop the hope, nigh aboot, iver to sae yez wanst more at all!"

"Niver moind his chile-weakness, Docthor, fur he 's been in so long toime, an' been lonesome so mooch, that he sames tender, loike," added Mrs. Wilson.

"It has been a long time since your leg was broken, Mr. Wilson, and I am sure that you have been lonely."

"Och, and it 's roight that yez are, Docthor,—a long, long, wary toime—nigh aboot two months al-

ready, an' so orful, orful hot maenwhoilst! An' now Oi kin but jist set oop with me leg pillered in a chair. An' Oi do n't have the courage to dare troost mesilf on crootches, aven."

"But it is a perfect recovery that you are making, Mr. Wilson. Your leg is straight and of normal length, and is only waiting for you to begin to make a moderate use of it."

"That 's what the koind old docthor told to me the last toime he was haer. He said that he niver seen a truer mend nor has been made o' that leg. But Tom is afaered to begin the use ov it. He faers that it will break agin."

"We will take it from the chair and place the foot upon the floor, letting it rest there for a time. There; that 's the idea. You need have no fear, Mr. Wilson. We want to get you out of here, now, as soon as may be. You think that you have had a hard time of it, and you have; but you would never utter another complaining word if you could look for one hour upon the suffering of some of our wounded soldiers down in Cuba. I will call in and stir you up every day or two, till we get you out again. Good-bye, now."

When Dunbarr had gone, Wilson was silent for a time, and then spoke to his wife:

"Oi war mooch plazed to sae oor docthor wanst ag'in, Mary; an' whoilst he done me a great good, yit he lift a sadness dape into me heart."

"An' what is that sadness, Tom, an' what the nade ov it?"

"Do yez moind, Mary, that he said niver 's the word aboot the Wan who loves poor, lost sinners?"

"But why nade that make ye sad, Tom? Oor docthor is in mooch haste; fur he 's just returned yisterday, an' there 's manny the thing fur him to look to."

"Yis, but, Mary, it samed that Oi could haer in his look these words, 'We kin mend his bhroken leg, but he 'll shtill be the same old, wake Tom Wilson as afore. No nade to tell him any more, at all, aboot the Wan who saes the poor, lame prodigal, limpin' along, thryin' to coom back to his home; fur he 's not lookin' fur Tom any more at all.' Now, Mary, whoilst Oi, mesilf, fale that there 's no more use to thry to brace Tom Wilson oop, yit it gives to me a dape sadness to think that he 's not lookin' any more fur me to coom back ag'in."

"But ye kint be sure ov that, Tom, an' no use to worry. Jist ye thry to coom back to the Father's house—jist thry rael hard, loike—an' there 'll be some wan to welcome ye, Tom. An' if ye 're now longin' to go back, there 's some wan lookin' fur ye already."

"An' how kin yez know all o' that, Mary? Tell me."

"Do n't they tache it that way to our Sunday-school? An' did n't Dr. Burns say aboot the vary same words when he shpoke to us last Sunday afthernoon? Did n't he say that the sad work ov sin is to take all the thrue dasire fur good away from us, an' that if we raelly an' thruly dasired to be rael good, that the way was open afore us, an' that all the blest in heaven an' that all the truly good on the earth war ready an' awaitin' to hilp us? So jist kape yer honest longin', Tom, an' ye may shtill be sure

that there 's a Father's house wid a door open, waitin' fur ye to coom back."

In the evening of the second day after their return, Dr. Burns visited Bennett and Dunbarr. His was more than a formal greeting. These two young men held places within his fatherly heart, and he met them as one receives his own sons; for indeed, in the gospel, they were his sons.

"Well, my sons," he said, with evident emotion, "God has brought you back to me; and my heart is filled with gratitude to Him. And you have returned bearing the honor of soldiers—the honor of Christian soldiers—a greater honor than which there is none. Robert has his discharge from the army of his country; but you both wear the uniform of the army of the Lord, and have come back to us to help fight the battles of his kingdom. Be assured that we welcome you back to Warden. Sorry to see you so thin, Robert. I can't say, 'thin and pale;' for Cuba's climate has given you the complexion of her sable sons. But you will bleach with us, and your countenance will soon become as familiar as is the sound of your voice or the language of your eyes.

"You, Doctor, resumed work several hours ago. I was aware that you were returning, but was not certain on what date you would arrive, and did not know that you had reached the city, until, by chance, I saw you with your horse and carriage passing the parsonage; and that familiar sight thrilled me with pleasure. Your horse, Joe, welcomed you, no doubt. He was nearly as lonely as were your many patients while you were absent. The young people of the Church are planning a reception for you, to be held

in the near future, at which each of you will be expected to speak to us of your observations in the Southland. Your many friends are impatient to meet you."

"He is the same dear, soulful pastor," remarked Bennett, when Dr. Burns had gone.

"Yes, with the same love and energy. But he looks weary, and we must insist upon his taking a vacation," answered Dunbarr.

Later in this same day, Dunbarr chanced to meet Marian Mills, who informed him that their friend, Gertrude Bronson, had, on the day prior to his return, gone from Warden, "to be gone a long, long time," as Marian phrased it, while her mirthful eyes searched the young doctor's face.

"Indeed, is that really so?" asked Dunbarr, while his eyes seemed searching for some distant object, and his face took on a disappointed, if not forlorn, expression.

"Yes, sir, indeed," answered Marian, still sharply eying him; "she is to be gone a whole fortnight, or even longer—not to exceed three weeks. A very dear friend of hers, who resides in an adjoining State, is soon to be married, and she could not excuse Gertrude's absence from so important an event."

Dunbarr perceived that he had betrayed his disappointment to Marian, blushed deeply as he met her laughing eyes, and, a moment later, excused himself.

True to the resolve which he made on the night before he left Cuba, Dunbarr sought a private interview with Mr. Bronson. This gentleman had called upon Dunbarr and his friend soon after they re-

turned, and had accorded them a hearty welcome home.

This private interview to which we refer was mutually gratifying. Mr. Bronson spoke with the conciseness of a business man and with the frankness of a father.

"Had you come to me as an empty-hearted worldling, although you had been as logically eloquent as was Demosthenes, or as wealthy as are the Rockefellers, I should have opposed you with a determination as intense and persistent as is my love for our daughter. But I have no reason nor desire to oppose an industrious man, a man of principle, a man of deep and true convictions, a Christian man, when he asks my consent to win, if he can, the heart and hand of our only child; and such a man you are, Dr. Dunbarr. I have seen you in the midst of circumstances which try men's souls; and while we may not be able to foretell the result of your wooing," he added, with a smile, "yet you have nothing to fear from me."

The month of August was hastening to its close; and, with Dunbarr, the days were flying; for he was very busy. One morning, near the end of the month, Dr. Beach requested a visit from Dunbarr and Bennett. They found the doctor more feeble than they had ever seen him, and yet he was disposed to speak at length with them. He began by saying:

"Well, boys, I am growing worse here, and have decided to go to a New England sanitarium, near the home of my boyhood, for a time. I am not sure that I shall be able to talk when I come back, or when they bring me back, whichever the case may

be. You are already attending my patients, and I wish that Bennett were able to keep my office open. But he is not far enough along in his course for that; and then you need him, Dunbarr. But it is my desire, Bennett, and that in the near future, that you shall take my office. But my chiefest word to you will appear in the following: I have practiced medicine for full forty years, and I can not murmur at the success that I have attained. Yet I can see where I would make my career different, could I be placed back to the time in life whereat you are. I have believed in and have practiced morality; also, all of this time, I have been a nominal Christian, and, let us hope, in these later years, I have been more than nominally that. I have held one conviction, however, that I have not acted upon regularly and positively. It is this: There is no great use of treating a man's body, if the man himself is not right. We patch up the body, and the unsound or impure man tears it down or makes it sick again. Or, we repair the body, and then the vicious man uses it to work iniquity in the service of Satan. In the one case it is child's play—building a toy-house, to be torn down again the next hour. In the second place it is permitting our skill to conduce to the working forces of evil. Were I young again, I should act regularly and positively on the theory that, 'Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it.' I would treat the body with all my skill, but I would seek diligently to become skillful to treat the higher life of man—that life which is so intimately associated with the body, and which has such controlling power over it. In cases where I could trace the trouble

of the body to a cause or to complex causes within the very man himself, I should fearlessly and faithfully do so; and in all cases where the cause could not be thus located, I should still urge upon my patient the wisdom and justice of giving over all the powers of the body to a righteous service. In fine, young men, I should not discharge my patient, thinking that I had completed my duty with him, until I had led him to see the wisdom of conforming wholly to the principles of life which the Christ taught and practiced.

"As Bennett's preceptor, I wished to add this to former lectures which I have given him; and I wished to do so before my journey East. I am sure that this theory will have a place in your thoughts, and will influence your practice. One is favored, indeed, when he may leave his unfinished work with two such young men."

## CHAPTER XXVII

# "At Our Very Best"

"Fervent in spirit; serving the Lord."

"WELL, well! What new building is this, being hastened to completion, as if a great fortune would be missed should not the structure be finished at the earliest possible date?" asked Dr. Dunbarr of Walter Milford, a few days after the arrival of the former from Cuba. The two were driving together, and were at the corner of East Cedar Street and Genesee Avenue. Milford had asked to accompany the doctor this afternoon, as he was to drive a few miles into the country to attend the sick. He had missed Dunbarr greatly while he was absent from Warden, and he vied with others in a cordial welcome to him and to his friend, Bennett.

"This building is to be deeded to a religious society which is to be organized and incorporated under the direction of your pastor, Dr. Burns, the First Church of Warden co-operating with him. It is to be a house of worship for the people who have become so genuinely interested in the Sunday-school and other religious services which you aided in organizing last spring," was Milford's reply.

"But it is large, and, when completed, will be a costly building. Where can the money be obtained?" asked Dunbarr.

"Why, there are many of our people interested in the enterprise," replied Milford, with some hesitancy.

Dunbarr turned and looked searchingly into his face for a moment, and then remarked, "And you are one of the number who are interested here, if I am not mistaken."

"Yes; of late I have become interested in these people and in this new edifice. I can understand why you are surprised at the fact, when I remember my former worldly-mindedness."

"My feeling is not wholly that of surprise, Milford; it is surprise, admiration, and pleasure. I expected that you would manifest a positive Christian effort before very long; but I did not anticipate that that effort would be directed toward an enterprise like this. And there are but few things in our world that are more admirable than talent and culture practically engaged in Christian enterprises; and the happy prospect of having such a commodious and modern building for our work here, together with the apparent promise of your life, now devoted to Christlike efforts, give me inexpressible pleasure."

"But if you will consider a moment, you will see that you have reason to rebuke rather than to applaud me. Here I have entered the second quarter-century of my life, and this is the first time that any one has been able to say, 'Walter Milford is behaving like a consistent Christian'—with emphasis on the 'consistent.' I am to be pitied for having begun life so late. But, Doctor, one of the objects I had in seeking your company this afternoon was to obtain the opportunity to tell you that I have a clearer view of what it is to be a Christian than I had that

June afternoon when last we rode together. Something new has come over and entered into my life since then, so that the will of my Master has become my real pleasure; and I serve him because I love him. And with pleasure I turn away from those ways and those motives which he does not approve; and this, too, because I love him."

Dunbarr was listening eagerly, and tears of joy were in his soulful eyes when he replied: "That is the way of it, Milford—that 's the very way of it. Where God puts down his great law, he puts down beside it a greater fact, his love. O that all the world could know, Milford, what you and I have come to know within these last few months, that the love of God, as revealed in his living Son, our Savior, can make the life of man to rejoice in the law of God at all times."

Their carriage had been standing, these few minunes, within the shade of a maple. The new building was a few rods to their right, and the chapel was farther away, before them, and a little to their left. Just at this moment a large company of women issued from the chapel, and came leisurely down the walk toward the street.

"Who are these, and what has been the object of their meeting?" asked Dunbarr. "O, I see! There are Mrs. Burton and Marian Mills on either side of Mrs. Sawyer, escorting her down the walk toward where her carriage is in waiting. And there are Mrs. Wilson and Mrs. Campbell, and several others whom I know, all looking so happy and conversing so pleasantly. It is evident that their meeting has been of an agreeable character."

"Yes; such a meeting has become a weekly occurrence lately. Under the direction of the Loyal Daughters, all the women of this part of the city, who would naturally be interested in the new church-building, have united their efforts to provide articles to be sold to aid in paying for the church. At present, I understand, they are making many yards of rag carpet to be sold for that purpose."

"Yes, yes; I see. Grand, is it not? I must speak to 'Auntie' Sawyer. I have n't met her since my return;" and Dunbarr sprang from his carriage and advanced rapidly to meet her. "I am very pleased to meet you, Mrs. Sawyer," he said, lifting his hat.

The lady extended her hand in greeting, and replied; "I assure you that the pleasure is mutual, Dr. Dunbah. I have heard of youah safe retu'n and have thanked ouah Mastah foah it. Call at my home when you find leisure."

Dunbarr thanked her, and then turned to speak with all the others whom he had known.

"We have been working really hard this afternoon," said Marian, gayly, and in a clear voice, that was intended to reach Milford's ears. "Have n't had time to carriage-ride."

Milford smiled, lifted his hat as he pronounced her name, and replied: "But sometimes one's mind may be practically employed, even while he carriage-rides, may it not, Miss Mills?"

"O yes, surely; and it is quite impossible for me to tell what may materialize as resulting from the activity of your fruitful minds while riding together this afternoon; but we shall expect something as great as it is good."

"We are pleased to know that your confidence in us does not waver," added Dunbarr.

"And at the same time we feel that to meet your expectation will put us at our very best," said Milford; and the two then drove away. They rode in silence for a few rods, and then Milford spoke, as if thinking out loud. "Beautiful, beautiful indeed!"

"What is so beautiful?" asked Dunbarr.

"A character like Mrs. Sawyer—a lady of high birth, finished education, large wealth, enviable history—given to a Christlike service among these poor women upon whom fortune has frowned, against whom circumstances have combined, and concerning whom the Church has long been indifferent. Why, her classical brow, adorned by that wealth of snow-white hair, is as the visage of one of the saints. Her body feels so forcibly the effect of time that it is with difficulty that she can walk, even when aided by her kind friends; and yet her spirit is so young that she rejoices in the companionship of these young and middle-aged women, of whom she is the natural leader. I say, Doctor, that sort of thing is decidedly beautiful."

"I agree with you, Milford; and to me it is an earnest of immortality. What matter if time can burden and weaken Mrs. Sawyer's body? It meets its limit there. She has the heart of springtime, the spirit of perpetual youth. Eternity is on with 'Auntie' Sawyer, and Time may sound his gong in vain."

The reception intended for Bennett and Dunbarr was deferred about two weeks from the date of their return. Bennett had said to his pastor: "I

am weak yet, and not given to public speaking. Please let me have considerable time in which to rest and prepare myself."

The reception was held in the auditorium of the First Church of Warden, and the house was crowded with eager, expectant people long before the hour for beginning the service arrived. Gertrude Bronson had returned to the city in the early afternoon of this same day, and was soon informed by the chorister that she would be expected to aid the choir in their effort to furnish music for the reception. Many of her friends, who had not learned of her return, were surprised to see her with the choir when they came out and took their places a little above and to the left of the pulpit platform. Dunbarr, who sat with Bennett and many of the clergy of the city upon the platform, did not notice the choir particularly until they began to sing, and then, turning toward them, as if drawn by the charm of a familiar voice, his eyes met those of Miss Bronson, and, though she was singing a difficult measure at the time, she smiled and bowed slightly her recognition. Dunbarr acknowledged this courtesy in a manner that was satisfactory to her, yet perceived by few, if any, of the audience. He felt bewildered, however, and thought, as the music continued: "At the moment when I would be at my very best, I am to appear in a rôle for which I have no aptness. Were I to diagnose a case, or set a broken bone, or amputate a limb, I should be reasonably sure of success; but here I can only state a few facts, and that in the most prosy manner. My speech shall have at least one virtue—that of brevity."

Dunbarr was the first to speak. Dr. Burns introduced him, stating that he, having made but a flying trip southward, would give his general impressions of the land, the people, and the army. This Dunbarr did in an unpretending way, yet in a manner creditable to himself, pleasing to the audience, and satisfactory to his friends.

The choir sang again, and then Bennett was introduced. He appeared in uniform, and his mien was soldierly, and his face still showed the effect of the southland climate, and bore the traces of pain. He spoke principally of camp-life, and briefly of the battlefield and the hospital.

"We lay in camp in the south of this continent many weeks," he said in the middle portion of his address; "and when not at drill or otherwise on duty, I had social intercourse with hundreds of young men; and while some of them were professed Christians, yet I found the great majority of them to be irreligious. In seeking the cause for this fact, I had many candid talks with scores of these young soldiers. Time often grew heavy with us, and there often came pensive hours wherein we loathed the routine of camp-life, and longed for the liberty and variety of our former days. I took, as an opportunity, such times to ascertain their reasons for irreligion and to determine the attitude of their minds toward Christianity; and, in the large majority of instances, I found a prejudice against the Church. The substance of their answers was so uniform that I may couch it fairly in the following: 'We do not believe in the Church. It exists for selfish and proud ends, no matter though it does profess an opposite

object for its existence. It is for the pleasure, the entertainment of the rich. The choirs sing and the pulpits speak for them. That voice which from the pulpit dares point out their darling sins is soon hushed. That arm that is stretched out to touch their idol is soon palsied. That offering which they send forth to the needy poor is disgracefully meager when compared with the amount that is lavished upon themselves. And it is not money alone that is needed. Money is the smaller part of it. That which is most needed—a sympathetic heart, a loving life in operative fellowship—is withheld. "An effort with me, rather than an effort for me," is at par, ever and always, with the needy. This struggling world instinctively spurns the coin that is flung forth from the palm of him who gathers his sanctimonious robes about himself, and passes by on the other side.'

"Of course, I felt this arraignment to be very sweeping, and, in many cases, decidedly unjust. I thought and spoke often of our own dear Church, and wished that all the irreligious could witness the zeal and spirit with which and in which we do our pleasant mission.

"But when I came to speak to my comrades of the Christ, I found a sentiment totally different. 'Yes,' was, in substance, their uniform answer, 'we like him. To be sure, his words are searching and severe, but they are for our good, and are prompted by love. His life is spotless in its purity, but it is not too much so to come right to where we are, and, at our very side, show us the way to something better. His infinite riches are at our disposal, if only we will make use of them for the betterment of our

lives. If the Church which bears his name were not a persistent libel on his nature, we would hasten to its folds.'

"'But would you, indeed?' I urged. 'Do you hasten to embrace the Christ? You respect him, you admire him, and, mayhap, reverence him; but do you put your hand in his, and say, "Now, thou noble, blessed Christ, I will be led of thee in what way soever thou mayest will?"'

"Of course, the inconsistency of their conduct became apparent; but I never left an interview like this that I have sketched without feeling the importance of conduct which is consistent with the life and teachings of Christ on the part of every Christian and of the Church generally. However to the contrary the world may think, yet the Church is the great means by which Christ is to be revealed to the world. Our conduct, consistent with Christ, is that by virtue of which the world shall first catch a glimpse of him. We are consistent with him when we are at our very best. We approximate our best when we are nearest like him."

Bennett then spoke of the Bible and of its effects upon the life of the soldier. "He may not have esteemed it highly," said he, "or even may have ignored it while a civilian or in the first few weeks of his soldier-experiences; but, unless he is a hardened sinner, the Bible and its teachings soon become of particular interest to that soldier who expects, at any hour, to see service on the battlefield. Many young men who could not be attracted to the service of the Church of their native village or city will attend the religious service that is conducted by their chap-

lain, and will listen reverently to his simple exposition of the Scriptures."

He then related the incident of his comrade Luce, portraying the effect of the Bible upon his life; and as he spoke, at length, of the sad lot of this young soldier and of his true love for the Bible at the time of his death, many in that large audience wept. "Here is the little book," he said, with an emotion which he could not conceal, and he held aloft the little Bible, "that led my dead comrade to the very portal of eternal life. I can never forget the dear boy's dying plea for it, 'Tell them to treat it fairly, to treat it fairly, as I have done.' And, my dear friends," Bennett continued, "when we remember that our comrade Luce is only one of the very, very many who have been led into the eternal kingdom by it, we can not wonder that the Bible has had so prominent a place in the history of our dear Nation. The only wonder is that our Nation does not show it greater honor, and that mankind to-day do not show it greater reverence."

When he had finished and the congregation had been dismissed, Gertrude Bronson came promptly out of the choir, and greeted Bennett. She took his hand passionately, and said, with an emotion which nearly choked her words, "Mr. Bennett, I can not tell you how glad I am to see you again and to hear you speak."

"Thank you, Miss Bronson. I assure you that my pleasure can not be expressed." Then, following her eyes as they turned toward the stand whereon lay the Bible of her childhood, he anticipated her desire, and handed her the book. She folded her

white palms about it, carried it to her lips, and then pressed it to her heart while teardrops trembled upon her long lashes.

"You want it back again? Well, you may have it. It is yours by right of first ownership, although it is a dear little book to me," faltered Bennett.

"O no, no! I do not want it back again, Mr. Bennett! It is yours; by many, many rights 't is yours! But some way, child that I am, I wanted to caress it a bit, as in days of yore; while, at the same time, I venerate it. O no, Mr. Bennett, I gladly leave it with you. It is yours; and your work with it is not completed yet."

Dunbarr witnessed this greeting, but did not catch their words; and he stepped to the farther side of the platform. When Gertrude gave back the Bible, she looked for Dunbarr, but, many having gathered upon the platform now, she did not see him instantly, and it was several minutes before she reached his side.

"How delightful it is to have you back again!" she remarked as she extended her hand. "It seems that you have been away a long, long time. You have seen so very much that is new, and can tell us of many matters of interest. But I must not monopolize you now. There are so many others who wish to speak with you to-night. Yes; here comes Marian to greet you. But, doubtless, she has interviewed you ere this; for you have been home more than two weeks, all of which time I have been out of the city. In view of this fact, and also on the plea of old-time friendship, I shall claim a visit from you at your earliest convenience."

"I promise you, Miss Bronson, that it shall be as

you desire as nearly as it is in my power to control circumstances," replied Dunbarr.

"And now, by virtue of the fact that I have been with you two young people on other marked occasions, I shall claim the right to be present when the doctor redeems this promise, and listen to his account of the many new features of interest," said Marian, while her mirthful eyes searched their faces.

"You are always welcome, dear Marian; but I must see you every day for a whole week, now that we have been separated so long," returned Miss Bronson.

"Certainly, Gertrude; and I can fix my date promptly," she added, with a shy glance at Dunbarr, who caught her eye, and blushed perceptibly; "tomorrow afternoon is the time, and your own cozy room is the place."

Before they had ended their visit on this specified afternoon, Marian had told Gertrude of her first visit with Dunbarr after his return from the South. "Why, when I mentioned the fact that you were out of town, and would remain away for a long, long time," she had said, "he looked as if all his friends had departed forever, and that they had taken every vestige of hope with them. And when I added, 'Yes, sir, she will be gone two weeks,' and he looked up and saw the mischief in my face, he blushed and looked as if he wished to punish me. Then he excused himself, and got out of my presence speedily, while his face expressed the thought, 'You see too much, Miss Mills. I do not thank you for extorting from me that which I withhold from one who has the best right to know.' Why, Gertrude, that you

are more than all the world to him is perfectly apparent to me."

"I fear that you are visionary, Marian; but if you are correct in your conclusions, I shall find it out one day, and I shall find it out from him. He must be taught the impropriety of revealing himself to others while he conceals himself from me, who has the chiefest right to know."

"Why, Gertrude dear, I am just as sure of Dr. Dunbarr's fate at your hands as I can be that both of you shall live!"

"How can you be, Marian? How can you know what I will answer him, if he ever speaks?"

"Why, if I could not see your dear, true heart shining right through your beautiful face, I could know it from the fact that you are so blind. You seem to fail utterly to see and to interpret him."

"Well, Marian dear, if it is right and best, my eyes shall be opened by and by, and I shall see and interpret more clearly and accurately then than can you. You and I, dear girl, in trusting all else to our Master, have not failed to trust this very vital matter of our future to his will and management; and no trust imposed in him can be amiss;" and Gertrude's eyes were once more scanning her favorite picture.

"I know where your eyes are resting fondest, Gertrude," said Marian, rising and approaching the picture. "It is just at this line, where springtime passes into summer and hope has its fulfillment."

## CHAPTER XXVIII

### Answered

"Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in him; and he shall bring it to pass."

DUNBARR, for once, controlled circumstances, or else was favored by them; for it was not long before he availed himself of a visit with Miss Bronson. The pretext of this visit may have been to speak somewhat of his Southern trip; but his true and well-determined object was to speak of that which is as old as the family of mankind—man's true love of woman—and yet, to do so, would be for him to utter words entirely new to him, and to voice a sentiment that had never fallen from the lips of man upon the ear of Gertrude Bronson. It was one of those afternoons in early September when summer, bent on still holding her control, asserts her rights by characteristic temperature, loveliness of scenery, and dreamy quietude. They had gone to a rustic seat under a maple, at the border of the lawn at Gertrude's home. Dunbarr had ended his rather brief account of his experiences in the South by saying: "I hailed with much delight the moment wherein I could turn my course northward and homeward. No hour of the day had passed since our parting at the depot last July, Miss Bronson, in which I had not heard your farewell words nor failed

to see, again and again, your perplexed face as then it appeared. I had become convinced that, to some extent, I had misunderstood you; and I was conscious that I had made no effort that would enable you to understand me, if you cared to. I could not see a good reason why young people, associated as we are, may not understand each other in matters so vital to their future happiness; and I resolved, the last night that I was upon the island of Cuba, that if I were permitted to see you again I should do my part toward the removal of all uncertainties. Quite soon after my return I sought your father and spoke to him of my regard for his daughter. You have the assurance that he received me favorably, else I could not speak to you with the unrestricted liberty which I feel this afternoon."

"Papa had no right to give you the least encouragement in this matter," interrupted Gertrude, not trusting herself to look up. She had utterly mutilated a maple-leaf with the top of her umbrella, and was now concluding its interment in the earth at her feet.

"Neither did he, as regards your disposition of the matter," returned Dunbarr; "but, rather, he augmented my fearful apprehensions by saying to me, 'While I may not be able to foretell the result of your wooing, yet you have nothing to fear from me."

At this, could Dunbarr have known it, a smile played, for an instant, in Gertrude's downcast, happy eyes.

"For years, even when I was a stranger, struggling for an industrial foothold in this city, I es-

teemed you, next to my mother, above all other women; and I was wont to cheer my sometimes lonely life by thinking, 'There 'll come a time some day when I will be able to tell her the story of my love.' But as the months have flown I have remained silent; sometimes feeling that it were mad presumption for me to speak; sometimes feeling that it were utterly hopeless because your love had been given to another; and sometimes feeling that I were bound, by the friendship that I had pledged to a fellow-man, not to speak to you."

He then told her of his feeling at the time when he witnessed her parting from Bennett when he, as a volunteer, left Warden, and how he had striven to remain true to his absent friend. "But, of late," said he, "I am convinced that I have reasoned from an incorrect hypothesis, and have therefore reached erroneous conclusions; yet it remains true that I have suffered while I have kept silent."

"You should have spoken earlier," remarked Gertrude, deliberately. "And you surely will not expect me to speak now and here of this matter which you have been silently considering all these years."

"Have your own time in this matter, Miss Bronson. I can wait, now that I have spoken even the little of the very much that I have to say and hoped to say to you. But you will not compel me to wait very, very long, please; for though I have spoken, I perceive that all uncertainty has not been removed. My watch informs me that at this very minute I have an important office engagement. I am sorry; I wish to remain longer. When may we meet again?" and he arose to depart.

"I do not threaten to keep you waiting 'very, very long.' You may appoint our next meeting. I am thankful for this visit. I wish that you did not need to go now, but doctors must keep their engagements."

They were walking toward the house now, and Gertrude went on down the walk toward the street with him.

"You are kind to accompany me to the street."

"It was selfishness, rather, that prompted me," answered Gertrude, as she proffered a parting hand. "Does not selfishness prompt us quite as often as does kindness?"

Their eyes met for a moment now; but Gertrude, not caring to trust herself longer, remarked, as she smiled honestly, "I will permit you to go now; for I fear that you will forfeit the name of being the most prompt physician in our city."

She did not go directly into the house, but walked slowly across the lawn to the rustic seat under the maple. Dunbarr, as he turned the corner of the street, noticed this and said to himself: "If my destiny is not already fixed, it will be settled under that maple this very evening. But I may not know the decision soon; and in the meantime I am more at sea than ever."

"I am glad that it ever occurred to Dr. Dunbarr and Mr. Milford that you and I would enjoy a carriage-ride into the country," remarked Marian Mills to Gertrude, several days after the event just recorded. "Dr. Dunbarr is learning that it is possible to combine business and pleasure. Mr. Milford says that the country across which he is to drive to see

a patient this afternoon is delightful, and especially at this season. I did not ask in which direction our route lies, but it is quite likely that we have been over it many times; yet such good company will make it all novel enough, do n't you think, Gertrude?"

"But I like to go over ways that I have known before, and look again upon scenery," answered Gertrude; "and it will be pleasant to go together."

"The dear little lady is evasive to-day," thought Marian. "Now that she is on her guard, it may be more difficult to read her."

The ride that these four young people took on the afternoon of the 15th of September met their highest expectation in every particular. Nature, though yielding perceptibly to the force of the advancing season, was doing so with matchless grace and inimitable beauty. Farm-homes gave evidence of a genuine independence, made possible by the abundance of the early and later harvests. And the clear, pure air, which bore with equal zest the call of the quail, the chatter of the squirrel in the woodland, and the merry voices of the happy children of the "district" school, caused their blood to abound with richest oxygen.

"There is nothing under the sun, except an idiom of my schoolgirl days, that will begin to convey anything like an adequate idea of all this," exclaimed Marian; "and so, with greatest emphasis, I must utter it, 'Perfectly delightful!'"

"Here we are nearing the woodland where we four were last May," said Milford, as they were returning to the city after the doctor had finished his

call. "We have made good time, and what 's to hinder our stopping here, and, for the sake of variety, taking a little stroll?"

"A romantic idea," answered Gertrude; "and I second the suggestion."

"There is little left us but gracefully to succumb, Doctor," said Marian; "for Gertrude and Mr. Milford seem to be in the majority to-day."

"And I am sure that we can do this 'gracefully,' inasmuch as it fully complies with our own desires," returned Dunbarr.

"Which way shall we go?" asked Dunbarr, when the horses were securely tied.

"I prefer to go down toward the ravine," answered Miss Bronson.

"Quite like you, Gertrude," said Marian. "Now, I wish to go to the top of that little knoll yonder."

"This is all quite as it may be," remarked Milford. "We may divide our little company for a few minutes, reconnoiter quite generally, and when we reunite we can compare notes. Two companies can canvass more territory than can one, and Miss Mills and I will make one of these companies, if she pleases."

"Certainly, Mr. Milford, and let us hasten; for I am sure that the view from the top of that little hill is very pretty at this hour of the day."

"I wish to go to that old stump which was, I think, the home of the blue-birds last spring," remarked Gertrude, when she and Dunbarr were alone. "I think those are bluebirds in the dead top of that tree yonder. Yes; hear them as they fly, one by one. But it is their good-bye song, or call, that

they are uttering—a call so common with them at this time of the year. It tells us that they are nearly ready to go away from us to remain till next spring. I propose to look into the top of this stump now, without repeating my stupidity of last May. No, thank you. I wish to do so unaided, please. This little tree has life enough to support me, and by its aid I can reach the stump. There, I did accomplish it without falling. But I wish to go down into the ravine now. That stump was once the home of the bluebirds, I am very sure; but they have left it for the season. Let 's see: O yes! here is the winding path. Just wide enough for one. I will precede you into the valley, Doctor." And she tripped down the steep grade before him. "About where did I alight last May, and which one of these is the tree against which I leaned? O yes; this is the one, is it? Thank you. But I do not care to remain here longer. You may lead the way up this narrow path, if you please."

When he reached the top he was several feet in advance, and he turned and offered her his hand to aid her to climb the last step or two; for the ascent here was quite abrupt.

"Thank you," said she. "One may take a proffered helping hand at times, although she is able to climb life's pathway alone. But how grateful I am that this large rock is here to afford me a place to sit for a moment! I am nearly out of breath."

"And this smaller rock suggests that I may sit at your feet, for this same moment," added Dunbarr. "And may not the entire situation intimate the propriety of my receiving your answer now, Miss Bronson? Yet I almost fear to receive it, for it seems

that it has been coming to me, bit by bit, in the good-bye song of the bird, and the path too narrow for two, and in that you can make your own way without my aid. But I wish, please, a direct answer from you; I might mistake the full import of an implied answer. I must abide my lot, whatever may be your decision."

"Dr. Dunbarr," answered Gertrude, as she looked him fairly in the face, "if you will critically review your language, you will readily perceive that I have nothing to answer you; for, really, you have asked nothing of me."

Dunbarr looked away to the ravine beneath them, as if some strong attraction had suddenly sprung up there, and he was silent for a time. Then he turned to her, sat erect with his arms folded upon his chest, looked fully into her face, and replied: "Miss Bronson, you are correct. My words have made no request, however much my heart may have asked. But listen now and I will surely speak."

She did listen; and when he had concluded, the most exacting could not have asked a more complete avowal of love nor a plainer putting of a positive request.

"Listen," said she, looking upward. "Do you hear that bluebird from this treetop so near us?"

"I do," he answered.

"Well, that song, which we are seldom favored with at this time of the year, is the very spirit of springtime. There is no good-bye in that sweet song—none whatever."

"Is this my answer, then?" asked Dunbarr, eagerly.

She looked at him and answered, "Yes, Harmon; please our Master, our hearts shall never be separated."

At this moment the sun, but yet a hand's-breadth above the western hill, broke through an opening in the wood, and fell with crowning glory upon them.

"See!" spoke Dunbarr, breaking the somewhat prolonged silence; "the King of Nature, just before his departing, gives us his benediction; and Heaven, before whose eyes our lives are open, smiles upon us."

When the four young people met at the carriage, Marian remarked: "We have had this stroll for the sake of a variety in our afternoon's program, as Mr. Milford suggested. Shall we take our former positions in the carriage, or do we wish a further variety?"

"I am possessed of a desire to learn to drive well," answered Gertrude; "and with Dr. Dunbarr's permission, I will sit with him and take a lesson in handling reins."

"Another 'romantic idea,' Miss Bronson," said Milford, mirthfully.

"Yes, indeed; but it leaves Mr. Milford and myself without an alternative; and you are not wont to treat us after that sort, Gertrude," added Marian.

"I confess to a lack of my former courtesy, and I accord you sympathy; but the drive home will be short," answered Gertrude; and soon they were moving briskly toward the city.

"We are making slow advancement in the comparison of notes," suggested Marian, while her face bore a far-away expression; "but I anticipated as much when Gertrude took the reins."

Late in the evening of the same day, Gertrude sat with her parents in their home. The mother was engaged with some embroidery, the father read, and Gertrude played and sang softly some of the old familiar songs. She was in the right mood for these. At the conclusion of one of her favorites, she became aware that her father had stopped reading and was listening to her, and presently he remarked:

"I like the songs that you choose to-night, Gertrude. I presume that they accord with your feelings; and, if so, you are peaceful as well as thoughtful."

"Thank you, papa; but I am through with music now, and wish to talk with you and mamma."

"I inferred that you had something to tell us, and we are ever ready to listen to you," and Mr. Bronson smiled kindly upon his daughter.

The natural embarrassment with which she began to speak of herself and Dunbarr soon passed away, and she spoke to her parents with the unrestrained simplicity in which, years prior to this, she had spoken of her childish cares and pleasures, only omitting to tell them that she had answered Dunbarr.

"Months ago, Gertrude," answered her father, "your mother and I became aware of how matters were likely to go with you two young people, and I, as is the duty of a father to his child, made careful investigation as to the antecedents and history of Dr. Dunbarr. I found that his parents—now both deceased—were of the best families of the East, and were highly respected and enterprising citizens. I also found that Dunbarr's record, while at college

and during his medical course, was of the best; and I have been quite conversant with his career since he came to our city, and I am free to say that he is a noble and worthy young man."

"I have watched you, papa, when Dr. Dunbarr has been in your presence, and your manner toward him has ever said that which your lips have just uttered, 'He is a noble and worthy man.' Had not your treatment of him spoken thus to me, I might not have become fond of him. I think that I could never love a man who could not win the high esteem of my father."

"Your father's investigations revealed also another important consideration which he has omitted to mention; a consideration which will, I think, adequately offset any objectionable peculiarity which the young doctor may chance to possess: his parents left him a large and valuable estate, which, since he left college and finished his medical course, he has been proud to leave intact, choosing rather to rely upon his profession for maintenance," remarked Mrs. Bronson, with animation.

Mr. Bronson understood his daughter's reproachful look, and remarked: " I came upon this fact unwittingly. Believe me, Gertrude, I had no intention of measuring Dr. Dunbarr by the dollar rule."

"Thank you, papa; you and I differ from dear mamma just a little at this point. But I am glad that I did not know it. I am so glad that I promised to be the wife of—as I supposed—a poor young physician. In all this time I have committed this matter to my Divine Master, and I do not doubt that he has directed my steps."

Robert Bennett, now recovering the use of his leg quite rapidly, spent not a few hours of his enforced leisure in the company of his pastor. At the close of one of their pleasant interviews, Dr. Burns remarked: "Mr. Bennett, I am impressed that you will make a mistake if you devote your life to the study and practice of medicine. I think I see, in your mental and spiritual composition, that which, if encouraged by a proper course of training, will adapt you to a successful career as a minister of the gospel. You see the great need of this sin-blighted world. You see in the Son of God an all-sufficient Savior. You see, quite clearly, the way by which sinful man may avail himself of this Savior; and the prevailing desire of your life seems to be to lead mankind to him who is able to take away the sin of this world. Moreover, you possess more than an average aptness to teach truths that are vital to salvation. These qualities, I admit, may be brought beautifully into use by the Christian physician; but, I think, they can not be brought into their fullest and most effectual employ in his profession."

"Dr. Burns, I feel that your appreciative heart overestimates me. During my entire course at college my heart has been set on medicine; yet at times, I admit, I have thought of the ministry. At such times I have felt that if I could be favored of God with a power to prevail with men—a marked ability to lead many to break off their sins by righteousness—I should, with happy willingness, devote my life to this calling. But, then, I have thought of the many barriers in the way of a consecrated ministry—

the very much that tempts to worldly-mindedness; the inducements to become popular with the world, to truckle to the tastes of a rich and fashionable Church, to tolerate iniquity, especially if it dons the cloak of righteousness and rents a costly pew; and I have dismissed the thought, for the time, by saying, I am not equal to such an undertaking. Christ is my ideal minister; and I have asked, How many pulpits in our land would employ him for even one year? How many Churches would call him at all? His pulpit manners or his dress might not please, much less would his doctrine. Why, Dr. Burns, I heard, a few days ago, of a Church that refused to call a minister because his complexion was not compatible with the upholstery of the pulpit. Another was turned aside because he did not stand as many inches high, or weigh as many pounds avoirdupois, as did their former pastor. Another faithful minister was notified by his wealthy parishioners that he was not wanted longer because he spoke against the ungodly ways of making money. I understand that you know all about this, Dr. Burns, and that you have power to surmount all hindrances; but where you succeed, hundreds would fail."

"I appreciate your view of the situation, Mr. Bennett, and I admit that there are many evils to be controverted; but I see, to-day, in the Christian ministry, an opportunity to do the most heroic as well as the most blessed service that ever engaged men of profoundest culture, men of the strongest nerve, of the firmest will, and of the deepest, truest heart. Greater demands are made, to-day, of men of the ministry than of any other class or calling; and I do

not wonder that young men tremble as they knock at the door of such a calling. Yet we must remember that the work is the Lord's. It has been, and, I think, ever will be, his order to save mankind by the foolishness of preaching. It is his plan, I say, and he will maintain his faithful servants. I do not doubt that you will think yet more earnestly of this matter. You have committed your ways unto the Lord; trust also in him, and he will bring it to pass."

## CHAPTER XXIX

# Realized

"I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help. My help cometh from the Lord, which made heaven and earth."

THERE were several important cases which were tried in the September term of the Circuit Court, but none awakened so general an interest in Warden as did that of The People against Bill Graves, the saloonist. The fact that this case had been tried in the previous June, and had resulted in a disagreement of the jury, made the matter of securing acceptable jurors a question which consumed a considerable portion of the time; and when at length twelve men were agreed upon, there began the most stubbornly-contested suit that this court had entertained for many a term. The liquor-men were there with their bold influence and their abundance of money, represented by the best legal talent that they could secure. The Anti-saloon League and the stanch temperance people of the community were present, brave and hopeful, assured that, in the long run, right would win. The people were fortunate in their prosecutor. He was eminent as a lawyer and as a man of moral strength and beauty, and his skill and nobility had never been more apparent or forceful than it was during this trial. He, unaided, would have mastered the situation; but, lest there should be some lack of legal knowledge or experience, the

temperance people had scured from another city an able attorney to aid him.

"We must win this time," said Deacon Holcomb as he addressed his Anti-saloon League the night before this case was called. "It is victory now, or else a defeat which will react sadly against aggressive temperance effort."

And this, evidently, was the prevailing sentiment. The blow must be a heavy one, upon which ever side it fell; and the cause of temperance received greater encouragement than it had ever before experienced in Warden, when, after one-half hour's absence from the court-room the jury filed back to their places, and, in answer to the question from the court, "Gentlemen, have you reached a decision?" the foreman said, "We have, your Honor; our verdict is, 'Guilty as charged.'"

Another decision, given in this term of court, gave strength to the cause of temperance. It was that rendered against Druggist Truman for selling alcohol to be used as a beverage. He was charged with having done so on the fourth day of the previous July. His trial made it obvious that a druggist who violates the law that is intended to govern the sale of alcohol and spirituous liquors can not elicit the general and deep sympathy of the saloonists and liquor element of a community. Neither do the temperance people hold him in equal esteem with the saloon-keeper who pays for a license to sell intoxicating drinks. Therefore, while his conviction was rejoiced in as a victory for their cause by the temperance people of Warden, it also gave some satisfaction to those who sympathized with the open saloon.

All other liquor cases were carried over to the December term. This, in great measure, was due to an adroit effort on the part of the liquor-men. This effort was prompted by the hope of a further adjournment, and of securing a new prosecutor at the November election.

September sped gracefully on and away, and October, more gorgeously arrayed, yet of sterner mien, hastened to that date toward which so many minds in Warden were looking with pleasant anticipation; and when the fifteenth day of this month dawned, its azure sky canopied and its soft light fell upon a little building at the corner of Genesee Avenue and East Cedar Street, completed and thoroughly furnished, waiting to be formally set apart as a sanctuary.

"We will seek to have the service simple and natural as well as appropriate," the committee had said. "Dr. Burns shall have charge, and we will invite a few of the neighboring pastors of the city to assist him. Other than these, we will have no guests, except such as shall come in response to a general invitation."

Some special effort had been made to encourage the attendance of all the poor and the laboring classes who lived within the vicinity of the building; and the service was held in the evening, better to accommodate these. After a few minutes of song and prayer, a short address was given by one of the visiting pastors, expressive of the sympathy that the sister denominations had for this new enterprise, and assuring the people that they merited and received the approval and congratulations of the many Churches of the city.

The chairman of the Building Committee then addressed the audience. His report, which set forth the entire cost of the completed edifice, together with its furnishings and grounds, was concluded by the following gratifying and assuring statement: "And I am able to state that this entire amount has been provided, and that there remain a few dollars in our treasury. A considerable portion of this money"—naming the exact amount—"has been given by the so-called laboring people of this community. Since the beginning of this enterprise, the old and the young have saved a portion of their earnings for this purpose. Some, I am sure, have deprived themselves of some of the comforts of life that they might help to build this house. Many of the wealthy residents of this community have given generously. And yet all of these contributions would have fallen far below the cost of this property, and we should have found ourselves seriously in debt to-night, were it not that some friend, whose modesty has succeeded in keeping his name from me even, has, through our pastor as his agent, written his check to cover all deficits. Therefore, through the combined liberality of the people of this community and of this their friend, we are able to dedicate this house free from debt."

With what eager pleasure the people entered into the dedicatory service! Especially was this true with the laboring class. "Were you not impressed with their complacent participation?" asked Gertrude Bronson of Dr. Dunbarr, as they were returning from the dedication of the new church.

"Yes, indeed; I happened to sit where I could see

several familiar faces—one was that of Thomas Wilson—and each countenance seemed to express worshipful joy. At first Wilson seemed a little puzzled with the responsive service; but soon he comprehended that he might bear a part, and at each recurrence of the sentence, 'We dedicate this house,' he turned his face as if looking upward, closed his eyes, and seemed to put his very soul into the expression, 'We dedicate this house.' This is a new and a valuable experience to this people. One who has not known them for years can not appreciate the reformation that is going on among them."

On the way home from service, Thomas Wilson and family began to exchange their ideas of the 'matin,' as Wilson termed it. For the past ten days he had been induced to practice with his cane in order that he might be able to walk to this meeting.

"I wondered what they was buildin' them two nice rooms fur on the west part. I went in an' seen them a number of times. An' now Dr. Burns says, to-night, as he had them great doors opened, 'These two rooms are fitted fur day-school an' night-school purposes. School will open here next Monday afternoon. There will be an afternoon an' an evenin' session, five days in every week, until next spring.' An' what did he mean when he said, 'Competent teachers had been engaged?' I wonder what kind competent is."

"Och, Willie! do n't yez know what koind that maens yit? Them is the tachers that can tache yez all roight," explained Wilson. "An' Oi think that yez may go to the noight-schools to larn as much as iver yez kin."

"Yis; an' Oi think that Oi 'll jist shtep into the afthernoon schools to haer them tache an' to larn soom mesilf. An' Oi thinks, Tom, that it moight be well fur ye to take soom shmall part in the noight-schools yesilf," added Mrs. Wilson.

"Well, well, well!" ejaculated Mrs. Stevens, on her way home from the dedication, in company with Mrs. Burton. "The whole thing is so tantalizingly absurd! I prolonged my visit East until the very last of September, hoping that Warden would outgrow such nonsense. I attended that meeting out of curiosity, and thinking, also, that it were better to witness the procedure than to take it secondhanded. It is an unmitigated waste of thousands of dollars! And it is for whom? For none but this raff of factory-hands and day-laborers! Surely none of the First Church of Warden have any use for it. And think of holding a day-school in apartments which are under the same roof with a church auditorium! A school for the instruction of the poor women—both young and middle-aged—in matters of books and various other things! That idea was born of that hairbrained society, called the Loyal Daughters, I 'll venture. A night-school for factory-boys and men and all other poor fellows that have been, and still are, too shiftless to avail themselves of the advantages of our common schools and colleges! I wonder where that idea originated. It would certainly seem that Dr. Burns is too old for such an eccentricity. And yet I am not sure about it. One dare not be certain about anything pertaining to the First Church of Warden nowadays."

"Really, Mrs. Stevens," returned Mrs. Burton, "I

am unable to sympathize with your discomfiture over this matter; but, on the contrary, I am able to trace a beautiful trend of appropriateness in this whole enterprise."

It may here be stated that when, a few days after the dedication, Mrs. Stevens learned that Walter Milford had volunteered to superintend the school at the new church, she experienced supreme consternation. She sat with bowed head and clinched hands, and exclaimed: "Think of it! think of it! The very being that I had designated to restrain such mad folly has now become a leader of it! Well, could they gain Gabriel's sanction and co-operation, I could not be more surprised; neither could this persuade me."

The Anti-saloon League of Warden and the temperance forces of the county united their energies to secure one object in the November election—that of re-electing James Fillmore to the office of prosecuting attorney. The opposition had nominated for this office a brilliant but unscrupulous man; and the temperance people understood that their cause could expect virtually nothing at his hand, should he be chosen.

"We have this year, in this county, witnessed the greatest temperance victory in our history," said Dr. Burns in an address before the Anti-saloon League, early in the fall campaign. "There are a number of reasons which account for this fact; and not the least among these reasons is, that Mr. Fillmore has been a man who has fearlessly kept his oath of office. This county needs such a man in such an office for time to come. He merits the support of every order-loving, law-abiding citizen." And as a

proof that many practically agreed with Dr. Burns in this sentiment, a most vigorous campaign was prosecuted for Mr. Fillmore, and a decided victory was won for him at the ballot-box.

The excitement of the fall election had begun to wane but little when Warden was compelled to bury one of her oldest and most highly-esteemed citizens. The Eastern sanitarium—as every other expedient—failed to restore Dr. Beach.

"Shall we not take you back to Warden?" asked his wife and daughters.

"No; let me die here, near the home of my childhood; and let my eyes, as they last look out upon nature, rest upon this mountain; and let it be to me an emblem of the fixedness of God's love for poor, sinful man; and let my soul say with the psalmist, 'I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help.' You may take my body back to Warden, for I know that that is your choice for a burial-place."

Among the many who sorrowed over the death of the old doctor, none, outside of his family, mourned more deeply than did Robert Bennett. The relations that had existed between them had been, in marked degree, like those of father and son. He returned from the medical department of the university—which he had entered in the latter part of September—to attend the funeral; and his heart had prompted him to comply with the request of the family, to sit as a mourner with them. "I did so much desire to converse with Dr. Beach once more," he said to Dunbarr, as they two were together the evening after the funeral. "I wished to speak to him of a matter con-

cerning which I am much exercised, and to receive his advice relative to it. Dunbarr, the conviction is growing with me that I should fit myself for the ministry of the gospel. I wonder how Dr. Beach would receive this idea."

"You remember, Bennett, that in his last talk with us he emphasized the importance of an ability to treat the soul of man, and that he felt physical interests should be esteemed of less moment than spiritual interests."

"Yes; I have often recalled his last advice to us. But it seemed that he had set his heart that I, in coming years, should take up the practice that he was being compelled to relinquish."

"I understand that that was his ambition for you. Yet we knew him so well that we can be morally certain that this would be his advice: 'Follow your rational convictions, Bennett; for unless you do, you will never attain to true manhood.' You have thought of this matter sufficiently long to approximate a conclusion and to conceive a feasible course, have you not?"

"Yes; and briefly it is this: Finish my medical course as quickly as I can—and I find that my instruction under Dr. Beach will make the first two years of work in the school of medicine comparatively easy—and then complete a seminary course of theology. In the meantime, I shall improve my leisure in matters which pertain to religion and the Church."

"Fitted as a minister and a physician for a foreign field, eh?"

"Yes, if that seems to be the way of duty, but not necessarily so. I am persuaded that a knowledge

of theology will not hinder a physician; neither need a knowledge of medicine hinder a minister of the gospel. I am young yet, and it seems that these opportunities are open to me."

"Yes; but life, at the longest, will be all too short for the satisfaction of your justifiable ambition; and presumably you will conclude, before many months are gone, that it were better to know everything of a little than a little of everything; and, concluding thus, Robert Bennett will soon lose himself in either medicine or the ministry."

"Mother," remarked Jack Holcomb, in his usual impetuous manner, "I want something different from anything that we have ever had for our Christmas doings."

"Well, my son, how do you desire to have it?"

"I have n't it all thought out yet; but one thing I have settled upon, and that is to have a big dinner at our church at six o'clock on Christmas eve, and to invite all the poor boys and girls in the neighborhood of our church to come to it. We boys of our Sunday-school class have been talking the matter up, and we have decided upon that part of it."

"I would suggest, Jack, that your class may mature this matter more satisfactorily by conferring with your teacher, superintendent, and pastor."

"O yes; I see. That is the right idea, mother. You are always helping a fellow out. I am president of my class, and I will call a meeting right away, and we will have this thing a-going. Christmas is but a little way off."

Jack lost no time in carrying out his mother's ad-

vice. His Sunday-school teacher aided her class in bringing the matter before the superintendent and Dr. Burns, and the suggestion of Jack's class determined, to an appreciable extent, the character of the Christmas exercises of the Sunday-school of the First Church of Warden. At six o'clock, Christmas eve, a bountiful dinner was served to all the children of the rich and of the poor who chose to partake; and after this their parents and friends were served. At eight-thirty o'clock an appropriate service began in the auditorium of the church. This room was tastily decorated. Several artistic designs, fitted to serve as receptacles, contained the presents that were soon to be distributed. It had been provided that no one should go from the First Church of Warden that night without some gift. A committee had been busy while the dinner was in progress and while the congregation had been gathering, taking the names of those who did not usually attend with them. The program was principally that of song. Immediately before the distribution of the presents the superintendent gave a short but soul-stirring address, portraying, in well-chosen words, God's great gift to our needy race; and at the close, a more generally-satisfied audience never went from the First Church of Warden at the Christmas-time.

Jack Holcomb and Willie Wilson met as they were going from the church, and the latter remarked: "Jack, you an' all the boys must come over to the new church to-morrow night; we are goin' to have a Christmas-tree there, an' every one will have a good time." Within the last year, upon Jack's invitation, Willie had made two short visits at Jack's home.

"I have found much that is encouraging as I have reviewed our year's work," remarked Dunbarr in a short address at the last meeting of the Anti-saloon League this year. "Our present laws, when enforced, are not a dead letter; and our experiences this year teach us that our laws which pertain to the liquor-traffic can be enforced. It is a fact that the liquor-dealers of Warden do admit that this has been the poorest year in the history of their business. There are now many of them declaring that if our League continues to flourish until next spring, they will not renew their license. The several convictions reached at the last term of court have shaken the courage of the saloonists and lawless druggists. The cases yet pending are as likely to be convicted as any that we have brought to trial. We can practically close the saloons of Warden in a few years. Let us go forward with renewed courage and zeal. Let us have faith in the Anti-saloon League. It is that organization which embraces the many rational temperance ideas. Mr. C. N. Howard—the author of the 'Rochester idea'—can find in our Agitation, Law-enforcement, and Legislative Departments the wise provisions that will aid him in carrying forward his beautiful idea of the 'Prohibition Union of Christian Men.' "

"O Marian, dear! What a beautiful new ring!" exclaimed Gertrude Bronson on the afternoon next following Christmas. She had called at Marian's home, and they two were alone.

"I am glad that you like it, Gertrude. It is a treasure to me," answered Marian with averted gaze,

while the rich blood mantled her handsome face, despite her effort to conceal emotion.

"Please now, Marian, do n't try to hide from me longer. Do you think that I am a bit surprised? I may have been blind in a matter that you spoke of once, but I have seen love's fair conquest with you, and have been looking for this ring."

"This ring, Gertrude?"

"Yes; or rather a ring to tell the sweet story that this one tells."

"But, Gertrude, dear, you have hid from me; not even permitting a ring to tell me your 'sweet story.'"

"But have I really hid from you, Marian? Have n't I known that you understood all? We 've been just a little coy; that is all, dear;" and they embraced each other tenderly.

"You may see the ring, Gertrude—may take it in your own dear hand;" and she placed it within Gertrude's palm. It was a rich diamond, set within an ample gold band.

Gertrude admired the diamond for a moment, and then asked, "May I look within the band, Marian?"

"Certainly. You may look and read."

"O Marian, how I do love that inscription: 'Each for the other, and both for Christ!' Mr. Milford's very spirit is tuned to just such a sentiment of late. At last, dear, I am sure he has arrived at your ideal of noble manhood. But, Marian, I have a ring too. It is a gem, indeed,—the one his mother received when she became a bride. You shall see it, dear, upon my wedding-day."

"Must I wait long, Gertrude?"

"No; not very long. Quite early in the new year

I shall take, by legal right, a name that I have loved these years. And are you to tarry very long, Marian?"

"No; our happy date is at no very distant day—please our Master—no very distant day."

It had been decided to hold the last meeting of the year in the new church. "I can think of no better way to close the year than by a religious service held here where God has blessed us so abundantly in the last few months," said Dr. Burns as he, on the last Sunday afternoon of December, addressed the people of the "Branch Church;" as it was becoming customary to call it.

This service began at eight o'clock on New-Year's Eve. Dr. Burns gave a very practical sermon, being guided in his thought by the text, "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help. My help cometh from the Lord, which made heaven and earth." "The life of man," said he, "demands something permanent—something that shall endure. But sometimes, in our weariness and disappointment, it is restful to look away to the distant hills, which seem to lift themselves up in everlastingness; but shall we look unto the hills for help? These can help us only as they inspire a faith in Him who, in his almightiness, is beyond and above the hills. We can not afford to trust in any creature thing for the help that our souls so greatly need. Our help cometh from the Lord who made all things. We all have been helped so much in this year; but all our help has come directly or indirectly from the Lord. We shall need—O, so much we shall need!—help in the year to come. A provision is made, by Him who

knows us in our entirety, for all of our necessities. Our help cometh from the Lord."

As he closed his discourse, Dr. Burns stated that it would be necessary for him to leave now; but that he had arranged with Robert Bennett, who was spending the holiday vacation in the city, to conduct the after service. Bennett entered upon his duty with embarrassing misgivings; but after a few minutes he lost his self-consciousness by virtue of the very beautiful spirit which pervaded the service.

"I am only to act as your leader," he said; "and you will move forward in song and in prayer, and in word of testimony concerning the help that you have received from the Lord."

Many members of the Christian Endeavor Society of the First Church of Warden were present, and they promptly carried forward the leader's suggestions; and soon all felt the spirit of liberty. To quote from the many who spoke in honor of the Master would be to undertake too much. Walter Milford, in a humble but finished manner, gave a recital of his religious experiences. "I have no other ambition, I choose no greater honor, than to be a humble yet faithful servant of Jesus Christ," were his closing words. Later in the meeting Mrs. Campbell spoke. "I owe my very all to Christ," she said. "He put into the hearts of his dear servants to come to me when I was shamelessly throwing my life away. And they came just in time. I thank my Savior that they did not longer postpone their coming."

"While this has been to me a year of deep sorrow, it has also been one of great mercies. I have learned to trust God, and I have proved his care for

the widow and the fatherless. He has not left my soul uncared for, and he has provided for all my creature necessities," was the substance of the faltering testimony of Mrs. Graham. It may here be stated that an aged and wealthy aunt had come to spend her last days with Mrs. Graham, making her the heir to her estate. After Mrs. Graham, the voice of Thomas Wilson was heard. "In the past yaers," he said, "Oi have been a very wake mon. But in this very last yaer, they told to me of Christ who could hilp me more 'n any good mon could. An' Oi wor led to coom to him, an' he has hilped me. Oi niver intend to go more into the fur-off land to be stripped o' me all; but Oi intend to kape naer to me Father's house. An' Oi do this on account o' me loove fur him, an' because Oi nade his hilp; fur Oi 'm a poor wake mon shtill." And near the close, the voice of a cultured woman was heard. She spoke at length; but only a few of her finished sentences can we quote: "Of late, the Spirit has shown me, as it did the Church of the Laodiceans in the olden time, that I was 'wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked;' and I have been led to see the wisdom of securing that gold which is tried in the fire, that I may be truly rich; and white raiment, that I may be truly clothed. I have, within the last few months, received the teachings of the Spirit; I have yielded lovingly to the just claims of my Savior, and I count this evening to be the happiest moment of my life." When the speaker had concluded, Walter Milford was weeping for joy; for this voice was that of his mother.

When the service was concluded, Willie Wilson

came to Dr. Dunbarr and said to him in undertone: "I jest wanted to tell how that in this year I have seen smart an' good young men engage in meetin's an' much other good work, helpin' folks, an' they seem some like the Christ they teach about in the Church an' Sunday-school; an' I am tryin' to be like these, an' I like to; but I felt too 'fraid, like, to tell all this in the meetin'. But I wanted to say all this to you, an' to tell you that I have great hope in me father now; he is much stronger than he was, an' it is because you have helped him so much. An' I want to be strong an' smart like you an' Mr. Milford, an' I 'm going to try hard to be."

Dunbarr's reply was: "I have been much pleased with you, Willie, in the last year. I am sure that you will try to become strong and noble, and I intend to assist you in every way that I can."

"It all seemed so unlike Warden," remarked Hazel Beach, the youngest daughter of Dr. Beach, as she, escorted by Robert Bennett, was going to her home from the service. "And yet it was all so very, very good."

Mrs. Stevens had invited Deacon Grimes and wife to spend the last minutes of the old year with her in her home; and their conversation, after the service at the new church, was characteristic. Mrs. Stevens gave the following as a summary of her rather extended remarks: "They have turned the religious head of Warden wild. They have polluted our dear edifice by leading the rabble into it. They have squandered thousands of dollars in the construction of a house of worship for the ignorant poor. Acting upon the vain hope that they can alleviate the igno-

rance of these people, they have opened a school under the same roof with their sanctuary, where they teach scores of benighted people, afternoons and evenings, five days in a week. They have succeeded in leading the lives of our dear friends, Walter and Mrs. Milford, into the whirlpool of their fanaticism. But though the heavens fall, I shall not be moved! And what can I do to counteract all this? I seem powerless!"

"O my Mastah! How precious thou art to me! How kind thou hast been to my deah Church and to the people of my city, in this yeah that is now closing! In thy mercy, give us equal blessing in the yeah to come," were the utterances of 'Auntie' Sawyer's heart, just as the clock in the church-tower was sounding the hour whereat a new year dawns.

Two and one-half years have passed. It is a beautiful afternoon, late in June. The whistles of the various factories in Warden have sounded the close of another work-day. Upon a rustic seat, in the midst of an ample and well-kept lawn, sits a beautiful young mother with her dimpled babe of six months. She has just come out from her modern home, soon to welcome the return of the devoted young husband and father. While she is waiting there, a laborer with his dinner-pail is passing. He notices her, and comes up the walk to where she is sitting to tarry but a moment in a kindly greeting, prompted by his grateful heart. He is Tom Wilson; and he speaks as follows: "A roight foine evenin' to yez, Mis' Dunbarr! Oi saw yez as Oi coom down the strate, an' Oi could n't pass widoot lookin' agin oopon the dear

babie b'y a short toime. An' he 's growin' foine, sure; an' he 's such a plump bit ov a mon;" and he put his brown hand upon the child's pink cheek, leaving thereon the grimmy mark of honest labor.

"Och, now! an' what have Oi done? Oi 'v siled the pure cheek ov yer sweet b'y!" and the poor man was much annoyed.

"Never mind, never mind, Mr. Wilson," answered Gertrude. "If our boy bears no other stain save that of honest toil, he will remain pure indeed—pure indeed," she repeated, thoughtfully.

"No nade to faer aboot the child, Mis' Dunbarr. He 'll be brought oop roight by sich a father and moother as he has, sure. An' Oi 'm so glad that he 's a b'y, and that Warden may still have a Dr. Dunbarr when the child's father may have grown old an' have passed away! Me own Willie is a good b'y too, an' he is in school now, an' is larnin' well. An' all sames to be goin' well wid us, since Oi dhrink no more at all. An' Oi owe it all to yez, an' to the dear docthor, an' to Him who has hilped me more than all good mons could hilp me. An' Oi niver intend to tooch the dhrink no more at all, at all." And he bowed his adieu.

He had not gone far down the street when he met Mr. and Mrs. Walter Milford, returning from their school work. They stopped a moment to greet Wilson, and Marian took her hand from her husband's arm and offered it to the laborer. Wilson stepped nearer to take the proffered hand, but hesitated as he noticed how very soiled his own hand was.

"No, Oi thank yez, Mis' Milford; but Oi kint take yer white hand, fur it would begrime it so to

place it widin me dirty palm. Oi 'm jist returnin' from me worruk."

"We also, Mr. Wilson, are returning from our work, and we insist on shaking hands with you as a fellow-laborer. All honest work is equally noble."

"We are sure, Mr. Wilson, that you are pleased to know that your son is doing remarkably well in all his studies," remarked Walter Milford. "We are enjoying our work and all of our students, but we are particularly pleased with Willie. He will honor you, one day, by taking a prominent position in the industrial affairs of Warden."

"Well, it 's happy that Oi am!" exclaimed Tom to himself, as he passed on toward his home. "Me heart is loight, indade! Me koind friends are still wid me, who have hilped me so. Me b'y, Willie, will soon do honor to the father that has disgraced him so many, many sad toimes. An' Oi have a dape loove in me heart fur the Great One who is able an' willin' to hilp an' to save poor Tom Wilson."

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